

SPORT

JULY

**DON NEWCOMBE'S
GOOD DAYS AND BAD**

**IS MILWAUKEE'S HANEY
A POOR MANAGER?**

**TODAY VS. TEN YEARS AGO
WHERE ARE OUR HEROES?**

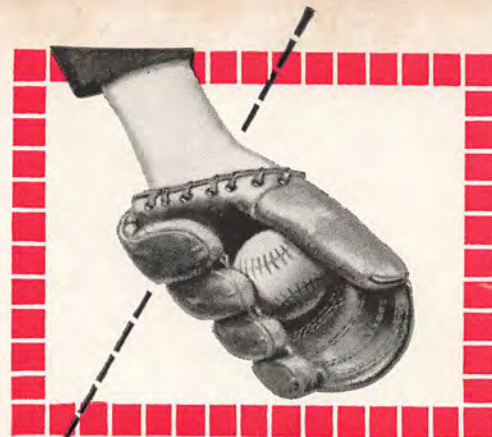
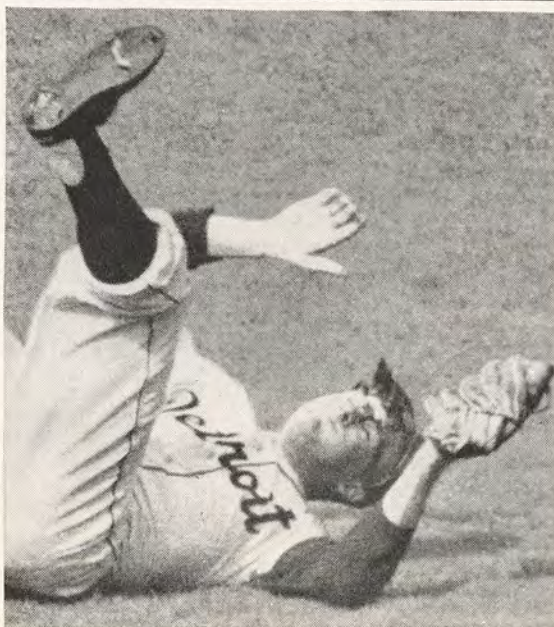
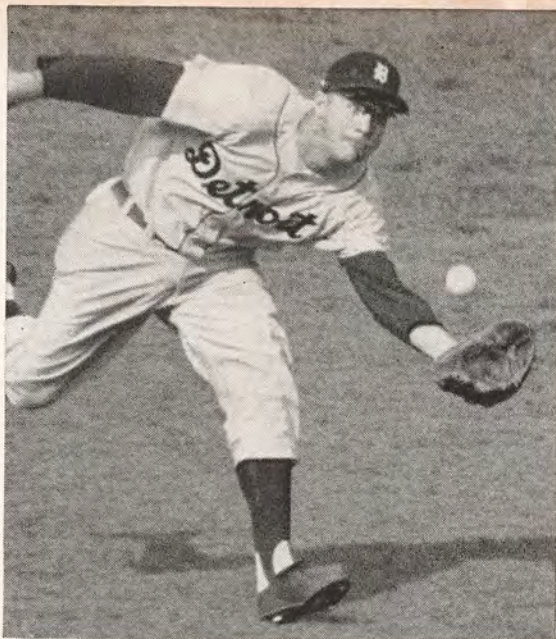
**ONE LEAGUE IS JUST
LIKE THE OTHER**

By SAL MAGLIE



JIMMY PIERSALL IS STILL BATTLING

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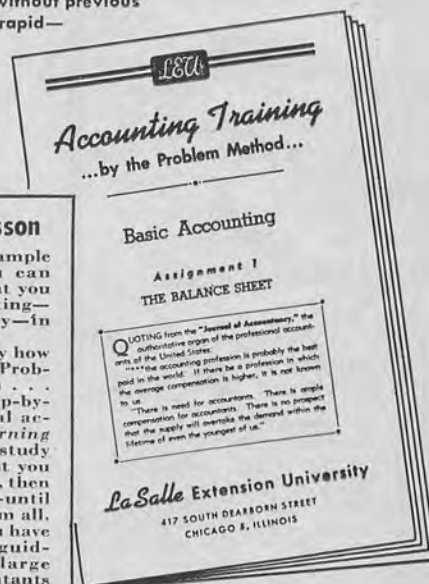


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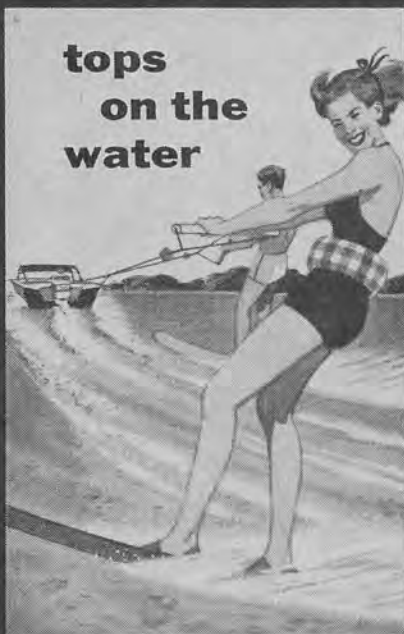
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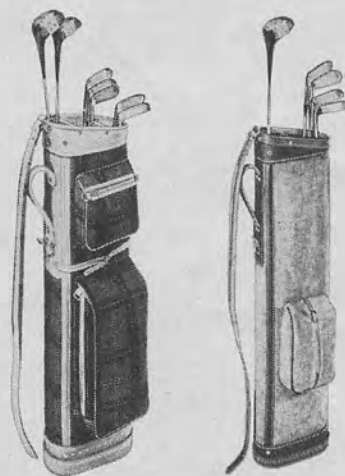




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LETTERS TO SPORT

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A BOOSTER FOR THE ROCKET

I read the letter by Nancy Deming in your April issue and she doesn't know what she is talking about when she writes, "If he (Maurice Richard) would do a little back-checking . . . maybe he would learn what enthusiasm means." Richard is paid to score goals and this is what he does. You can compare him with Babe Ruth. The Yankees paid Ruth to hit home runs, not for his defensive play. If Richard scores enough goals, he doesn't have to back-check. The team will win anyway.

Flint, Mich. **DICK REYNOLDS**

PAY-TV VS. FREE



You did a public service with your editorial, "Here Comes That Pay-TV Thing Again," in your May issue. By writing this, you have aroused interest in this crime against middle-class people who can't be dropping 50 or 75 cents into a TV set to see their favorite programs. For example, Philadelphia will get to see 64 Phillies' games this year. If each costs 50 cents, that figures up to \$32. And don't forget the Friday night fights, the Saturday afternoon golf matches and all the other sports programs.

Wyncote, Penna. **JIM MAGNUSON**

THE CARTER HOOK

In your May issue, the article, "Bowling's Big Show," was very interesting, but I have one comment to make. In the caption on the top picture on page 44, you say, "Notice that Carter works with almost no hook, releases his ball down the center of the alley." If I'm not mistaken, Don is trying to pick up a spare in that picture. I have seen Don bowl, and every time he released his first ball down the right side of the alley, hooking into the 1-3 pocket.

North Lake, Ill. **RICH FARINELLI**

TERRY BRENNAN AND NOTRE DAME

I think Dick Schaap's article on Notre Dame's firing of Terry Brennan was excellent. He gave clear-cut reasons on an issue that has been foggy. They are all true. I think the most important point is that Brennan failed to capitalize on a fine team. Notre Dame was right in firing him.

Moline, Ill. **JAMES VERPAELE**

I feel that Brennan was not given a fair chance. He may have had fairly good material, but he didn't have the



Four Horsemen or the Seven Mules. It is practically impossible to expect Notre Dame to have an undefeated season, playing one top team after another, week after week. I doubt that Notre Dame will better its record without Brennan this season.

Bronx, N.Y. **MICHAEL HERTZBERG**

BAYLOR WASN'T THERE

In the April SPORT, Murray Olderman is mistaken when he says that Elgin Baylor played against the Harlem Globetrotters as a College of Idaho freshman. As a former classmate of Baylor's, I can assure you that he never played against the Trotters. It was a teammate, R. C. Owens, currently a pass-snagging end for the San Francisco 49ers, who was outgrandstanded by the Trotters. Owens and Baylor teamed up to make the Coyotes an unbeaten team the following year. Baylor then transferred to Seattle University, and Owens turned to football.

Necedah, Wisc. **KENTON ALLEN**

CHRIS IS A SWEETHEART

Thank you for that wonderful picture of Chris von Saltza. Upon seeing it, the boys of McKee IV, at Penn State, picked Chris as the official "Sweetheart of McKee IV."

University Park, Penna. **GARY RUPERT**

THAT WAS NO SCARAB



In your article on Lance Reventlow in the April issue, you picture Lance with his foot on a Cooper Formula III, but the caption says he is looking at a Scarab engine. The Scarab displaces 5,500 c.c., while the little Norton-engined Cooper has only 500. The Scarab has eight cylinders and the Norton has one. The Scarab has two seats and the Norton only one. . . .

Rockville Centre, N.Y. **ROB CORMACK**

It was a Cooper.

WHERE'S WEST?

I've read stories on Oscar Robertson, Bailey Howell and Don Hennon till I'm sick. They're all good ball-players, but I doubt if all of them together are as good as West Virginia's Jerry West. How about pleasing his many fans by printing a story on Jerry?

Richmond, Va. **BILL BOHON**

Jerry will be back next season, and we'll do a story on him.

In the May Sport Talk, you had an article on one-time All-America Bevo Francis. You stated that Bevo was tired of the road and would not tour again as he once had. Shortly after I read this, who should come rolling into Davenport, Iowa, but Bevo Francis and his college all-stars versus the Harlem Satellites. In fact, Bevo hit all the so-called "tank towns" of Iowa and he still looked like the same old Bevo, hitting 40 to 50 points per game. Wonder what changed his mind?

Davenport, Iowa. **JACK TORNQUIST**

We guess our story got Bevo to thinking, because it was hardly in print when he signed a three-year contract for \$10,000 to tour with the Satellites, a Globetrotters-style team operating out of Grand Rapids, Mich. His touring will be restricted to the Midwest, however.

BOXING'S GOOD (?) OLD DAYS



Reading Nat Fleischer's recent defense of boxing in your magazine brought back memories of around 50 years ago when Dan Morgan used to train his stable of fighters in Stratford, Conn. One of them was Battling Levinsky, and he used to fight three or four times a week. Then there was Irish O'Brien, a pretty good lightweight from Bridgeport, who fought two different fights in two different countries on the same night. The first one was a six-rounder in Detroit, and then he grabbed a boat for Windsor, Canada, and fought the main event.

I was once the lightweight champion of New England and boxed exhibitions with six world champions, including Jack Johnson. We never used headguards or mouthpieces. It was a rough game. But if I had my life to live over, I would do it again.

Bridgeport, Conn. **JOHNNY "RED" ALLEN**

HATS OFF TO PEORIA

In your story, "The Destruction Of The Dodgers," in the March issue, you use the sentence, "To men accustomed to winning, it sounds like Peoria or the Three-I League or a town they went through once . . ."

As you probably know, our fair city isn't recognized as a baseball town, although the Peoria Chiefs of the Three-I League keep trying. But how about basketball? From 1951 to the present, Peoria has been represented in the biggest tournaments by Bradley University or the Caterpillar Diesels, not to mention fine high school teams. The city has a basketball reputation that can't be denied.

I've been here in Korea for almost a year now, but one of these days I'll be heading back to Peoria, even if it is bush-league in your book.

Seoul, Korea **PFC CLAYTON MARSHALL**

Peoria is okay in our book.

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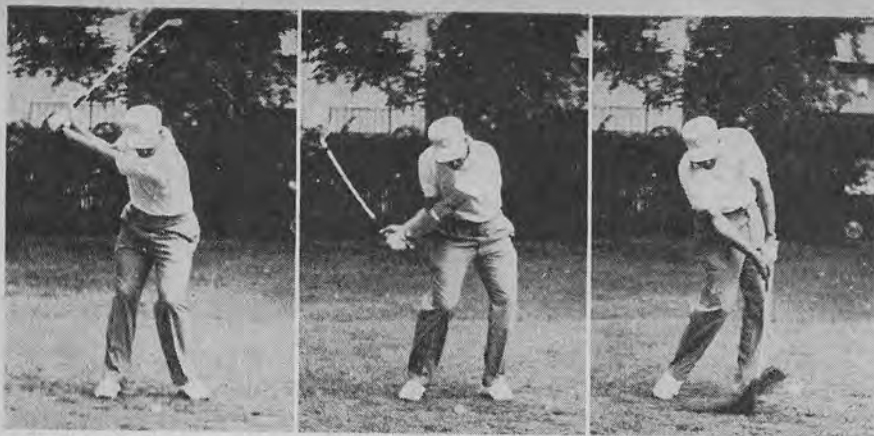
Many of these Army men *chose* their own travel. And they made their choice *before* enlistment.

Sound interesting? Your Army recruiter can tell you all about Army travel opportunities. This week, drop in and talk it over.

P.S.

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AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
JUNE 30



ART
WALL



BILL
RIGNEY

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

Does the present roster of the big leagues contain the slugger who is destined to break the most coveted baseball record of them all, Babe Ruth's mark of 60 home runs in a single season? We asked the game's No. 1 reporter, Dan Daniel, to survey the field, from Mickey Mantle to Ernie Banks, and give us the inside word. What Dan has to say may surprise you... And the same issue has a treat for you if you're the kind of fan who holds on to his old loyalties, for the Hall of Fame nominee for the month is Joe DiMaggio. The Yankee Clipper's pulse-pounding story is told by a man who lived through many of the great moments of his career with him, Tom Meany.

"The Crucial Part Fear Plays In Sports" is another of the special, authoritative reports you've come to expect from SPORT. This one is going to be discussed wherever athletes and fans get together. It will open your eyes... So will famous artist John Groth's exciting paintings of the new night-time sports bonanza, harness racing.

"Can A Pitcher Lose It Overnight?" Von McDaniel did, apparently, but why? The story of what happened to the Cards' brilliant young rookie is one for the book... Art Wall, the golfer of the year, is portrayed in an unusual close-up... There are stories on boxing champ Don Jordan and pole-vaulter Don Bragg, and "A Day With Bill Veeck," the man who's enlivening the Chicago baseball scene. The SPORT SPECIAL, right on time, is "Bill Rigney and His Giants." All in SPORT for August.

YOUR MOVE, DAD!



The first frantic months of fatherhood are over. You have time now to really enjoy the new baby—and time to really think ahead.

There's plenty to think about. And lots to plan for. What kind of a Dad will you be? What kind of a provider?

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SPORT TALK

WYNN'S MORTAL ENEMIES

Early Wynn was talking about a pitcher's attitude, and how it helps to be a success if you're mean. Someone was telling him that Gary Bell, the young Cleveland pitcher, was a nice young fellow. Wynn shook his head. "He could be a good one," Wynn said, "if he isn't too nice."

It is the philosophy of Early Wynn, tested under fire for over 20 years, that a pitcher must regard any man with a bat in his hand as "a mortal enemy." The active pitcher with the most lifetime victories—he won his 250th game on Opening Day—says things like, "He's trying to take the bread out of your children's mouths," or, "You gotta fight the batter, and to fight him properly, you gotta hate him."

Wynn concedes that you can be friendly with the enemy off the playing field. "But during business hours," he says, "the only friends you've got are the fellows who wear the same uniform as you do."

Early Wynn is an intelligent, affluent, amiable gentleman with whom it is a joy to spend an hour or two. But on this one subject, he is unyielding.

Often, on summer days, he takes his son, Joe Early, a 17-year-old, to Comiskey Park and pitches batting practice to him. The youngster, 6-1, 170 pounds, hits a ball fairly well. One day he stroked a couple of his father's

curve balls up against the left-field wall.

What did Early Wynn do? "What could I do?" he says. "He was leaning in on me. I knocked him on his butt with a high hard one inside."

FOR LOVE OF BUNIONS

Earl Buchholz, Jr., the sensational 18-year-old tennis player, readily admits that his frequent temper tantrums throw his big game out of kilter more often than his opponents' serves do. We sat in the dressing room with Butch during a recent tournament and talked with him about his flare-ups.

"Sure, I blow my top a lot," he said. "But if you believed all those stories about me, you'd think I was as bad as those guys in the horror movies with the long, black claws. I'm not as bad as all that."

Butch told us that sometimes the criticism gets him down. He said, too, that he finds it very trying when well-meaning people come over at every tournament—to tell him he's a naughty boy. And, sure enough, as we talked, a friendly, nattily-dressed fellow wandered over and waved a large finger at Butch. "You shouldn't lose your temper," the man said. "But, really, you're not the worst hothead I've seen. I saw one of the biggest tournament players lose a match and get so mad that he jumped on two of his racquets and broke them."

Buchholz thought for a moment,

then said slowly, "Sir, I'd never jump on my racquets. It's bad for your feet."

TIP FROM A JOCKEY

It was a warm, sunny day, and Sidney, our loquacious hockey authority, was killing time between seasons. He just happened to end up at Jamaica race track, and as long as he was there, he was looking to make some quick money. Now, Sidney, being a frugal fellow, wasn't going to risk his bundle on a long shot, and odds-on favorites don't pay enough, so he decided to consult an expert. He wandered up to the jockey's room and managed to talk with Bill Boland, a leading stakes rider.

Sidney, remember, is a diplomat, so he didn't come right out and say, "Who do you like in the next race?" Instead, he tried to ease into the subject. "Bill," he said, "what do you usually tell friends who ask you for tips?"

Boland laughed. "Are you kidding me?" he said. "If I knew, I wouldn't be riding. All I'd need is one sure winner. Then I'd retire."

We'd like to say that Sidney went right home, but he didn't. He stayed and lost.

ROCK AND ROLLER

When Genie Pace was a cute, care-free bobby-soxer at Bryant High School in Queens, N. Y., she didn't think too much about her future. Then, one day, the teachers passed out questionnaires to all Bryant juniors, and asked the kids to write down their career preferences. Genie, after some hard thought, put down "Roller Derby skater" and "singer."

"They asked for three choices but I wouldn't consider anything else," Genie said. "I decided then that it would have to be one or the other."

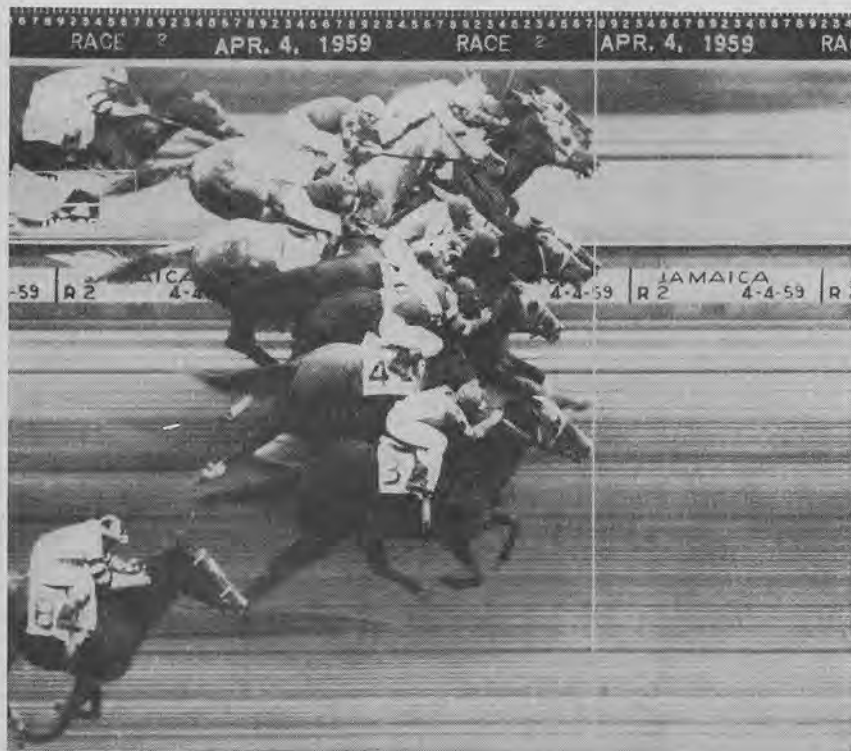
It turned out to be both. Pretty Genie leads a unique double life as a night club singer and Roller Derby skater. Hectic, you say? It sure is. Especially on nights when she is working at both occupations.

"Last winter I was singing in a New York supper club and skating for the Chiefs at the same time," she told us. "I used to bring my cocktail dress to the armory, skate in the derby, then rush upstairs to shower and change, and I'd zoom over to the club by 11:15. I never missed a show."

Bryant High School had a big part in touching off both of Genie's careers. "After I filled out the questionnaire," Genie said, "the school guidance counselor told me about the Junior Roller Derby in Brooklyn. I went down there and enrolled. It was tough; I hadn't been on skates since I was a little girl. But I always loved to skate and I picked it up fast."

Genie was with the juniors from 1952 until 1954. Then she became a regular with the Westerners. She quit abruptly after one road trip, but she took up skating again in 1958 and came on like a storm. "She really learns fast," said Buddy Atkinson, coach of the Chiefs. "I like to have Genie in there. She follows orders and she won't mix things up."

Genie first sang in front of large audiences when she was taking part in high school shows. Shortly after she graduated, she was singing at a dinner, where the owner of Casa Mia, a small night club, heard her. He signed her to a ten-month contract and she



Judges determine the winner of a close horse race by examining a photo of the finish, like this one. The mirror image at the top helps officials to "pick 'em," a tough job before or after a race.

was on her way. Since then, Genie has worked in many of the medium-sized supper clubs on New York's classy East Side—and she has made television appearances with Arthur Godfrey and Ted Steele. She also has cut records on the Jade label.

Genie is a pop singer who wavers a bit toward jazz stylings. "But not that shoo-be-doo stuff," she said. "I stick to the melody." From time to time she accompanies herself on the guitar.

We asked the busy, brown-haired, brown-eyed Genie which of her two jobs she would drop if she had to make a choice. Her answer was in keeping with one of the favorite songs in her repertoire, "It Never Entered My Mind."

EASTERN LEAGUE REVISITED

The heavy response to our report on the Eastern Basketball League prompted us to investigate further. For all of you who asked for more information about the "forgotten" players, here is an end-of-season report from the weekend league:

Bill Spivey, the former Kentucky All-America, led the EL's scorers with 1,004 points in 28 games for a lofty 35.9 game average. The seven-foot giant was selected as the league's most valuable player and was joined on the all-star team by Hal Lear, Temple's

Martin Blumenthal



Pretty Genie Pace leads a unique double life as a sophisticated, soft-throated night club singer and a bruising, rough-and-tumble Roller Derby skater. Genie has moved up fast in both her careers.

one-time scoring whiz, Tom Hemans, one of Niagara's 1955-56 jumping jacks, Stacey Arceneaux, a young New York City high school All-America, and Julius McCoy, rookie of the year, who previously played at Michigan State.

The second team sported Dick Gaines, the high-springing forward from Seton Hall, Jack Molinas, once of Columbia and the NBA, Bud Thompson, a skilled pro, Wally Choice, a former Harlem Globetrotter, and Ed Roman, who played center for CCNY's Cinderella Champs.

CASEY AT THE MIKE

Although Casey Stengel has been accused many times of jamming the air waves with his impromptu double talk, he rarely appears on radio or television broadcasts. Recently, though, Larry King, *SPORT*'s guest quiz conductor, cornered Casey and ushered him to a microphone.

King announced the call letters of his station, then said, "And a good day to you, Casey Stengel." Casey began to talk, and for five minutes he didn't stop. Included in his disjointed, running commentary were statements about "good days being fine but that rain, which don't hurt the rhubarb, ain't no good for my pitchers, which get out of shape."

And, "My ball club which is pretty good because I got two men can play first base and two men which can play second base and two men which can play shortstop and two men which can play third."

Then there were a few minutes on "This Mr. Berra, who ranks only behind Dickey and Cochrane as catchers in the American League but can play the outfield, too, where he did once when I only lost the pennant by two games."

When Casey paused, King stepped in. "How about yourself?" Larry said. "How long for Casey Stengel?"

"I'm glad you asked that," Casey said, "because I been thinking about that myself. I will manage for 22 years and I will put away a little money each year and I will purchase the club from the owners, which is a splendid idea, being an owner in the United States . . ." And on, and on.

BASKETS AND BLOWOUTS

The strangest basketball story we've heard this year comes to us from the hills of Kentucky. Up there, in the friendly town of Oil Springs (pop. 250), they put together a darn good high school team last season. It figures that when you have a good team, you want to play in some tournaments. That's the way Oil Springs' coach, Howard Yates, figures, too. So, the coach went shopping for tournaments.

In January the coach found a couple of dandies, right near home. He entered Oil Springs in the Foothills Tournament at Salyersville, and in the Prestonsburg Invitational at, you guessed it, Prestonsburg. Howard didn't realize until the last minute that both tournaments were running on the same nights. But that didn't faze Oil Springs.

On January 29, Oil Springs won its first game in the Foothills tournament. On the next night, Oil Springs was playing in both tournaments. The boys ran up a big lead in the Foothills game, and at halftime, coach Yates and his seven key players rushed off

on a curvy 22-mile trip through the mountains to Prestonsburg, leaving second-stringers behind to complete the first game, which they did successfully. At Prestonsburg, all warmed up from their earlier workout, the regulars won easily.

Come Saturday, Oil Springs was in the finals of both tournaments. But there was a problem. Both games were being played at the same time. So coach Yates, unbowed, divided his squad in half. He put All-State guard Richard Conley on one team and 6-6 center Mervil Blair on the other. The school's principal, Hershel Conley, volunteered to coach the Prestonsburg section.

Coach Yates watched his boys run up a commanding lead in the Foothills final and rushed to a telephone. Bad news. The boys at Prestonsburg were losing. Yates ran back to the gym, called time out, and yelled at a



Casey Stengel is surprised when people have trouble following his disjointed double-talk. "I don't know why they ever should," Stengel says. "I always can understand myself."

couple of stars to follow him. Off they went, helter-skelter, to Prestonsburg.

A tire blew out on the way, and by the time the reinforcements arrived in Prestonsburg, there were only three minutes left to play. But the game was far from over. The reserves raced onto the floor, and Oil Springs won the game and the tournament. Meanwhile, back at Foothills, the second-stringers held on once again, and old Oil Springs won the other tournament, too. And there was much rejoicing in the friendly town of Oil Springs, Ky. (pop. 250) that night.

CAPITALIST CISCO

Cisco Andrade, who gets paid for throwing punches, barely finds time to fight. The hard-hitting lightweight also gets paid for selling insurance, doing public relations work, acting, managing a pair of singers and taking care of his thriving real estate business in Los Angeles, Calif. "It's tough," Cisco admits, "to find time to train without having my other businesses suffer."

When he does step into a ring, though, Cisco takes a solid toe-hold, punches savagely, and makes out fairly well. Since the colorful, 29-

SPORT TALK

year-old Californian began boxing professionally in 1952, he has beaten a raft of talented boxers, including three ex-champions, Lauro Salas, Jimmy Carter and Wallace "Bud" Smith.

Recently, Andrade hasn't been doing much fighting because he has been so wrapped up in his sprawling, extra-curricular enterprises. His most time-consuming job is as a general agent for the Security Benefit Life Insurance Company of Topeka, Kan. He looks to his insurance earnings to give him long-term security. "I get some money each time one of the customers pays up a premium on a policy. That way my income will be spread out and will come in steadily over the years," Cisco said.

He enjoys his public relations work for Regal Pale Beer most of all. "All I have to do is make sure our customers are satisfied," Cisco said. "I just talk with them and drink beer with them. That's more fun than work."

Cisco's real name is Robert. He picked up his nickname because of his resemblance, both physically and in personality, to the good-natured television cowboy, The Cisco Kid. Andrade, like his namesake, capitalizes on his good looks and his articulate speech. He is a member of the Actor's Guild and has appeared in two movies, *The*

World in My Corner and *Battle-ground*. He has played bit parts in television shows, too.

As if all this work isn't enough, Cisco finds time to manage the singing careers of his 21-year-old brother, Louis, and talented Russ Arno, a Dot recording artist. He also has a part interest in a four-chair barber shop, and owns and manages real estate in Los Angeles. To further fatten his bank account, he is negotiating for control of a restaurant. "That restaurant should be a real good deal," he said. "I'll have my mother running the kitchen, so we'll feature the best Mexican cooking there is. My dad will tend bar. It will be a real family operation."

In his spare time, Cisco is a scoutmaster. "I get a big kick out of that," he said. "You know, overnight hikes and that kind of stuff."

"He does a lot more, too," said Ralph Gambino, Andrade's boxing manager. "Cisco helps out at the Pan American Boys Club and he's a regular member of the Elks. He even put on a charity boxing show for the benefit of the Los Angeles Polio Foundation."

Hobbies? Sure, Cisco has a few. "I fish and play golf to relax," he told us. "I've never had a lesson in my life and I shoot in the low 80's. Not, bad, eh?"

Nope!

INSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE

The quietest place in quiet St. Petersburg, Fla., was the St. Louis Cardinals' clubhouse. Sal Maglie sprawled lazily on a thin, backless bench and stretched his feet out on one of the large steamer trunks that were lined neatly down the center of the room. He talked quietly with us while a clubhouse attendant walked down the aisle between the trunks and a row of open lockers and methodically picked up scraps of paper. Occasionally, mild cheers could be heard from the grandstand of Al Lang Field, where the Cards and White Sox were playing an exhibition game.

Then, Stan Musial came into the room. The Man tossed his glove on the floor, dropped onto the bench and tapped his spiked shoes along the wooden floor with noisy rhythm.

"Hey, it's hot out there," Stan said.

"Getting tough on you old-timers, huh?" the 42-year-old Maglie said. "Through for the day, Stash?"

"Yeah, only two innings today."

"How's Lindy doing? He getting them out?"

Musial straightened. "I can't understand him, Sal. You can't touch him in batting practice, then he goes out in a game—they're clobbering him."

"Lindy McDaniel?" we asked. Musial nodded. They were talking about the talented 23-year-old righthander who had won 15 games in 1957 and then faded back to the minors last season, along with his younger brother, Von.

"What happens to him in a game?" Musial wondered. "I wish you'd talk to him, Sal."

Maglie rubbed the wooden bench. "I've been talking to him. I tell him to go out and throw naturally. He's got the good stuff. All he has to do is relax and throw the ball. But when he gets in a game, he tries too hard to make it sink. He pushes it. He doesn't throw it."

Musial shook his head. "He could really help us. He could be a big winner."

The screen door creaked and Lindy McDaniel walked into the room. The clubhouse became quiet again.

SPORT'S CONTEST WINNER

We received a nice letter a while ago from Wilbur Phelps, who, if you remember, won our all-time, all-star game contest. Wilbur and his wife had just returned from their prize-winning trip to the Boston Red Sox spring training camp at Scottsdale, Ariz.

"For my wife and myself, the trip was the grand-daddy of them all," Wilbur wrote. "We were treated royally by everyone in Scottsdale. In fact, the mayor and some photographers were waiting for our plane to land. We saw all the sights and we spent



Chicago White Sox players really have a home away from home when they're working in Comiskey Park. Here's Bill Veeck, who keeps his hands in every pie when he runs a ball club, sweating it out in the Sox' newly heated dugout. Chicago has the warmest bench in the AL, but they'd trade the whole works for a couple of "cool" hitters. Radiant panels don't make the seat any more comfortable when you lose.

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SPORT TALK

some time with Red Sox pitcher Ike Delock. Then we took a side tour and saw the Grand Canyon and Los Angeles.

"Most of all, though, we fell in love with Scottsdale. I told Dave Hallstron, the manager of the Chamber of Commerce, to find me a job and we'd move right down. Then we could see spring training every year. But there's one thing you can be sure of. If we move, my copies of *SPORT* go with me. I've saved every one for the past five years."

FAN CLUB NOTES

The Bengal News, published by the Detroit Tigers fan club and edited by Mary Jo Kemp, contains this interesting Rocky Bridges story: "When Rocky first reported to the Tigers, the Detroit writers noted that he had played second, third and short during his career. 'Where do you like to play best?' Rocky was asked. 'In the big leagues,' Bridges said."

There are so many exciting stars in sports that Paul Ryan, Box #1, Allentown, N. Y. and Butch Brunell, Star Route, Bolivar, N. Y., couldn't select any individual favorites. So they decided to root for a lot of fellows and set up the "Top-Team-Fan-Club." By writing to either one, you can become a member of a fan club for the Pittsburgh Pirates, Los Angeles Dodgers, Milwaukee Braves and/or San Francisco Giants. Membership for one team is \$1.00, for two, \$1.75, for three, \$2.50 and for all four a bargain price of \$3.25. The boys promise to send out club bulletins every two weeks.

It seems that Don Wallenhorst and Harry Smith were impressed with the color picture of Chris von Saltza in April *SPORT*. They've started a fan club for the pretty, blonde-haired, 15-year-old swimmer. Anyone interested in joining should write to Harry Smith, 4233 Old Frederick Road, Baltimore 25, Md.

Gary Flisek has organized a club for trading sports souvenirs. If you want to join, send a 25-cent initiation fee to Gary at 522 S. Connecticut, Royal Oak, Mich. . . . Hub Reed, the St. Louis Hawks' prize rookie, has a new fan club. For information, get in touch with Dorothy Vogel, 4325 So. Grand, St. Louis 11, Mo.

The Jim O'Toole fan club, according to Jack Sweeney, president, is growing in leaps and bounds. You can join up as one of the promising Cincinnati rookie's rooters by sending 50 cents yearly dues to Jack, at 2446 Commonwealth Avenue, Madison 5, Wis.

Rosa Morris, Route #1, Box 23-A, Rodessa, La., has taken over from Monica Varsanik as president of the Von and Lindy McDaniel club . . . Pat Austin, 5421 Geary Blvd., San Francisco, Calif. is co-president of the Ken Aspromonte fan club. Yearly dues are 50 cents.

If you want to join a new Hank Aaron fan club, write to Bill Sauder, 547 Burrows Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

David Rosen, who still roots for them although they are far away, has started a new Dodger fan club. Write to Dave, at 36 Cranberry Lane, Bethpage, L.I., N.Y., for information.

TURMOIL IN THE TEPEE

Fans around the American League know by now that anything can happen when the Cleveland Indians come to town. There's never a dull moment, win or lose, with Jimmy Piersall (see page 23), Billy Martin, Rocky Colavito, Minnie Minoso, Vic Power and general manager Frank Lane, by far the most energetic fellow of them all.

There's never a shortage of confidence in the Cleveland clubhouse, either. Indian manager Joe Gordon describes his players this way: "They're not the greatest ball club I've ever seen, but they think they are."

See you next month.

—STEVE GELMAN



Cisco Andrade, right, slugging it out here with Frankie Ryff, is a tough cookie in the ring. Out of it, Cisco is a shrewd, soft-spoken businessman who plays all the angles.



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you're against him you say he's cautious.
Either way, it comes out that he believes in
conservative baseball—but is that a sin?*

IS HANEY A POOR MANAGER?

By DICK YOUNG

THE SUBJECT AT BREAKFAST was Fred Haney, sunny side up, and the man across the table was saying, "The only other manager who could have won the pennant with last year's Milwaukee team is Casey Stengel."

That flattering evaluation was not given by Fred Haney; not even by Casey Stengel. The speaker was Birdie Tebbetts, who happens to be Fred Haney's boss, or one of his bosses in the heavily brass-plated Milwaukee Brave organization. It is gratifying to have nice things said about you, especially when the boss is saying them—and more especially when there have been more than passing rumors to the effect that he and you weren't the best of friends even before he became your boss.

The period of alleged friction was that phase of Tebbetts' life just before he was pushed in as almost-chief by the big Brave boss, Louis Perini, who sometimes moves in devious ways. Then, Tebbetts was field manager of the Cincinnati Reds, which constituted, in baseball's social scheme, being the equal of Fred Haney—conversationally, politically and economically. It also meant Tebbetts and Haney were entitled to call each other nasty names across the infield, a privilege which they are believed to have exploited heavily.

For a perfectly round object, a baseball takes some strange bounces, and thus it was, while Haney was winning two straight pennants and one world championship, and while Tebbetts was leading a Cincinnati team that was falling by its own weight toward the bottom of the league, that fate stepped in. Tebbetts quit Cincy to avoid being fired, and in no time at all was named executive vice-president of the Braves, in charge of Fred Haney, it seemed.

This weird twist naturally produced an all-too-obvious circumstance for the analytical-minded members of the National League watching-and-weighing

society. It was suspected that the job of President of Cuba might offer Haney more security than he now had. The more suspicious minds went so far as to suggest that not only would Tebbetts dispose of Haney in short order, but would even step into his spiked shoes himself. The job of executive vice president, going on president, is a sham, they insist. It is only a slot for marking time until Tebbetts is returned to his natural job, as field manager, in place of poor Haney.

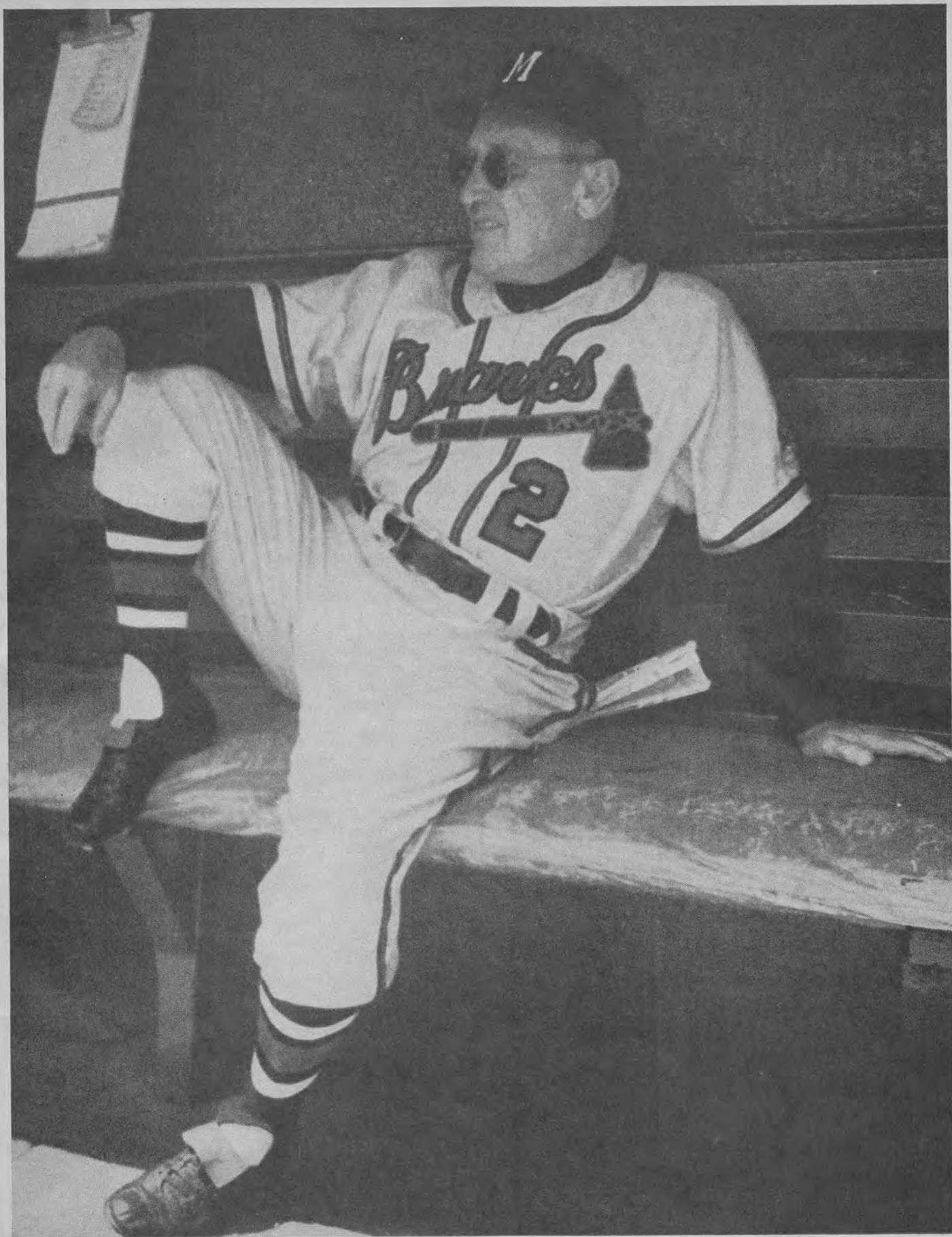
Such suggestions cut Tebbetts to the depth of his sensitive Irish soul. He feels, in his own conscience, that he offers no personal threat to Haney's position. He says flatly, "I won't ever manage again. I don't want to manage again."

But Tebbetts' vision is not shallow. He realizes that the swift fortune that swept him to his present heights may, just as swiftly, drop him into the nearest wire basket labeled: "Keep Milwaukee Clean."

And so Tebbetts, the realist, adds, "When I say I won't manage again, I mean as long as I have a job. Baseball is my profession, and there are mouths to be fed," says the father of three young girls. "If I were suddenly to be without a job, then I'd take one managing."

Tebbetts, then, is covering himself for any eventual-ity. He does not wish a flat denial tossed back into his teeth at some future date when he might be smiling from the top step of a dugout. He says, simply, that while circumstances some day may compel him to seek employment as manager, he does not now plan it, covet it, or even desire it.

The rumors, however, will persist. Rumors cannot be put to death by denials. They often thrive, in fact, on denials. Baseball people have not yet come to accept Tebbetts in the role of a front-office man. To most, he is the manager type; a sharp-minded man who makes a ball club move, who knows the rules, who breathes



"Bunt O'Haney," some detractors call him in a rap against his constant bunting habit. They claim that every move he makes can be predicted, and, what's more, that he is too lax with his players, who need a stronger boss.

fire into his players, who screams his superior technical knowledge into the faces of umpires.

In short, Tebbetts is much of what Fred Haney is not—or so the impression goes. Haney is conservative, conventional, patient, reserved. He is inclined to give his players free rein, on the field and off. He has been winning with a team that anyone could win with.

"That's a lie," Tebbetts contends. He speaks of Haney in the same breath as he would of the master, Casey Stengel. "Fred is the same sort of old, solid guy that Stengel is, the type who can get players to do what he wants. I told him during last season that I didn't know how he was doing it. I didn't know what was keeping the Braves up there. He was playing infielders like Roach, Mantilla and Hanebrink in the outfield—and getting away with it. He used his manpower perfectly. He did a great job. As I said, I think Stengel is the only other man who could have won with that club, considering all the injuries."

Tebbetts can get an argument on that without looking too far. Few players nominate Haney, or the Haney-type, for that matter, as a top manager. They go for the Leo Durocher, the Charlie Dressen, the Bobby Bragan, the Birdie Tebbetts. They go for the Bing-bang, right-now guy who shouts to the umpire, "Make him get the ball up, you big slob."

"Ballplayers," Tebbetts explains, "are the poorest possible judges of a manager's ability, for the most part. That's because each ballplayer is the central figure in his own little world. Everything rotates

around him, and that is how he judges everything, by how it affects his life. A manager has a bigger scope. His life involves every man on his club. The team is important to him, and yet the team is 25 different people, or more."

Tebbetts grew momentarily reflective. "Jerry Coleman," he said, "recently told me what makes Stengel such a successful manager. He told me that Stengel does his best managing before the game starts—the way he figures out the opposition, the ball park, the way the wind is blowing. All those things get done before he makes out his lineup card."

"Haney is a lot like that," Birdie said. "He does many things that don't occur to the average player."

And many things that do, like bunting in the first inning, or in the second inning; like bunting with men of muscle such as Ed Mathews and Hank Aaron. Haney invoked his bunting game shortly after he took over the Braves from Charley Grimm in mid-1956. The club moved quickly to the front, and should have won. Haney admits it should have won. "Hell," he says, "we were two in front going into the last weekend. Why shouldn't we have won?"

They got beat badly in St. Louis that weekend, and the Dodgers slipped in. The Braves lost in St. Louis because they bunted—or, more precisely, because they couldn't bunt. Time and again, Haney flashed the bunt sign, and time and again forceouts resulted.

"Bunt O'Haney" they branded him in the press boxes. The jibe stung Haney; it singed the hair on his pride. But he didn't flinch. He stuck to his bunting game because he believed in it, and he won the flag with it in '57 and again in '58.

"He won in spite of it," his detractors insist. Who is to say?

Haney says this, in defense of his bunting tactic: "I have pitching, consistent pitching. My pitching is much steadier than my hitting. Sluggers are like that. They can stop all at once on you, all of them together. But I have pitching, the type of pitching that can win if we get three or four runs in a game. So, if I had a chance to get those runs one at a time, I took it—and I'll keep taking it, as long as I have the pitching. If I get one run in the first inning, that means I need only two or three more to win, and I may be able to bunt for one of them in the next inning."

Most managers appreciate what Haney is trying to do. Says Bill Rigney, manager of the run-making machine in San Francisco: "If I had the team Haney has, I'd probably play the same kind of game. He has Spahn and Burdette, so he plays to get one run at a time. I don't have his pitching so I need four or five in an inning, and when I get them, I'm usually trying to make it six, because that may not be enough. You try to play according to your pitching."

And then, there's the other point of view. You hear it often, mostly from the players. Like the time Roy Campanella was lecturing Johnny Roseboro on what to anticipate when catching a game against the various NL clubs, how to predict a team's actions by knowing its manager. "Now take Haney," Campy said to the young Dodger who was to take his place. "He's real conservative. He bunts in the first inning, the Lord only knows why. But he does, so look for it."

Conservative. You hear that word repeatedly along the trackdown on Fred Haney. His detractors use it. His supporters use a different word with perhaps the same basic meaning—solid. "He plays good, solid baseball," Tebbetts said. So did Sam Narron, who coached at Pittsburgh for three years under Haney. "He was awfully good with the kids in Pittsburgh," Narron said. "They'd make mistakes, lots of them, and you could just see him shudder. But he never chewed them out in public. He'd wait till the next day. (—> TO PAGE 90)



Haney, here removing Warren Spahn in 1958 Series, says his pitching is steadier than his hitting, so he goes for his runs one at a time.



PRECISION INSTRUMENT

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Joe Louis



Doak Walker



George Mikan

Today Vs. A Decade Ago WHERE ARE OUR HEROES?

By Dick Schaap

IN FRANCE these days, a professional wrestler who calls himself *L'Angel Blanc* cloaks his face in an eerie white mask and devours opponents with predictable regularity. His face, he insists, has never been seen by anyone except his mother. This anonymity is, of course, only a gimmick, but it is a gimmick which symbolizes the star athlete of 1959. The only difference between *L'Angel Blanc* and most current sports stars is that The White Angel chooses facelessness deliberately.

Like The White Angel, who vanishes in a cloud of obscurity once he leaves the wrestling ring, the modern sports star shrugs off his professional role as soon as he leaves his place of business. Mickey Mantle, an awesome picture of power in pin-striped Yankee flannels, is just another pleasant young man in a blue serge suit. Between championship fights, Floyd Patterson retreats to the New Jersey hills where he stirs less interest than a one-sided chess match. Off the golf course, Dow Finsterwald, the most consistent of all contemporary golfers, is simply another heavy depositor at a Florida bank.

This trend toward facelessness is, in every sense, bewildering. From a technical standpoint, athletes

have never possessed more talent than they do today. Sprinters run faster, basketball players shoot better, golfers score lower and even yachts move more quickly. Although television has stripped the greatest stars of their mystic remoteness, it has also carried them into the living room, where they can be seen and heard, analyzed and admired. Never before has the average man had so much leisure time that he could devote to playing and studying sports. Logically, this should be the era of the super hero. Superior skills should stamp him as a man apart, both an idol, impossible to duplicate, and a model, irresistible to copy.

But heroes today are a vanishing tribe. Among the champions who have burst freshly upon the sports scene, a quality is lacking, a quality which all the talent in the world cannot adequately replace. Call it personality, call it color. It is as rare as a Beat Generation novelist with a haircut.

With the decline of the sports hero, the sports hero-worshiper, too, has gone out of fashion. Who cares if a ten-year-old boy can name the heavyweight champions from Sullivan to Patterson? Does he know what anti-gravity means? That's

of heroism. It takes bravado, as well—confidence, color, and a dash of swagger



Jackie Robinson



Ben Hogan



Joe DiMaggio

what counts. A teenager who dreams about becoming a professional boxer is not sent to Stillman's Gym; he is sent, instead, to a psychiatrist. "Why don't you want to be a space pilot like everyone else?" the doctor wonders.

Before you decide that this is another nostalgic plea for a return to the good old days, let's set the record straight. I never saw Ruth hit a home run. My memory of Gehrig blurs into the image of Gary Cooper. Dempsey, to me, is just a big guy who runs a restaurant near Madison Square Garden. But even over the short space of the last decade, the tendency has been unmistakable. As surely as the jump shot displaced the two-handed set, the businessman sports star crowded out the distinctive hero. The few authentic heroes who remain are, for the most part, sturdy hand-me-downs from the 1940s.

Why? No one can say for certain, but many persons advance theories. Some point out that this is a time in which mediocrity dominates every field from politics to literature. Modern society appreciates and rewards mediocrity: it fears erratic, hard to control genius. Others argue that sport has passed definitely into the realm of big business. The star, they say, is too busy making money to worry about making fans.

The chances are that, in the main, there is one single overriding consideration. Anonymity, in itself, has become a virtue. It has, in fact, gone a step further. It is now a goal which the sports star energetically seeks. He doesn't cover his face, in The White Angel's fashion, but he clouds and obscures it until it blends easily into the crowd. The majority of stars do not want to be somebody special. They would rather be just anybody, or,

if it becomes necessary, nobody.

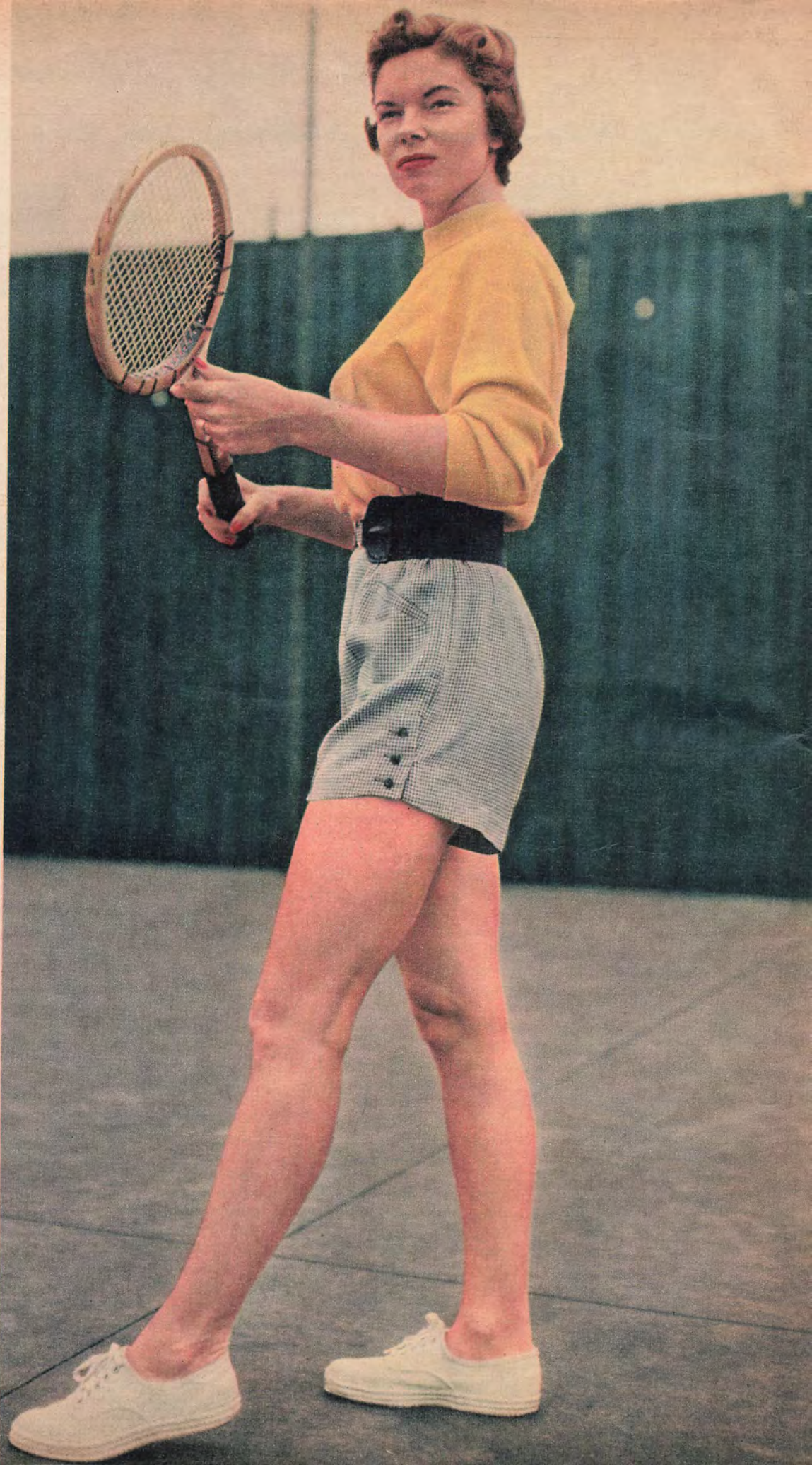
"Unknown?" says Floyd Patterson. "Sure, I'm unknown. If I was any better known, maybe I'd be in trouble." Wilt Chamberlain feels the same way, although he phrases it differently. "I don't want to be Wilt the Stilt or anything like that," he says. "I just want to be me. Wilt Chamberlain, average guy." Here is a fundamental change. There was nothing average about Joe Louis, stalking opponents with his dead-pan expression and his killer instinct; or Sid Luckman, passing with incredible accuracy while half a dozen linemen tried to drive him into the turf; or Lou Boudreau, struggling out of a background of poverty to gain a college education and become the youngest manager in the history of the major leagues.

For Chamberlain, fully seven feet tall, to become an average guy, is no mean task. In this day of television and mass magazines, it is never easy to court anonymity. There are too many temptations. A star can collect \$1,000 for exposing his face briefly to a television camera. He can demand another thousand for explaining, in a bylined article, how he (or his ghost writer) feels the double play should be executed. It follows, therefore, that the less they talk for publication, the more they can collect for a television appearance or a magazine byline. They have made a fetish of the "no comment" routine. They have adopted the proverb: It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.

In some cases, they may be right. Not long ago, the day after Mickey Mantle earned \$1,500 for a five-minute television spot, a newspaperman approached the young slugger and tapped him on the shoulder. "I saw you on (—→ TO PAGE 71)

Ever since she first became a major tennis contender in 1947 as a teenager, Bev has been looking for her first national championship. Now, with Althea Gibson in semi-retirement, she intends to make one good try to gain acclaim as our best player.

Color by UPI



IT'S NOW OR NEVER FOR BEVERLY

If Bev Baker Fleitz doesn't become the U. S. tennis champ this year, then she probably never will. Not that she lacks the skill. But this beauty with the two forehands and no backhand cares more about her family than tennis

By ED FITZGERALD

IF BEVERLY BAKER FLEITZ, the ambidextrous beauty from Santa Monica, doesn't become the women's tennis champion of the United States this year, she probably never will.

It seems as though slim, long-legged Beverly has been picked as one of the favorites to win the title every year as far back as one can remember. Actually, the girl with two forehands and no backhand, who ranks with Gussie Moran, Laura Lou Jahn and Karol Fageros as the most photogenic of the modern lady tennis players, has been a major contender ever since 1947 when she sprang gracefully into prominence by winning the Pacific Southwest championship at the age of 17. Nobody thought then that, 12 years later, Beverly would still be looking for her first national championship.

"Beverly," English Wightman Cup player Mary Hardwick once wrote to a friend in Los Angeles, "is potentially the greatest woman player I've ever seen."

But Beverly also is a beautiful, vivacious girl with no desire to devote her whole life exclusively to tennis. So she has been married twice, once briefly and again lastingly, is the mother of two handsome children, and simply hasn't had time to capitalize fully on her early tennis promise. That doesn't mean, however, that she wouldn't like at least once to know what it feels like to be recognized as the best woman tennis player in the United



A hard hitter, ambidextrous Bev doesn't use a backhand, is exceptional from baseline.

States, and, for that matter, as the best in the world. She would like it very much, and she intends to give it a good try this year. After that, win or lose, she may very well stop trying. Maybe not retire completely from competition, but certainly give up the struggle to attain the top.

The problem is, of course, that it isn't easy to be a good wife and mother, and at the same time travel the tennis circuit as extensively as you have to do in order to stay sharp enough to play for the big championships. "I hate to leave home for long periods of time," Bev says candidly. "It's tough to leave John and the children, especially Kim, who's six now, just about the age when she needs her parents around all the time."

To make up for her absence, Bev religiously writes a letter to the children every day. She hopes, in September, to write one that will tell Kim and her younger sister, Julie, that their mother has won the championship.

No one in tennis doubts that Beverly, who is 29 years old, five feet, four inches tall, and weighs a well-conditioned 117 pounds, has the ability to



Devoted to her family, she has not spent the time needed to sharpen her game for top play.

achieve her goal. There has been a tendency on the part of some newspapermen to regard her two-handed game as a freak, an unreliable fancy that keeps her from going all the way to the top. But the girls who have to play against her know better. Bev is one of the hardest hitters in the women's ranks; perhaps, now that Althea Gibson has gone into temporary retirement, the hardest. And not even Althea will out-hit Bev from the baseline, where the Santa Monica girl feels most at home.

If there is a weakness in Beverly's game, it is her reluctance to charge the net and volley. "If she would go to the net," her father, Frank Baker, who has been her only coach since she began playing the game, says, "she would be unbeatable. She can volley if she wants to." Bev however, plainly thinks it's too hard for her to perform her racquet-shifting act at the close quarters of the net, and she feels uncomfortable up there. She cheerfully admits that because of this, she isn't a very good doubles player, but she doesn't think it handicaps her very much in singles. "I like my opponents to take over the net," she says. "Then I can pass them."

When she is in the back-court, her favorite stamping ground, Beverly switches her racquet from one hand to the other so swiftly and easily that it is hardly noticeable. She herself doesn't know at what point she decides to switch. "I use whatever hand the racquet happens to be in," she says. "The whole thing is just automatic, based on experience and anticipation. I guess I just anticipate where the next shot is coming and switch the racquet accordingly."

Her father thinks, "She leaves the racquet in the hand she has just used until she sees if the ball is coming back to the same side. If it does, she uses the same hand. If it doesn't, she switches quickly. The whole thing is so automatic by now, it's hard to tell."

Beverly began learning the two-forehanded style right from the time she started playing tennis at the age of ten on the Lincoln Park public courts in Santa Monica, where her father, a Recreation Department

official, was stationed. Her father taught it to her because she was small for her age and he thought the two-forehand technique would give her more power and more reach. It was a logical thing for him to try because Bev was naturally ambidextrous; for example, she writes lefthanded but she throws a ball righthanded.

The little girl soon generated an amazing amount of ground-stroke power. She used to surprise many a visitor to Lincoln Park. Old-time employees of the Santa Monica Recreation Department still remember the man from St. Louis who asked to play a set with Bev and who barely managed to beat her in a hard fought match. She was 12 at the time, but she was so small that she looked more like nine or ten. After they had finished playing, the St. Louisan just shook his head in disbelief that a girl so young and so tiny could be so good.

Beverly's style of play had its doubters, too. Mr. Baker remembers the day Big Bill Tilden, the greatest of them all, visited Lincoln Park and watched Bev go through her ambidextrous paces. The great man shook his head impatiently. "It can't be done," he said curtly.

"She's doing it," Mr. Baker said.

And she has been doing it with a considerable degree of success ever since. Since she first broke into the first-ten rankings in 1948, Beverly has never been ranked lower than eighth in any year in which she played enough to be ranked at all. Her high point was the No. 3 ranking she won in 1954.

Her biggest disappointment came in 1955 when she went all the way to the finals at Wimbledon, only to lose, 7-5, 8-6, to Louise Brough, whom she had beaten in their last six meetings. It was a jarring blow to Bev, another of a long series of tennis disappointments that continued right up through 1958 when she dropped another Indian sign at exactly the wrong time. Beverly never had lost a match to Althea Gibson before the two-time national champion licked her almost easily, in the semi-finals at Forest Hills. Apparently Bev had left her game in the quarter-finals, in which she played brilliantly to defeat the highly regarded South American girl, Maria Bueno.

It is more likely, however, in the opinion of most experts, that she has encountered most of these unlooked-for setbacks simply because she doesn't concentrate on the game the way most of her rivals do. It's hard to be a top-flight amateur tennis player unless you work at it with fierce dedication. Beverly hasn't done that since she was a kid, taking lessons from her father, playing hotly contested matches with her older sister, Sylvia, who loved the game just as much as she did, and making her first mark as a tournament player.

Bev's first national newspaper headlines were earned when she won the National Public Parks championship in her sixteenth year. She had a hard time of it in the finals because she broke a blood vessel in her foot at a dance the night before the big match, but a tight bandage enabled her to hobble through successfully.

The next year saw her score her first big win, the Pacific Southwest victory. Her opponent in the final was the older, more experienced Patricia Canning Todd, a ranking internationalist. Pat was a heavy favorite to put an end to the young upstart's (→ TO PAGE 92)

Piersall Is Still Battling

*Playing for the Red Sox was once the biggest thing in his life.
But even though the uniform has changed, Jimmy hasn't*



By Hal Lebovitz

THE SCENE WAS the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Boston. Over 900 men had crowded into the ballroom for the annual dinner given by the local baseball writers. Among the honored guests sitting in formal attire at the speaker's table was Jimmy Piersall, one of the most popular players ever to wear a Red Sox uniform. He had been traded to the Cleveland Indians a few weeks earlier, and now he was being introduced. To a man, the audience stood up and applauded. Piersall, his head down, shuffled to the microphone. The handsome, dark-haired athlete began in a low voice:

"I've always hoped to God I wouldn't have to put into words how I feel . . ." His voice died into silence. Tears welled in his eyes. Unable to continue with his carefully prepared speech, he turned and ran from the microphone. When he reached his seat, the crowd stood up again and applauded even louder.

"My emotions ran away with me," Piersall said later. "All those people were my friends and I fell apart trying to tell them how I felt."

Heart-warming as it was, his emotional display caused more than one Boston writer to wonder whether Piersall ever could adjust to his new Cleveland environment. Here was a boy who had once cracked up so completely that he had to be strapped to a bed in the "violent ward" of Westborough State Hospital—all because of his fear of failing in his life-long ambition to become a regular with the Boston Red Sox. Now his beloved Sox had traded him away. He had to start all over again in a comparatively strange city. Could he handle this harsh change? Did he have the stability to meet the new challenge? If not, what would be the consequences?

Those who have been close to Jimmy throughout the years now believe that he actually fits in better with his new Cleveland teammates than he did with the more austere Red Sox. In Boston, the talkative, high-strung Piersall was a "controversial figure," as one of his former teammates describes him. With the Indians, he is just one of several colorful, extroverted players.



"I finally met somebody who talks more than I do," Jimmy said in the spring. "I can't get a word in with Minnie Minoso."

Those who expected sparks to fly between Piersall and Billy Martin, another new Indian, were in for a disappointment. After their first workout in the Indians' Tucson training camp, they played golf together. "We're close friends," Piersall says.

Martin, who generally talks freely on any subject, clams up completely when asked about the fight he had with Piersall during Jimmy's troubled days in 1952. "I just don't want to comment on the thing," Martin says. "I still feel awful about it."

The fight took place in Fenway Park just before a Yankee-Red Sox game. Piersall, working out at short-stop, shouted some barbs at Martin, who was warming up on the sidelines, and Billy snapped back at him. The inevitable challenge followed. "Meet me under the stands," they said to each other.

At that time, both teams used the same runway in Fenway Park. Martin got there first and waited for Piersall. They began swinging immediately but were quickly stopped by Sox coach Oscar Melillo and Yankee coach Bill Dickey. The only casualty was Dickey, whose foot was spiked.

"You can imagine how I felt when a couple of weeks later I read that Jimmy was being sent to a mental hospital. I was just sick about it," Martin says.

Jimmy recollects nothing of the incident. "All I can remember about baseball in 1952," he says, "is reporting to the Red Sox training camp in Sarasota, Florida, and being given a glove to play shortstop. The first I learned about my fight with Martin was after I recovered from my mental illness and was able to read the clippings. Billy and I have talked about it. He's apologized to me at least 20 times. He says if he had known I was sick he never would have let it happen."

When Piersall first reported to Tucson this spring, he seemed a bit apprehensive. But within a few days he began to join in. General manager Frank Lane bought him a \$25 Stetson which Jimmy wore at a jaunty angle. Off the field, he was never without it. The hat and his bowed legs gave him the look of a television cowboy hero.

Then Martin went one better. His girl friend sent him a complete outfit—hat, boots, huge belt buckle. Billy, too, was able to furnish his own bow legs.

"How about that?" Piersall asked Frank Lane. "Are you going to let Martin show me up?"

"Go out and buy yourself the rest of the outfit, and charge it to me," the general manager answered.

Lane's friendliness and generosity to Piersall has caused Jimmy to say proudly, "I'm his little bo-bo. I've got to make good for him. He's really been great."

Once, in turbulent 1952, after the Red Sox had sent Piersall to Birmingham in the hope that he could get hold of his emotions there, the outfielder put in a long-distance call to Lane, then with the White Sox. "You said I was worth \$150,000. Please buy me and get me out of here," he pleaded. "I'm a major-leaguer."

Lane's reply was, "Forget you phoned me, Jim. Everything's going to be all right. Joe Cronin will take care of you. Have faith in him."

Piersall, of course, remembers nothing of this. He does recall more recent encounters with Lane. "You know Frank," Jimmy says with a smile. "He always sits in right field and rides his own players. He wants every one of his hitters to bat .400 and every pitcher to win 30 games. When they make an out, he screams. When he ran the White Sox, I could hear him shouting at his players while I was playing right field. I'd yell back, 'I'm glad I'm not playing for you. Please don't make a trade for me. You put too much pressure on a guy.'"

Lane's usual rebuttal was: "You'd better take your pink pills, Jim."

"Once," Jimmy says, "I got some pink colored pills from the trainer and threw them up to Lane. 'You need these more than I do,' I told him."

"He yelled back, 'I use white ones.' So the next day I took some white salt pills with me to right field and gave them to him."

Actually, Jimmy no longer requires any medication, not even tranquilizers. "In fact," he says, "I haven't been back to the doctor since I was discharged."

Ever since he returned to baseball after his stay in a mental institution, he has had to face hecklers. At first, he was afraid of what the fans might say, or what taunts would come from rival dugouts. "Some teams heckled me, some didn't," he says, "just as some people were kind and some were cruel. Sure, it bothered me, but it helped me bear down and play all the harder. The heckling by one club got so bad that Tom Yawkey talked to Ford Frick about it and made them cut it out."

Now, rival players ride him no more than they do others. Jim says, "It's part of the game, and I do my share of needling, too."

Piersall remembers a fan in the center-field bleachers in Washington who rode him unmercifully during both games of a Sunday doubleheader, shouting such clever comments as, "Hey, Piersall, you're crazy. The godney birds are coming." Or, "You'd better hide. Here come the men in the white coats."

"I answered him the best way I could," Jimmy says. "I got four-for-five in the first game and knocked in the winning run. One hit was a homer. In the second, I got two-for-four. Maybe the guy thought I was a showboat. I don't try to be. I try to be myself all the time. I just don't have as many inhibitions as the next fellow."

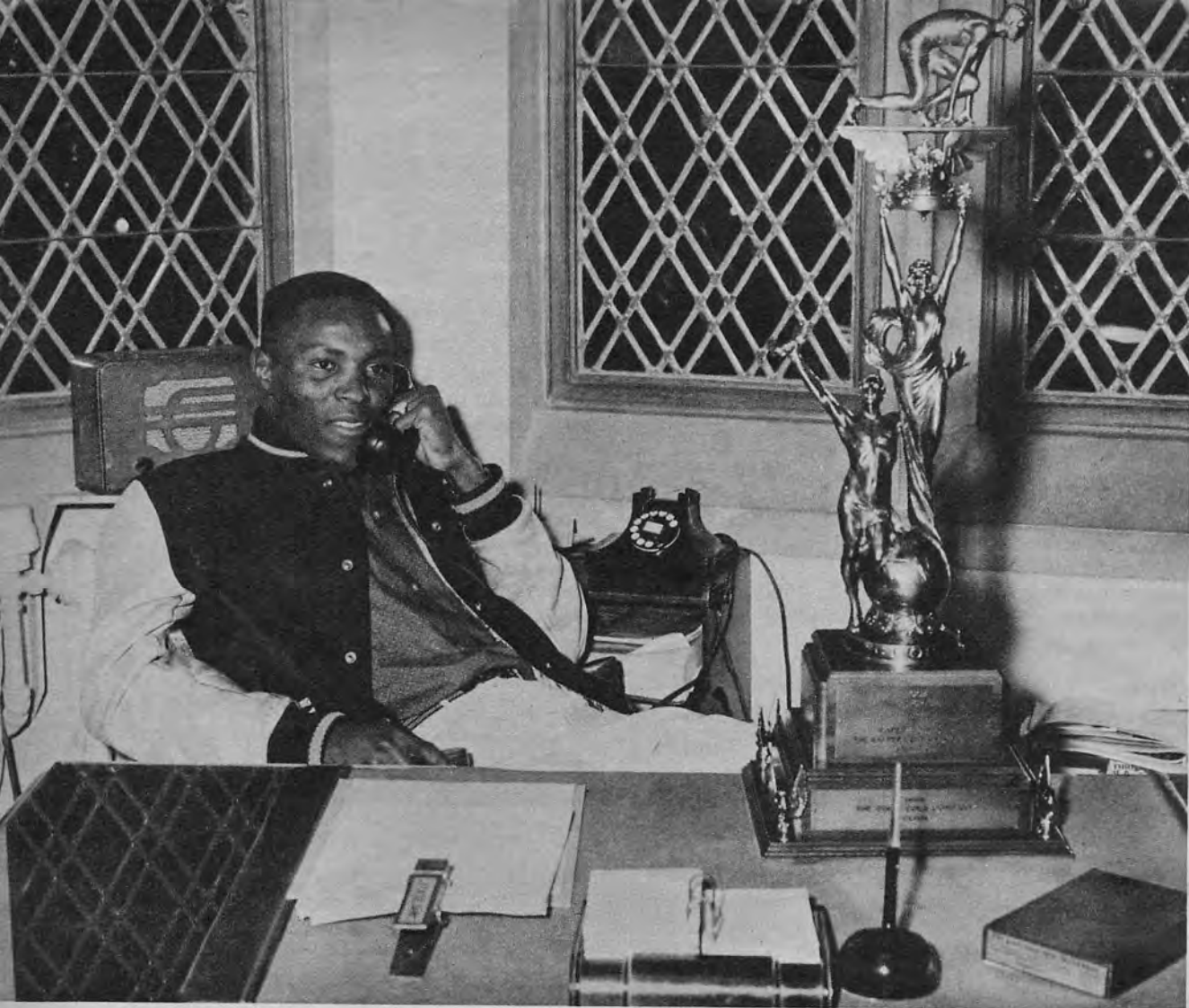
The cutting remarks occasionally thrown at Jimmy are offset, he says, "by the wonderful letters from people thanking me for having the courage to let my story be told at the risk of being called crazy the rest of my life. They say I have been an example to them that a mentally ill person can overcome it, go out and face the world and do his job."

His biggest thrill, he reveals, is not a great catch or a game-winning homer, but the experience of hearing a stranger say, "My brother was mentally ill. Your book helped him."

Piersall has made a second career out of working with mental health groups, speaking before them without charge, and visiting hospitals. A few months ago, during spring training, the head of a mental health drive in Tucson asked Jimmy if he (→ TO PAGE 81)

**Only Willie Mays can match Piersall's defensive ability in center field.
Stengel credits him with six of the best catches he ever saw.**

Color by Fred Bottomer



BIG MAN ON THE CAMPUS

*That he is the world's finest
all-around athlete is only part of the
Rafer Johnson story,
as far as UCLA is concerned. They cheer
their student body president
as a giant among men*

By AL STUMP

ONE WINDY MORNING about a year ago, a big, serious-looking youth was hurrying along the University of California at Los Angeles campus, checking off the nomenclature of the bones in the lower section of the human skull. "Superior maxilla . . . mastoid temporal . . . mandible . . ." An item was missing, so he halted, gazed intently at his well-polished loafers and concentrated. He had it. "Sphenoid!"

There is a saying that whenever Rafer Johnson stops for a moment at UCLA, someone asks him for something. Before he could move on to his class, he was surrounded by a delegation of students. They were a purposeful-looking bunch, composed mainly of whites, but including Orientals, Mexican-Americans and several European exchange students. A sociologist, seeing them, possibly would have thought of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's words: "In intermingled youth rests mankind's future."

"Rafer," one of the students said, "we have a proposition. We want to run you for student body president."

The big, coffee-colored young man studied his shoes again. After a while, he said, "Why me?"

The undergraduates told him. Polyglot in character, UCLA was growing rapidly and would reach a student body population of 20,000 before long. Already more than 30 racial groups were represented on the campus.



Rafer set a new world decathlon record when he beat Russian Vasily Kuznetsov, left, in a dual meet before 100,000 fans in Moscow last August.

To help tie the mixture together, promote understanding and protect the interests of all, the school needed a man of experience outside the narrow bounds of college life. "You're the most international guy around here," they told him, "and we need you."

"You sure you don't want me," Ray Johnson said, "because of sports?"

The students grinned. "No, but if you think we're not going to mention that you're the world decathlon champion, you're crazy!"

The electioneering that followed, in April of 1958, was active and competitive. Up against three tough primary candidates, Johnson worked at getting elected. The six-foot, three-inch 210-pound track and basketball hero spoke before every sorority and fraternity on the campus. In his deep-voiced, grave manner, he had only one essential idea to get across. "In sports, which is all I know about," he told them, "I've never yet seen an Asian or a European or a Latin try to beat an idea into another man's head. I think that's what we must strive for here. . . ."

A few more than 5,000 ballots were cast, and when they were counted, the son of a laborer in a California dog-food factory was elected president by a 400-vote margin, one of the few representatives of his race ever to gain such an honor at a major American university.

"Big Rafe"—or "Ray" to his close friends—is not only the world's most adept athlete, he is a big man on the campus without parallel today. Last August, when he flew into Los Angeles from the "Little Olympics" in Moscow, where he had cut down Russia's "man of steel," Vasily Kuznetsov, for the world decathlon title and set a phenomenal new record of 8,302 points, he was greeted by a cheering crowd at the airport. He stepped out carrying a seven-string guitar he had bought for 53 rubles. Faking a few notes for the crowd, he laughed when they asked him how it had been.

"Why, those Russian people grabbed me after it was over and threw me up in the air so many times I was dizzy. The whole 105,000 cheered for our side. Kuznetsov was real nice about losing—and he meant it. They all couldn't have been nicer. Isn't that wonderful?"

Only a few days before Johnson defeated Kuznetsov by 505 decathlon points, a Moscow crowd of 100,000 had smashed windows of the U. S. Embassy and streaked the building with red paint. While diplomatic notes of outrage were on Kremlin desks, Johnson was putting over another message outside Lenin Stadium. Wherever he turned, eager hands reached for him. An

official of America's all-star squad in the two-nation meet counted the number of times worshipful Soviet fans tossed Rafer in the air.

"Six," he now says, ironically. "One for each time a peace proposal failed in the previous year."

One reason Rafer won the No. 1 student job at UCLA is the cool, confident way he has of influencing the opinions of his opponents. Against Kuznetsov, he put this talent on dramatic display. The Russians, having demanded that points of the men's and women's squads be combined in the scoring, to enhance their chance for victory (which they finally got by a combined score of 172 to 170), split the sky with joy when Johnson fell behind after the first four events.

"This Kuznetsov," says hurdler Ancel Robinson, a Moscow winner, "got way out past 24 feet in the broad jump. He's a terrific leaper and vaulter, you know. He has an edge on Ray there. After the high jump, which Kuznetsov won at over six feet, he was leading by ten points. You can't imagine the emotion. Remember, Ray had broken Bob Mathias' world mark back in '55 with 7,985 points. But Kuznetsov had topped that early last year with 8,013. The Russians figured he was unbeatable—and he was proving it.

"A Russian crowd always watches you for a sign of weakness—any little jittery act. When Ray slapped Kuznetsov's back, and then stretched out on the grass to rest, you could hear the gulp that went through the stadium. Big Rafe was telling them, 'I'm going to take this boy, you know. Not a doubt about it.'"

Silence had greeted Johnson's first-day efforts. On the final day, when he set a new decathlon discus mark of nearly 161 feet, whipped the javelin a fantastic 238 feet, and vaulted almost 13 feet—on top of the fastest 400 meters ever run by a big man, of 48.2—the mood abruptly changed. When the Russians were told that the world record had gone back to the American, they acted as if the Politburo had just voted free caviar and vodka all around.

Admiration, of course, was behind it. But there was another reason, too. Rafer Lewis Johnson carries himself as few champions have—"with invincible humility," as one viewer has put it. In any ideology, the dignified, 23-year-old UCLA senior is something close to the ideal student that educators have been striving to produce for years.

Even before he was elected head of 12,000 students, he was quietly changing social ideas. As a sophomore, he became the first Negro pledged to a white fraternity (Pi Lambda Phi) at his school. He heads up six school committees, belongs to all three top campus honorary societies (Gold Key, Yeomen, Kelps), works 20 hours a week at his presidential job, spearheads the Campus Crusade for Christ movement, has toured Africa, Australia and Europe for the State Department, sings baritone in two churches (Mission Covenant and Presbyterian), carries an 18½-unit study load in pre-dentistry and foreign affairs (with a "B" average), averages four evening speaking engagements a week and serves on Governor Pat Brown's State Recreation Commission. On top of that, he played forward on coach Johnny Wooden's Bruin basketball varsity the past season. A bruising rebounder, Rafer won All-Coast



Presiding above at Student Council meeting, President Johnson works 20 hours a week at the job, belongs to all three campus honorary societies and heads up six school committees.

honorable-mention honors. And all this while pointing for his coming decathlon challenges—the AAU championship, the Pan-American Games and the U. S.-Russia dual-meet rematch, all scheduled for July and August.

"Sleep is something I sort of wedge in," Rafer says. "When I'm 30 or so, I'll look back on this and wonder why all the rush. There's an old saying you know, that a man should rest a mile, then run a mile. It's good advice, and I wish I could take it."

Last January, Ray's handsome, heavy-jawed face showed up so frequently at Los Angeles International Airport that a clerk became curious. In three weeks, Ray made six transcontinental flights. "Goodness, what business are you in?" the girl asked.

Ray thought briefly. "Friendship, young lady. The friendship business."

Among other stops, he collected awards from the Dapper Dan Club in Pittsburgh and the B'nai B'rith in Chicago, and had his muscles examined by Ed Sullivan on television, a period during which basketball coach Wooden constantly was sweating out plane connections out of fear that he would lose Johnson for a game. "Finally it happened," Rafer says ruefully. "I missed two big games, against Cal and Stanford."

With that, the first sour notes of his career were sounded. One Los Angeles newspaper criticized Johnson sharply for costing the Bruins two defeats. Another belted him for not appearing at an awards banquet it sponsored. Bruin alumni were "more than a little nettled" with him. Sarcastically, it was reported, "It is reliably rumored that Rafer Johnson, the great sports celebrity, will be on hand for the team's next game."

He handled the situation with a diplomat's finesse. "Down here at campus headquarters," Rafer explained to an inquirer, "we're kept pretty busy. Every week hundreds of ideas to be considered by the Student Legislative Council have to be studied. We hear complaints, help sort out personal problems of students, make out checks and sign contracts. So, you see, we don't often get to read what's in the newspapers."

One glance into Rafer's office—where two secretaries, a dictating machine and two telephones are kept busy—explains why the raps went right over his head. Rafer has to budget every minute of every day. He gets up at 6:30 for an hour of study. Then, after gulping toast and eggs, he's off in his 1949 Chevrolet for an eight o'clock class. Before the noon break, someone usually bears him off to address a high school or service club luncheon group. From one to three in the afternoon, he's in his presidential chair. Then it's track practice until 5 p.m., an hour of study, and, after dinner, another banquet appearance—anywhere from San Diego to Santa Barbara. "He'll come in all worn out after midnight," says his brother, Jim, who's a member of the same fraternity, "and take out the classbooks. Maybe by 2:30 he's asleep. But he always was a go-getter. When we were kids, he'd be hollering at me around daybreak to get up and start picking that fruit. In our home town, we did pretty good working in the crops. But his lugs always filled up faster'n anybody's. He'd make four dollars while I was waking up."

The Johnson boys (Jim is 20, a 190-pound end on the football team, and a fine high-hurdler) grew up in modest circumstances in Kingsburg, Calif., a quick-stop town on the truck run between Fresno and Bakersfield. There, a high school coach, Murl Dodson, discovered he had a prodigy on his hands. At (→ TO PAGE 93)

JOSE TORRES

A BUILDUP IN ACTION

By LEE GREENE



A great fighting machine is being developed in the small boxing clubs around New York—a machine that is almost ready to go

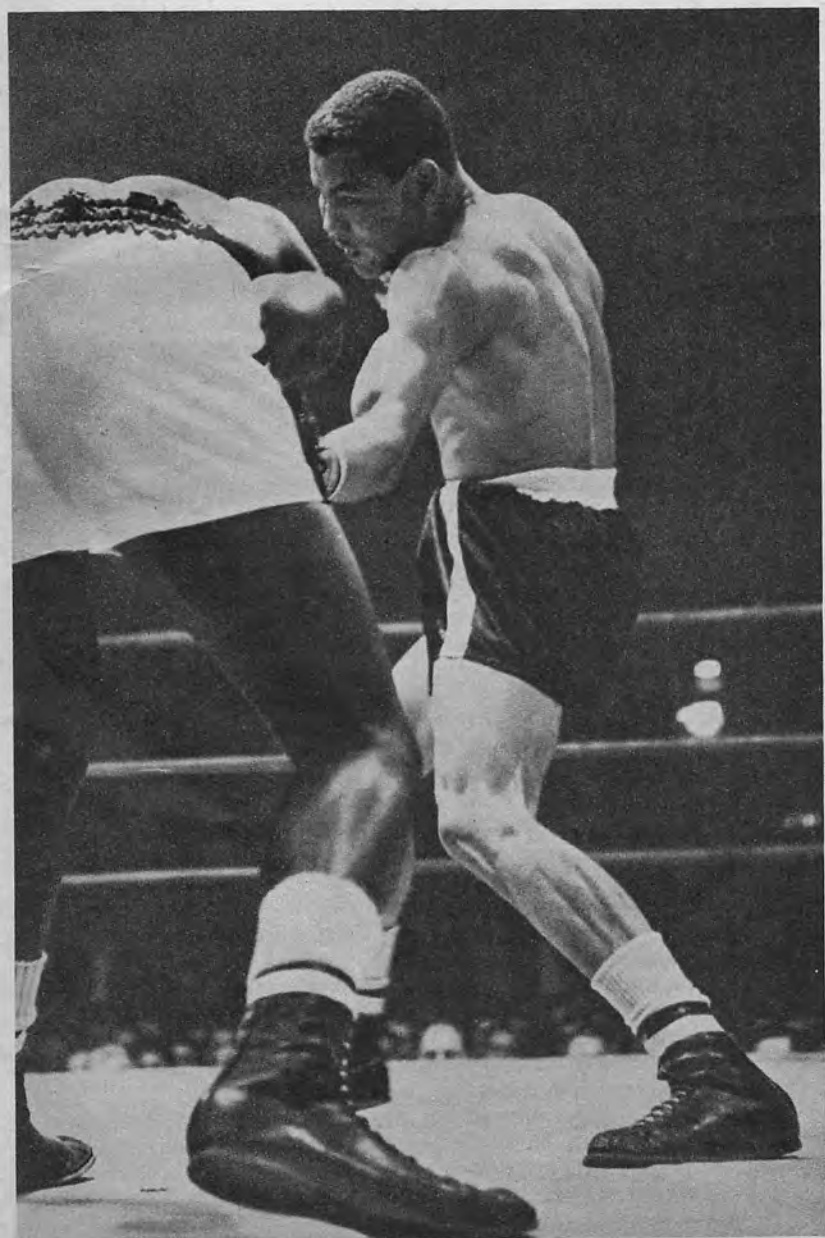
Photos by Martin Blumenthal

THE HOTTEST YOUNG fighter in the United States lay on a rubbing table in Manhattan's grubby little Gramercy Gym and watched with amusement the action in the single ring. His trainer was in there, having his hands full with the swarming tactics of a boy no more than ten years old. The fighter shouted encouragement and advice to the boy in Spanish and laughed loudly when his little friend was able to land a slapping punch.

José Torres still enjoys the simple things in life, like ice cream and sweetly flavored soft drinks and the friendship of little boys. In only a year of professional fighting, during which time he hasn't faced a single name fighter or appeared once on television, he has become the glamour boy of New York boxing. He not only draws capacity crowds every time he fights but is virtually conceded the middleweight title any time he feels ready to challenge for it. The big buildup is on.

Oddly, it's a buildup that is proceeding even faster than either Torres or his manager, cautious Cus D'Amato, would like. D'Amato is the manager who took Floyd Patterson as a highly talented amateur in 1952 and got him the heavyweight championship in four years and 32 fights. It will be impossible to hold down the pace with Torres even to that gallop. Another highly talented amateur, who turned professional in the spring of 1958, José is just too good. And he's a Puerto Rican.

Torres, a picture fighter, connects with a left.





Manager D'Amato and his fighter are unusually close. José regards Cus as his "second father."

You have to live around New York, where there are almost a million Puerto Ricans, most of them living in slum areas, to appreciate the impact that the success of Torres has had. There are plenty of other Puerto Rican fighters in New York—including ranked lightweight contender Carlos Ortiz—but there is something special about Torres, or *Don Diablo* (Mr. Devil), as they call him.

At five feet, ten inches and 160 pounds, he is almost a heroic figure to the small-statured Puerto Ricans. His handsome, high-cheekboned face, with the slightly spread nose that is a trademark of his profession, is instantly recognized by almost any Puerto Rican. Even complete strangers will stop him in the streets of Manhattan and jabber at him in staccato Spanish. José always stops to chatter back. He has a natural instinct for public relations that is uncanny, and he has always been his own best press agent. He answers all questions honestly and to the point.

"I have had ten fights so far," he said that afternoon at the Gramercy Gym, "and I have not had any trouble with any of them. I think I would be ready to take on the champion in another ten fights, but Cus doesn't like to rush things. I talked to him only yesterday and he asked me, 'José, what do you think of Sugar Ray Robinson?' I said, 'I can beat him.' Then Cus said, 'Do you mean it? Are you sincere?' And I said, 'Sure I am. I'm ready for Robinson right now.'"

Trainer Joe Fariello, who at 21 is actually a year younger than Torres, came over, wiping his face and chest with a towel. "He's a hungry fighter, all right," he agreed. "Nothing matters more to him than beating up the other guy. It's strange how the hungry fighters always come from the latest group of immigrants. Here in New York, there used to be great Irish, Jewish and Italian fighters. Now the Negroes from the South hold most of the championships. But the Puerto Ricans are moving up. So far we've had José in there with un-

knowns in small clubs, but each fight has represented a different problem that José has had to solve. We've given him rough guys and we've given him boxers. Each time he's solved the problem and won—usually by a knockout."

This on-the-job training has paid off for Torres. He is rapidly becoming what writers like to call a "picture fighter." He keeps his hands high and alongside his cheeks in the classic defensive position taught by D'Amato. His feet are always poised for attack and he throws his punches in crisp combinations, always returning his gloves to the original defensive position.

Although José was good enough as an amateur to get to the finals of the 1956 Olympics, he had to learn almost everything over again as a professional. "I used to hold my hands high, like this," he said, demonstrating, "but I kept moving them around—how you call it, feinting. Cus didn't like that. For a whole year he kept me fighting as an amateur while I was learning to keep my hands still and look for openings."

Luckily, there wasn't much to unlearn, since Torres had never boxed until he was in the Army. "Baseball was always my favorite game," he said. "But somebody told me that if I went out for the boxing team in the Army, I wouldn't have to do K.P. That's how I got started."

From a background of occasional fistfights in his home town of Ponce, P. R., José showed the amazing adaptability that typifies his progress today. In a single year, he was the unofficial middleweight champion of the Army, and in another year he had made the Olympic team. It took a two-time Olympic champion, Hungary's Laszlo Papp, to defeat him in the middleweight final. "It was only by one point," Torres recalled.

But the Olympic champion who got all the publicity in 1956 was Pete Rademacher, the heavyweight winner who went directly into a championship match in his first professional fight. Torres returned to the obscurity of Ponce and a job helping his father in the trucking business, while he mulled over professional offers made by several managers.

"I finally signed with Cus because he was the manager of the heavyweight champion," José admits. "I was ready to sign with a fellow from Louisville, just because he was so nice, but I knew Cus could help me."

D'Amato's offer had come in a roundabout way. He had never seen Torres fight, but a friend who had been to the Olympic Games came back with glowing reports on the handsome young Puerto Rican. D'Amato, who has always been partial to Olympic boxers—Patterson was a 1952 champion at Helsinki—decided to take a chance on Torres. He didn't have his address or telephone number, but he hit on the ingenious scheme of sending a telegram to the sports editor of *El Mundo*, the largest newspaper in Puerto Rico, announcing his desire to manage Torres. The newspaper not only informed José of the offer, but printed the text of the telegram—making it one of the most public offers in boxing history.

As an amateur, fighting out of small clubs around New York, Torres began to draw attention. When he won the 1958 Golden Gloves championship and went on to defeat his Chicago counterpart in the annual inter-city bouts that followed, he was ready for his first payday as a professional.

Fighting at almost two-week intervals, José took on

four undistinguished journeymen named Gene Hamilton, Walter Irby, Joe Salvato and Wes Lowery at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway Arena. He got \$250 for each fight and D'Amato refused to take a penny of it. "There will be time enough when he begins to make important money," he said. "I'd only have to pay it out in income tax anyway."

With his earnings, José was able to move into a furnished room in the rundown, rough Red Hook section of Brooklyn. His girl friend, Ramona Ortiz, lived a few blocks away, and she and her mother came by every Monday to clean up the room. It was a good life. José was delighted to discover the flavor of the creamy, French-style ice cream so popular in New York. "I could eat a couple of pints a day, except I get fat," he said.

He also discovered that there are a dozen different flavors and brands of soft drinks, and that he liked most of them. But perhaps his biggest weakness was clothes. Stuffed into the closet of the \$11-a-week room were eight suits, a dozen silk shirts and 14 pairs of shoes.

"Ramona's mother, she used to holler at me all the time for spending my money foolish and keeping the room dirty," he said. "She just didn't understand how fighters live. Now I got a new apartment in Williamsburg and we get along fine."

Last summer Torres got a big, but accidental, publicity break while sparring with stablemate Patterson in California, prior to Floyd's title fight with Roy Harris. Before the startled eyes of dozens of boxing writers, the young middleweight floored the heavy-

weight champion. It got wide play by the wire services and Cus didn't object. It was all in the family and good for the gate. But José, who doesn't mind telling you he once hurt Sugar Ray Robinson in a sparring session, is too proud to take credit for decking Patterson.

"He was a little off-balance when I hit him," he explained. "So he went down."

Patterson, a moody young man who shuns publicity, and Torres, a bubbling young man who loves publicity, are good friends despite the differences in personality and background. The champion often drops by the gym to heckle and supervise Torres' workouts.

Torres fought on the preliminary card the night Patterson knocked out Harris, but few of the spectators got much of a look at him. He scored an easy first-round knockout over one Benny Doyle. As usual, he picked up a check for \$250.

On September 29, at Manhattan's dowdy St. Nicholas Arena, Torres finally began to move up. He was booked against Otis Woodard, another good young middleweight and a stablemate of Ray Robinson. Robinson himself was in Woodard's corner and announced that he had solved Torres' tight defense. The Puerto Ricans came storming into St. Nick's to find out. They brought their families along, too.

It was like a carnival. The Puerto Ricans shouted and laughed through the preliminaries, and peddlers hawked pictures of Torres, some of them on Spanish-language calendars. They munched on sandwiches they had brought with them, whistled loudly at pretty girls and had noisy arguments over what (→ TO PAGE 87)



Relaxing after a victory, he talks with reporters as fans invade dressing room.

Between rounds, Torres studies an opponent. He has been carefully taught.





One League

Basically, the Barber says, the majors

By Sal Maglie

as told to Steve Gelman

IF I WERE GIVING advice to a young pitcher breaking into the majors, I'd tell him the same thing, whether he was going into the American League or the National League. I'd tell him to keep the ball low outside and high inside. I'd advise him to mix up his pitches and to keep the batters guessing at all times. That was my basic formula during the ten years I pitched in the majors, and I applied it in both leagues.

I'd tell him, too, that he has a very tough job ahead of him. No matter how skilled and rough the competition might have been in the minors and no matter how impressive his own minor-league record might be, he hasn't seen anything yet. The major leagues are the major leagues, that's all there is to it. Think of all the fellows playing baseball all over the world. Then realize that during most of a season a big-league team carries only 25 men, a total of 400 for both leagues. Let's face it. No manager or club owner will have any deadwood on his club. I don't care if a guy is out there playing every day or if he spends the year sitting on the bench. Only the best reach the majors.

The players, more than anything else, make one league just like the other. There are no soft touches in the big time. The pressure always is on. Every batter is dangerous and every pitcher is tough, whether he's wearing an American League or National League uniform.

Certainly I won't buy any of this talk that the American League is bush once you get past the Yankees. Okay, there is better balance in the NL. All you have to do is look at the final team standings over the past few years for proof of that. But those second-division clubs in the AL are stocked with some very talented players, too.

Furthermore, just because a few fellows couldn't make the grade in the National League and then went over and did well in the other league, doesn't mean the American League is inferior, as some people say. If you analyze the cases, you find that in every instance the "castoff's" success depended mostly on timing and the specific needs of an individual club.

In fact, let's examine a prize case. Whenever people start talking about the American League's second division being a haven for NL castoffs, they always

bring up one player in particular, Rocky Bridges. Now, Rocky Bridges is a major-leaguer, all the way, and don't let anybody tell you that he's not. When Rocky played for Brooklyn, the Dodgers had Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson and Billy Cox in the infield. There was no place for him, but he was a helluva good utility man. He went over to Cincinnati and it was the same story. There was no room for him in the starting lineup.

Then Rocky was waived out of the league and Washington picked him up. He got a chance to play every day. Rocky knew he was going to play ball, so he relaxed and did a great job. Last year, he made the All-Star team.

Suppose Cincinnati had sold Rocky to the Phillies instead of to Washington. The Phils had a big infield problem the past couple of years, and believe me, Rocky would have fought his way into that lineup, too. He would have done a big job for the Phillies and he would have made the grade in the National League.

Let's look at the day-in, day-out, on-the-field details in the two leagues. Do the teams play differently in the AL and NL? Well, some clubs hit-and-run more. Some steal more bases. Others play the game close to the vest. That all depends on the personnel and the manager of the specific team, though, not on the league. When I was with the Yankees, Casey Stengel used a lot of hit-and-run. When Case got ahead in a ball game, he played it wide open and made the opposing team play it his way. In the National League, when I was with the Giants, Leo Durocher did pretty much the same thing.

I am probably more familiar with Leo's methods than with any other manager's, since I played for him the longest. Most of my career was spent in the National League. I was with the Giants for close to six years, with the Brooklyn Dodgers for a year, and with the St. Louis Cardinals the second half of last season. In the American League, I played with the Cleveland Indians for a year and with the Yankees for less than a year.

If you look at my record as of the end of the 1958 season (National League: 116 wins, 59 losses; American League: three wins, three losses) perhaps you may think it is strange for me to say that one league is just

Is Just Like The Other

are the majors. But there are some significant—and surprising—differences

like the other. After all, I had most of my success in the National League. Frankly, though, I don't think I ever really had a chance in the other league.

When I joined Cleveland in 1955, the club was loaded with pitchers. They had Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia and Herb Score, the hottest rookie in the majors. They had Bob Feller, Ray Narleski and Don Mossi, too. I sat around in the bullpen most of the time. Then, the first few games that I did pitch, I tried to be cute. I figured that with my reputation as a curve ball pitcher, the batters would be looking for breaking stuff. So I decided to fool them, and I threw a lot of fast balls. I really wasn't pitching my best kind of game and it didn't work.

I came to the Yankees in September of 1957, and I won a couple of real tough games down the stretch. They sort of forgot about me in 1958, though. I worked very little, and in June they sold me to the Cardinals.

Another thing that must be taken into consideration is that I always was a "book" pitcher. I always relied on pitching to a batter's weakness, and the only way to get to know the hitters is by working against them. Sure, I spoke with other pitchers and with my pitching coaches, but it's not the same. Bob Turley might be able to get Ted Williams out with a high fast ball, but I might have (—> TO PAGE 75)

Maglie, always a top pitcher, became even tougher under heavy pressure. Sal could be relied upon to win big, crucial games.





GOLF'S SECOND STRING

These are the steady losers on the pro tour. They dress well and drive Cadillacs, but they're doing it with borrowed money, in a gamble for fame

By WILL GRIMSLEY

"THE GOLF CIRCUIT certainly has changed," Fred Corcoran, the former tournament director of the Professional Golfers Association, was saying. "Today every golfer has 11 pairs of white shoes. He drives from one tournament to another in a Cadillac, often with his wife and a couple of kids along. He dresses like Jimmy Demaret. He goes first class."

Corcoran is the thick-necked Boston Irishman who in the 1940's took professional golf out of the gutter and moved it to Easy Street. From a \$60,000-a-year enterprise, in which no more than half a dozen pros made expenses while the others fought starvation, he developed it into a \$750,000 bonanza.

Today, the tour has grown into a big-time business which nets \$1,500,000 yearly to the tough-minded young precisionists who ply their trade with the wedge and brassie. This might indicate that the golfing gold lies around for easy plucking from Pebble Beach to Boca Raton. But that is far from the truth. The gold is there and more share in it than ever before, but more come up empty-handed, too.

There are approximately 60 regulars on the pro golf tour, which runs from January to September, although the exact personnel changes from week to week. Of these, about half are making expenses and even storing away fair nest eggs. The other half—golf's second string—operates mostly in the red financially, but keeps playing, practicing and seeking advice in the hope that some day soon they may graduate into the big-money

class. If they don't, they quietly drop out of sight.

The PGA, which keeps close tabs on such matters, issues a listing of the top 25 money winners after each tour and the figures are startling. In 1958, for example, top man Arnold Palmer earned \$42,607.50 in prize money alone. But the 25th man, Don January, wasn't wondering where his next meal was coming from, either. He made \$13,373.75. Many a second-stringer would have been happy with that figure.

To the golf novice taking in his first tournament, it is all but impossible to distinguish the haves from the have-nots on the pro tour. They all look well-fed, their equipment is expensive and complete, their wardrobes are large and handsome, and their cars run into the \$5,000-plus price range. And yet very few of these fellows are making money. How, then, are they able to remain on the tour, while consistently finishing out of the money, and what's more, to do so in such a grand manner?

Part of the answer is a form of subsidization borrowed directly from Wall Street. What it amounts to is this: A promising young golfer of limited financial means literally places himself on the open market. His value lies in his talent, and this sole asset is carefully and cold-bloodedly scrutinized by potential investors. If they think he may develop into a big money winner, they agree to put their money behind him. The backers can be personal friends or speculators who wouldn't know the golfer without a pro-



gram. But the arrangement is always the same. The young pro gets a stake that guarantees him financial security for a specified period of time, and in return he guarantees a percentage of his earnings during that period. It's a risky deal on both sides.

For the golfer, in most cases, it is a chance to get a start which otherwise might be denied him. With only scattered exceptions, the struggling newcomers to the pro circuit are all subsidized. They have their own private "angels" and contracts, written and unwritten, which vary with each individual case. Thus they are able to live and eat well even as second-stringers while concentrating completely on their game.

Typical of the new business-like professional who has joined the tour with dreams of becoming another Hogan or Snead is Tony Lema of San Leandro, Calif. Tony is 25 and single. He is a lean, good-looking young man with a beautiful swing and a phlegmatic temperament. Observers on the Pacific Coast call him another Ken Venturi.

Lema served in the Marines during the Korean war. When he got out, he obtained a job as an assistant professional. Most of the young touring pros start with modest club jobs such as this. Few leave established careers for a shot at the golf jackpot.

Tony turned pro in 1957. At first he was assisted by Ed Lowery, the San Francisco automobile dealer who launched Venturi on a pro career. Later Jim Malarkey, a Sun Valley, Idaho, millionaire and a friend of Lema's family, took over all the bills.

"I probably have the best arrangement in pro golf," Lema says. "Mister Malarkey is wonderful. He gives me whatever money I need and he's keeping up the payments on my car. I don't think a man can play good golf if he's always worrying about where the next meal is coming from. I have no such worries."

Lema says his sponsor insists he go first class, and as a result, his expenses run around \$12,000 a year. He earned slightly more than that in 1958 but has not begun paying back Malarkey yet. "He wants me to get firmly established first," Tony says.

A player going first class, Lema insists, cannot do it for less than \$225 or \$250 a week. He breaks down his typical expenses this way:

Entrance fee, \$35.

Caddy fees, \$40-\$45.

Hotel, \$45.

Food, \$75.

Travel, \$35.

"You might count them as luxuries, but I also spend around \$40 a week on entertainment and I put out about \$1,500 a year on clothes. The other things I listed are essentials."

Most of the second-stringers concede that \$150 a week is rock bottom for expenses on the circuit. The so-called "corner cutters" get away with that figure by stopping in cheap motels, slipping around the corner for hot dogs and perhaps skipping dinner.

Paul Harney, the 142-pound wallop from Worcester, Mass., travels with his wife and infant son. A college graduate and son of a policeman, Harney has had his struggles but is starting to hit the big money this year.

"Certainly traveling with a wife and child is more expensive," Harney says, "but no more expensive, I feel, than maintaining a second home. I find I can't get by on less than \$200 a week, even being a little frugal."

John McMullin, a 24-year-old second-year tourist from Alameda, Calif., has one of the most unusual arrangements in the business. He induced five West Coast businessmen to put up \$2,000 a year each for two years—a total of \$10,000 a year. He agreed to give them 75 per cent of his winnings during that period. He can cut that to 50 per cent by repaying the full investment in two years. Off to a fast start this year, he looks like a good bet to pay off handsomely.

Dave Ragan of Daytona Beach, Fla., made a deal with two businessmen from that city. They put up \$12,000 a year for two years and take all of Dave's winnings. Ragan produced only \$4,500 the first year, creating a deficit of \$7,500. His backers did better in 1958, but failed to equal their total outlay.

More fortunate were the two Chula Vista, Calif., men who put up a stake for fellow townsman Billy Casper, who proceeded to become one of the leading money winners almost immediately. Casper's two sponsors, Russ Corey and Dick Haas, gave him a monthly allowance of \$1,000. All Casper had to do was reimburse them from any prize money he won, plus hand over 30 per cent of the remaining purse.

For the two California businessmen, it was better than striking oil. They not only got their money back but several thousand dollars over before the contract ran out. Casper wisely decided not to renew. "I'm satisfied," he says. "The deal gave me a chance. Like a lot of other fellows, I couldn't have bucked the tour without help."

Jim Ferree, 28, from Winston-Salem, N.C., is being supported by a Mobile, Ala., steamship owner who is a close friend of Ferree's father, also a pro. Jim won only about \$1,000 his first year, 1956. In 1957 he did little better, collecting around \$2,000. When he won the British Columbia Open at Vancouver last September, Ferree was near tears as he collected the \$6,400 first-place check. "This is like pouring water in a dry well," he said.

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These are the hitters who do very specific jobs on a ball club—from protecting the plate to hitting home runs to rattling assorted fences. They do a lot more, too, but they are batting geniuses at their specialties

Masters With A Bat



NO-STRIKEOUT: Small, pesty Nellie Fox protects the plate with his bottle bat, fouls off good pitches, always gets a piece of the ball, hits well into holes.

IT IS ONE THING to say that a ballplayer can hit, but it is quite another to say *how* he hits. In the specialized world of the majors, it matters greatly whether a man hits off his front foot, or swings at a pitch outside the strike zone, or undercuts a ball. This decides how he will be pitched to, but it also determines what his function on a ball club will be. In a lineup of eight meaningful batters, a manager wants a balanced combination of hitters—bunters, slashers, hit-and-run men, sluggers, even reliable fly-ball hitters.

Of all the specialists—the line-drive hitter, sheer power man, leadoff man, hit-and-run man, no-strikeout man, and RBI man—what a manager wants most is the fellow who hangs out the line drives. This batter will get a fair share of homers, but he'll do pretty well with the triples and doubles and singles, too. He will have a good RBI and run-scoring record, and he will hit for percentage. He'll be in the ball game for you more than the others will. It's no surprise, then, that most of the top-rated hitters in the majors are line-drive batters. Stan Musial

LEADOFF MAN: Much like Fox at the plate, Richie Ashburn is fast, gets that extra step because he is lefthanded, has a good eye, can bunt, spray his hits around, and hit 'em where they ain't.





and Ted Williams, the old masters, and Hank Aaron and Willie Mays, the younger masters, don't live by feast-or-famine. They hit more often, with more telling effect, than sluggers do.

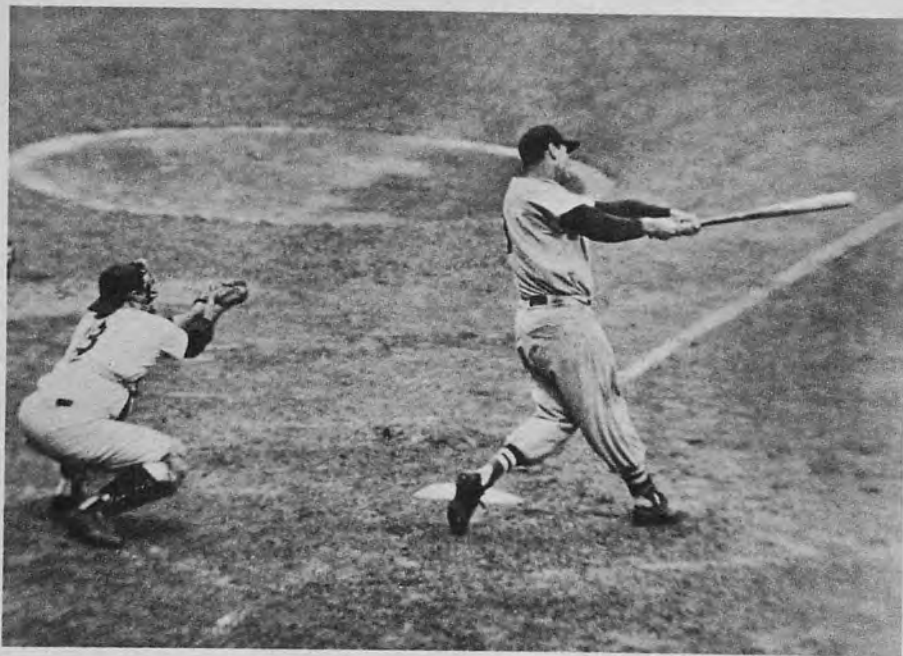
For sheer power, it has to be Mickey Mantle, who invented the tape measure. Mickey will hit the ball further than anyone, but he will strike out more often, too (120 times last year). There are other sluggers, Rocky Colavito, Eddie Mathews, Frank Thomas, the remarkable Ernie Banks, but Mantle is the picture of power.

National League batting king Richie Ashburn (.350) is the ideal leadoff man. He can bunt, run, protect the plate, take a walk, and, in an old-fashioned way, hit 'em where they ain't. Nellie Fox has got to be the no-strikeout man. The little second-baseman with the bottle bat always gets a piece of the ball. He will hit the ball more often than

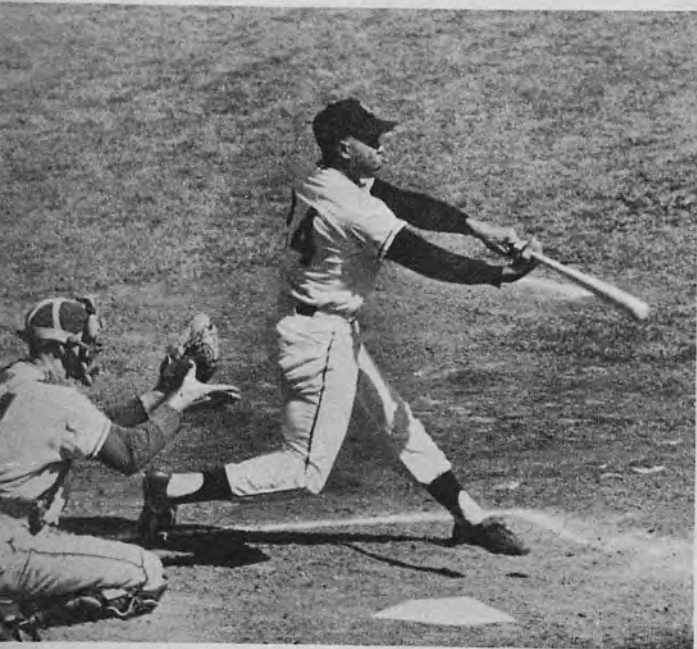
POWER: Whether it is pulling the ball or hitting straight away, Mickey Mantle is the champ of sheer power. He just tries to overpower the ball, which isn't considered the smartest thing, but he does it with telling, often dramatic effect. He has so much power that he can hit a homer to the wrong field even after meeting the ball too far down on his bat. Being a switch-hitter gives him a better look at breaking pitches every time he's up.

Masters With A Bat

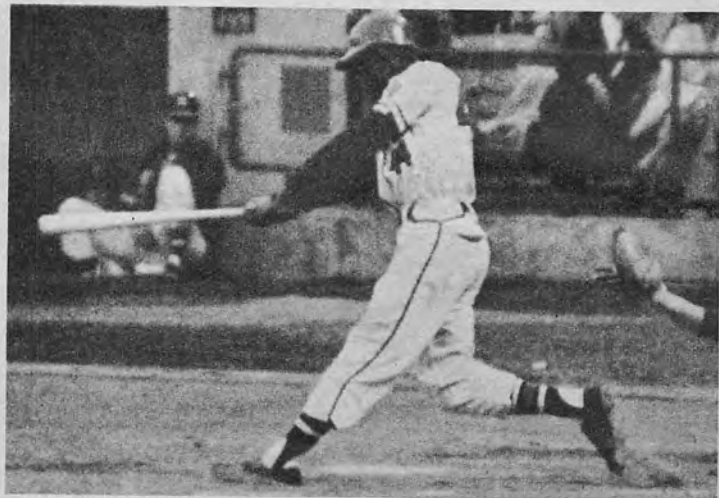
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LINE-DRIVE HITTERS: Ted Williams has a great eye and great wrists, will not swing at a bad pitch. His swing is a classic, probably the best in baseball, and sends the ball in a clothesline arc.



Willie Mays is a natural. He likes to take his cuts, hits the ball where it is pitched, doesn't try either to pull or punch. But he takes a hard, even swing, can drive the ball a long way.



A free swinger, Hank Aaron doesn't know how to take a walk. He allows himself a wide area for a strike zone, doesn't commit himself on a pitch until the last moment, then uses his bat like a whip.

Stan Musial doesn't guess about a pitch. He decides, when it is halfway toward him, what to expect by the speed of the ball. It is "feel" more than anything else, and helps him see the ball "big."





RBI MAN: A hard swinger, Jackie Jensen is dangerous because he is strong enough to go after a bad pitch, hit it, and even pull it—if not for a homer, then far enough to drive in the big runs.

about anybody (he struck out only 11 times last season) and he will get more base hits. Harvey Kuenn, who meets the ball solidly and is deceptively fast, is the best of the hit-and-run men, admittedly a vanishing breed. The point with Kuenn is that, although he may not be called upon to do it too often, when he has to, he can hit a pitch—good or bad—to protect the runner.

Our RBI man is Jackie Jensen, the American League's Most Valuable Player last year. Jack will not hit for too high an average (his lifetime percentage is .282), and will not hit as many homers as Mantle and some others (his career high is 35), but he will knock in the runs.

There are quite a few other hitters who belong here. Alvin Dark has been an exceptional hit-and-run man for a long time, but he is 36 years old. For all his natural skill, Al Kaline should be one of the best of the line-drive hitters, but, somehow, he isn't there yet. Frank Robinson is somewhere between the line-drivers and the sluggers, and getting better all the time. Then there's Bill Skowron, who, if he can stay healthy for a while, will be a fine power-plus-average hitter, and Ken Boyer, who shows flashes of steady belting. But, for now at least, these are the masters with a bat.

HIT-AND-RUN: Harvey Kuenn hits off his front foot, keeps his shoulders level, his head down. He meets the ball flat, can hit a bad pitch to protect the runner, or drive the ball through infield holes.



The Clay Pigeon Argument



Elaborate equipment isn't necessary in clay pigeon shooting. If the gunner doesn't make everything too easy for himself, the same shot used to shatter a tossed clay may make the feathers fly with a clean hit when the target is a fast-flying duck or quail.



Does shooting clays ruin a gunner's bird technique? Some good shooters think so, but many others claim it can help a lot—if you do it honestly

By Edmund Gilligan

AMONG THE GUNNERS who shoot at fast-flying quail, ruffed grouse and teal, there are some skilled shots who are so dead set against clay pigeons that they pass a large part of the year without firing a gun. Once the season is closed, they wait until another season opens before they smell powder.

I sometimes think that this attitude is fostered by gunners who are, by nature, so skilled in swinging a gun that they couldn't do better, no matter how much they practiced on clays. There are many such men. They were instructed by competent elders or friends before harmful habits could be formed, and they have continued, season after season, to enjoy success. Moreover, since they are so good, they are likely to hunt more often than the average shooter, and need little practice.

It is possible, of course, that shooting at clays might break the good habits of such skilled men by creating subtle changes in their shooting styles. There is a great emotional difference between breaking a clay and knocking down a bird. It is one thing to see a round of clay burst in the air and quite another thing to see feathers fly. This is the reason many give for not practicing with the clays.

For the average or novice gunner, however, there is much to be said in favor of shooting the clays. Whether the clay is sprung from a trap or thrown by hand, the novice can improve his shooting, and the man with some experience can benefit. I break several cartons of clays a year, especially in the summer months, and I am helped by such practice, although I am not a skilled shot and do not ever expect to be one. Out of 23 fair chances at ruffed grouse last season, I brought down only seven, which is slightly worse than my record for the previous year. I don't know the reason for my failures. For three seasons now, I've had the kindly help of skilled wing-shots, who walked behind me and studied my moves. When I missed repeatedly, they couldn't understand it.

One of those experts thought he had the answer after he found me cracking away at clays before we went into the grouse covers. "That's the trouble with you," he said, after I had broken nine out of ten, "you're all set on a dead clay, but the live bird puts you off."

I do not agree with his opinion. Before I began practicing on the clay pigeons, my shooting at grouse and quail had been even worse. I did well enough at black ducks coming into a rig, and at mallards; and, of course, at the slow-flying Canada geese. But the nervous flight of the teal and the erratic rise of the grouse had kept them out of my bag. The clays, after only half a summer at them, helped me very much.

In the beginning of my clay pigeon shooting, I learned some facts that are worth handing on now. The first is that it is a mistake for a gunner not to vary his shots. He is often tempted by a desire to keep on breaking the clays, once the direction and speed has been set in the opening shots.

The shooter will soon find out that, if the trap is set to throw a clay about 50 yards, the clay will level out at about half the distance, and will travel a fairly horizontal course, unless a wind is beating it down. When the clay begins to lose momentum and changes into a falling angle, it is harder to hit. Such a falling flight is much like certain shots that will be offered in the field, especially by a grouse that isn't greatly alarmed.

The clay shot should be delayed until it becomes difficult. Of course, when the shooter is intent on breaking the clay only for the score itself, he will fire when the clay is in level flight. But a good shooter is not interested in scores. His interest lies primarily in the improvement of his shooting in the field.

There are, of course, ways of varying the flight of the clay and thus providing numerous, practical problems. The adjustment of the trap itself will provide longer distances and higher flights. The flight patterns can be varied by taking advantage of the wind. If the wind is blowing steadily, the first clays may be sent directly into the wind. The trap should then be turned so that the clays fly into a cross-wind, which provides another variation of flight and fall. The first few clays in each position should be fired at on the rise and in the level part of the flight. After that, the shooter should delay until the clay is falling. In the end, he should wait until the clay is very close to the ground. This is an extremely difficult shot and its value lies in the fact that some birds will dive downward if there is low cover nearby.

After these shots have been mastered, the trap can be turned so that the clays will go with the wind. This means an increase in the speed of the clay and, if the wind is strong enough to carry the clay after the spin is out of it, the shooting problem is very hard, indeed.

The degree and quality of the daylight is another method of simulating actual field shooting. Here, again, a shooter may have a tendency to set up his trap so that he can keep his back to the sun, a great advantage with such small, whirling targets. It is correct to stand in that manner for a few shots because, after all, some birds will flush toward the sun. But it is equally true that, walking in a cover, there is no telling what the bird will do or what its position will be in relation to the sun. For that reason, it is useful to move from the back-to-the-sun position. This should be done gradually, just as in the case of the (—→ TO PAGE 69)

\$3,000

IN PRIZES

*Here is the final section
of our three-part contest. To win
one of the many valuable
prizes, unscramble all of the
12 photos, identify each, and describe,
in 50 words or less, the
ONE star you think is the best*

"SCRAMBLED SPORTS STARS CONTEST"

**Here is a List
of Prizes you can win:**

CASH PRIZES

\$1,000 FIRST PRIZE
500 SECOND PRIZE
100 THIRD PRIZES
50 FOURTH PRIZES

Plus these additional prizes:

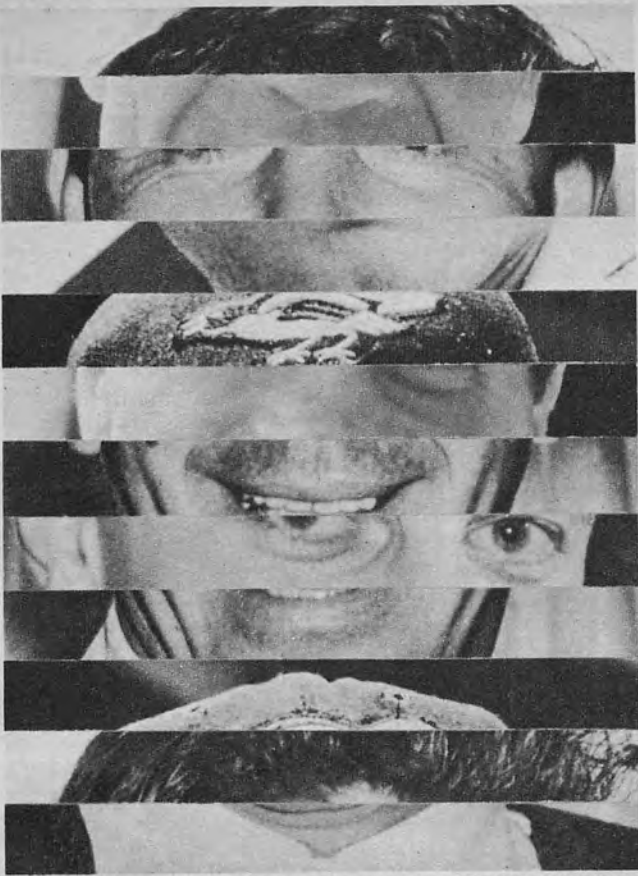
50 JUNGHANS 7-JEWEL
TRAVELING CLOCKS
25 RECORD ALBUMS
16 PROFESSIONAL MODEL
BASEBALL GLOVES

CONTEST RULES:

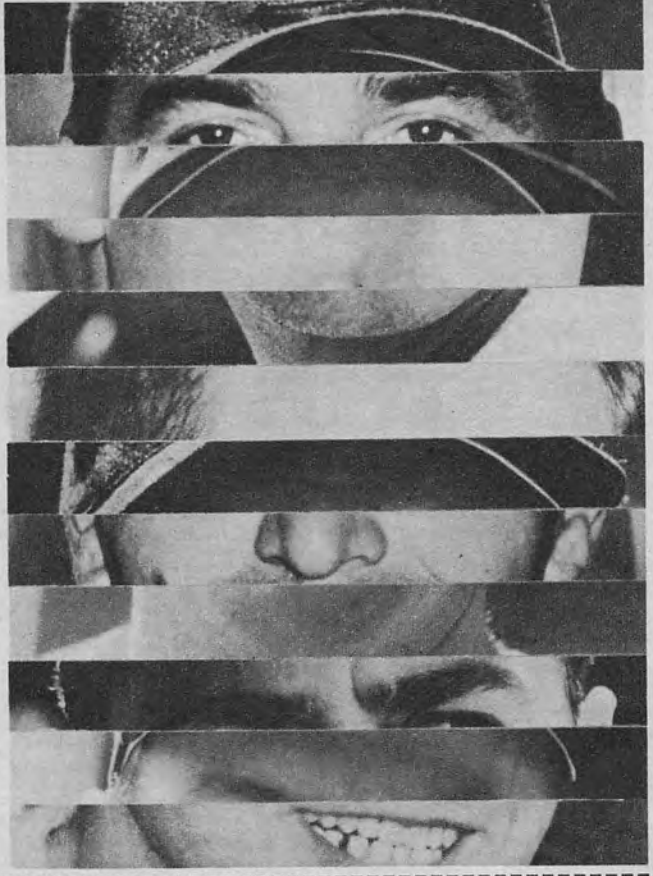
1. The four photos on the next page, when unscrambled, are of famous sports stars.
2. Each photo must be cut up, unscrambled and pasted together again on separate sheets of paper. Each photo strip must be used to complete the four photos, and each strip must be in its correct position.
3. Each completed paste-up photo must be identified, and all four must be marked Group Three.
4. No entries may be submitted until all 12 photos have been unscrambled. WHEN YOU SUBMIT YOUR ENTRY YOU MUST INCLUDE WITH IT A DESCRIPTION, IN 50 WORDS OR LESS, OF THE SPORTS STAR YOU THINK IS THE BEST OF THE TWELVE. The description must be typewritten double-spaced or written legibly in pen and ink.
5. Type or print your full name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of your entry. Place your name on each additional page.
6. Only one set of answers may be submitted by a contestant. Violation of this rule automatically will disqualify a contestant.
7. No changes may be made after the entry reaches the contest editor, and no correspondence may be entered into concerning them.
8. No entries will be returned to contestants.
9. This contest is open to everyone except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and their families.
10. Group Three must be prepared the same way as Groups One and Two.
11. Partial entries will be disqualified.
12. This contest ends at midnight July 1, 1959. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
13. Address all entries to: Scrambled Sports Star Contest, Grand Central Station, P.O. Box 2734, New York 17, New York.
14. Winners will be based on the most correctly unscrambled photos and the best written description of the one star selected.
15. The decision of the judges will be final.

Remember to submit all 12 unscrambled photos and the written description together.

SPORT



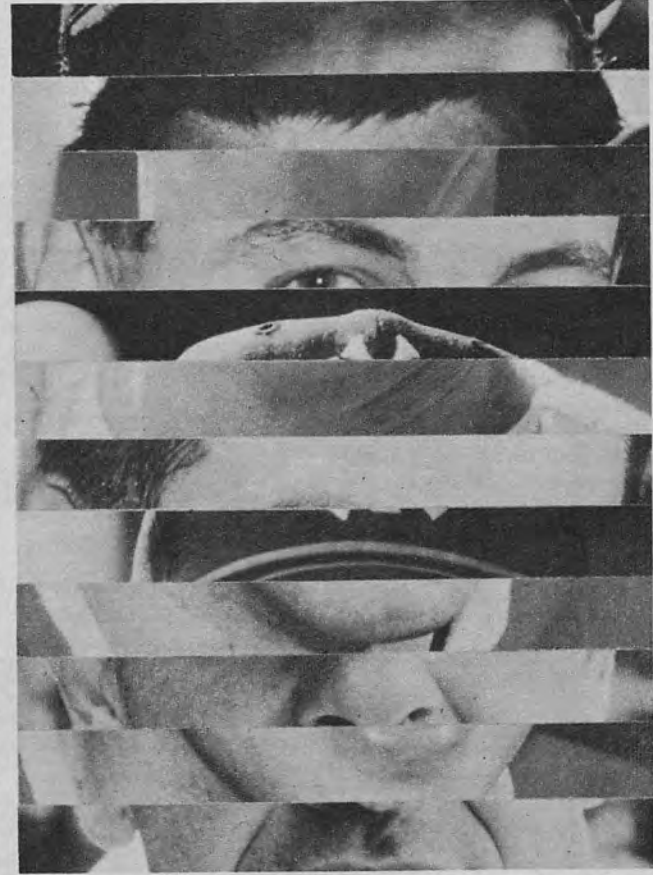
WHAT'S MY NAME? _____



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THE MILD MOOSE

Bill Skowron is learning to live with his delicate muscles and sensitive nature. When he's finished, he could be the next .400 hitter

By LEONARD SHECTER

THERE WAS A TIME when Bill Skowron, the tough-looking, heavily muscled first-baseman of the New York Yankees, almost took a swing at somebody on a baseball field. It was only once, and the provocation was great. But the Moose never swung.

"I was afraid I'd kill him," he explained.

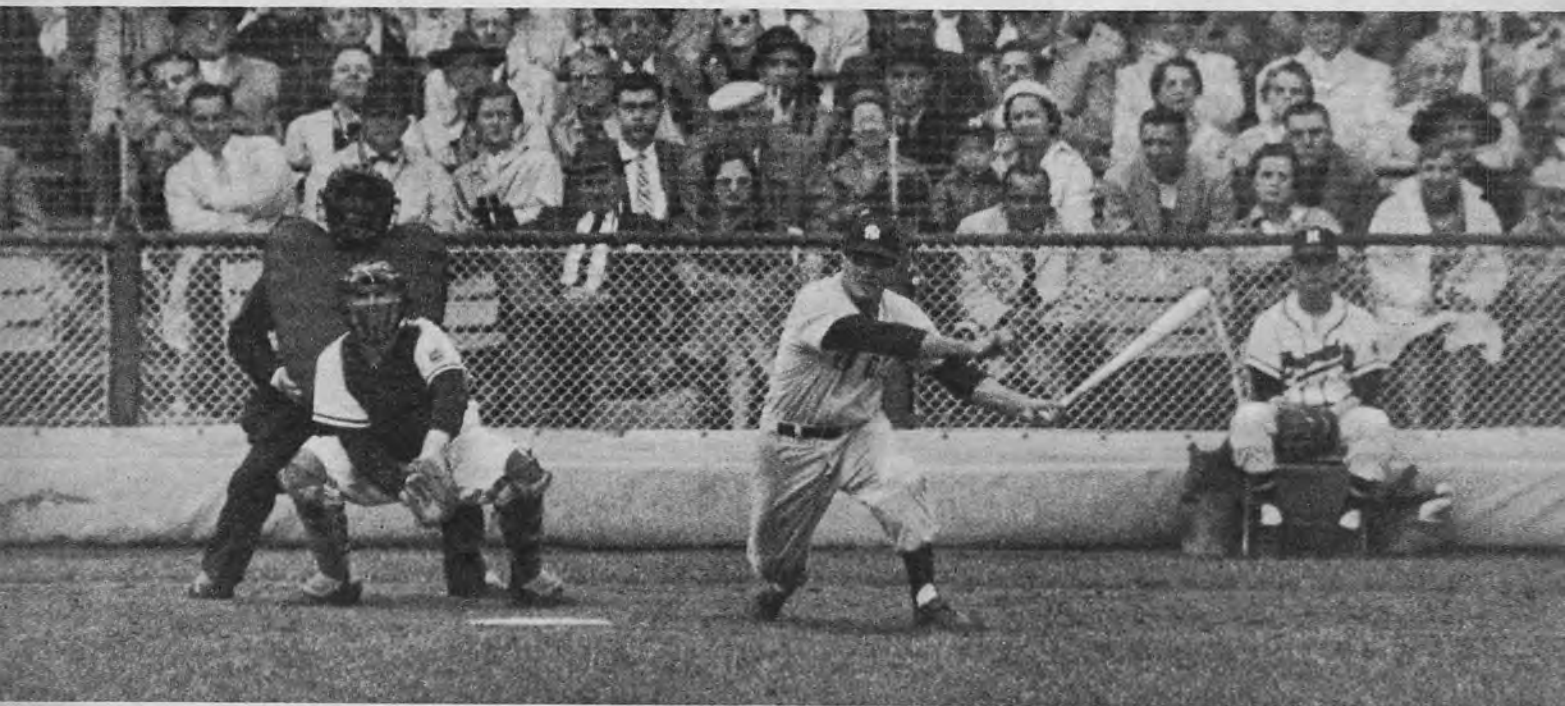
Despite his awesome physical appearance, Skowron is one of the most gentle of men in baseball. And although competitive desire burns as strongly for him as for others, he has always had a peculiar dread of open physical combat—a genuine compassion for his opponent that should never be confused with reluctance.

"I can still remember the only time I ever hit anybody," he says. "When I was a kid, I got into a fight

playing soccer. I hit this kid and he went down like a sack of coal. I'll never forget it. I've never hit anybody since. I hope I never do."

Because of his heavy brows, which almost conceal his deep-set eyes, a New York reporter once took to calling him "Scowlin' Bill Skowron." Skowron was furious. "Why don't you cut out that scowling stuff," he told the reporter. "People will think I'm mad all the time. I ain't mad at anybody."

Yet this man who doesn't get angry, who refuses to use his fists as a weapon on another human being, who belies all the caricatures of baseball players as hard-drinking, hard-playing extroverts, may be the game's next .400 hitter. The wonder to some people who know the game is that Skowron hasn't done it yet. This is a



Skowron's second home run of the 1958 World Series broke the Braves' backs in the last game and ended the Yankees' uphill struggle for the championship.

man who is a disappointment when he hits .300. And when they look for blame, his gentle nature always comes in for a share.

Skowron's gentleness goes back a long way, to the time when he was a puny kid in Chicago who didn't seem to have any future in the major sports, which fascinated him but which required strength he didn't have. So he played checkers, table tennis, soccer, volleyball or hop scotch. He even thought he might like to be a priest. He certainly had the dedication and disposition. And he was at peace with the world.

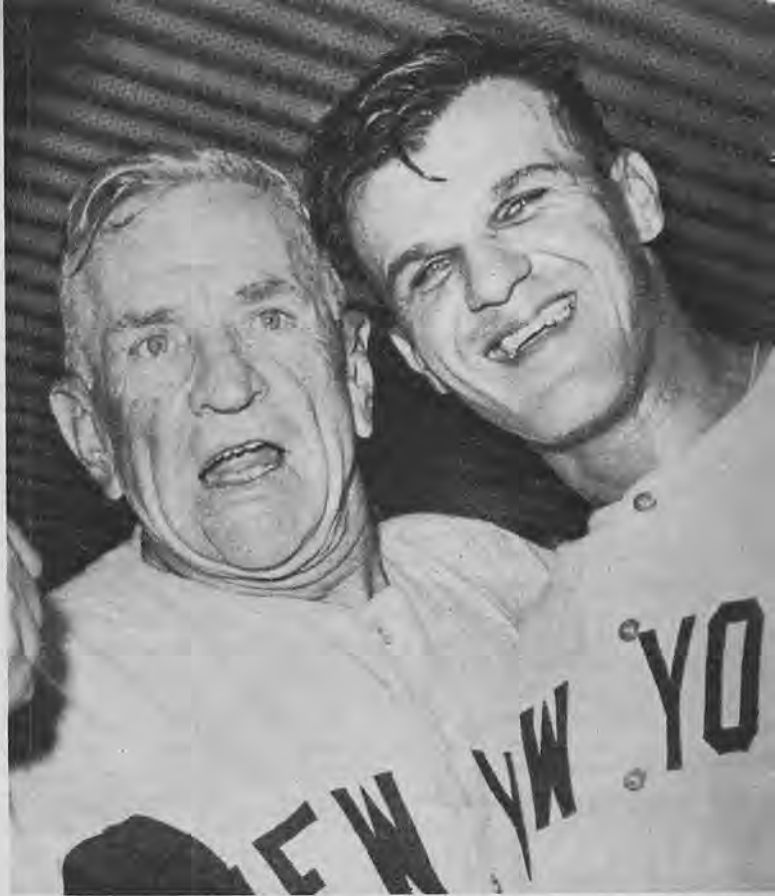
Today, his wife, Virginia Lou, a beautiful blonde he met while he was playing semi-pro baseball in Austin, Minn., gets angrier than he does. She still remembers that when Bill played for Kansas City one season, he was hit by pitched balls 18 times—not counting the ones he was able to duck. Virginia Lou says, "When I saw those pitchers throw at him, I wanted to go out there and punch them." It's something that never occurred to her husband.

Skowron doesn't even like to argue with umpires. "What's the good?" he says. "It never changes anything." Then he furrows his brow and shakes his head unhappily. "But if I don't say anything, I catch hell from the manager. I can't help it. I just don't get very mad at things."

This attitude carries over into Skowron's behavior on the field and into his relationship with the other Yankees. Everybody is Skowron's friend. "If I feel a guy doesn't like me, I go out of my way for him," Skowron says frankly. "I like to get along with everybody." This would explain why, when the Yankees are breaking in a new first-baseman or are taking a look at a young rookie at the position, Skowron is always out there voluntarily giving away advice on how to handle the job. Giving lessons to the competition may be dangerous, but it's endearing.

To hear Skowron tell it, in that high-pitched voice that sounds so small coming out of so deep a chest, he owes whatever success he has achieved to God, Casey Stengel and Miss Ethel Yeager. To tell why, he needs to go back to the beginning, to the Cragin section of northwest Chicago, where he was born and raised. "You'd have to say it was a poor section," he says. "We didn't have nothing."

His father, a son of Polish immigrants, worked for the Sanitation Department. As long as Skowron can remember, his mother worked, too. "I got a scholarship to parochial school," he recalls. "And I got a basketball scholarship to Weber High School—also a Catholic school." At the time, Skowron weighed exactly 95 pounds. He recalls spotting pins at a bowling alley for six cents a line, working as an errand boy for a printing outfit, and at 16, inspecting the iron heads on golf clubs for an athletic goods company.



Skowron idolizes Stengel, who has learned that a pat on the back and a few kind words do wonders for his moody slugger.

He was marbles champion of the sixth grade and wrestling champion (84-pound class) in the seventh and eighth grades. He was an altar boy for eight years. "I served Mass a lot," Skowron says, "and I worked on the church bingos and the carnivals. I was with the priests a lot and I got to like them. My mother wanted me to be a priest—and so did my grandmother. I thought it would be a good idea."

But by the time he was a sophomore in high school, the bulging muscles began to show, and the priesthood became less attractive. But even today the religious training still shows. "I go to confession once a month," he says. "I think I've been a good Catholic—I mean I try to be. I want my kids to be."

This explains why his conversation is sprinkled with references to the Deity. "I feel very good," he'll say, "thank God." Or: "At least I had a good Series, thank God."

"Why shouldn't I say it?" he says when questioned about it. "If it wasn't for Him, I wouldn't be in the big leagues."

But if God gave him the strength, Miss Yeager gave him the means. She was in charge of girls' activities at Hanson Park, a city recreation center in Chicago, frequented by young Skowron. It was she who noticed Skowron's budding but nonetheless prodigious power with a baseball bat and induced him to enter a home-run hitting contest conducted by a Chicago newspaper. "It was the biggest break I ever got," he says. "If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be in the big leagues."

Skowron beat a thousand other young sluggers in the competition and it earned him a trip to New York in 1946, where he played in a sandlot game at the Polo

Grounds. It was the first time he had been outside of Chicago.

Actually, the tradition of baseball was always there. Skowron's father played semi-pro baseball for 18 years, and as soon as Bill was old enough, he was made the team batboy.

His grandfather used to give him the thrifty crew haircut of the depression years, and his father's teammates would rub the bristles on top of his head for luck. That's how he got the improbable nickname of Moose. The shaven crown looked much like that of the Italian dictator, so they called him Mussolini. Later it was shortened to Moose. It had nothing to do, he insists, with his jutting jaw, although there is no question that the combination must have been irresistible.

He says he didn't mind, even when they started calling his brother Hitler. He still doesn't mind the special love-sick calf call with which he is greeted from the stands almost every time he comes to bat in Yankee Stadium. He takes the long, drawn-out hoots of "Mooooose, Mooooose," as tokens of affection.

This attitude, unfortunately, has sometimes worked to his detriment. Casey Stengel puts his finger on Skowron's problems most succinctly. "He is an amazing hitter who could be the best in the league for a righthander," Stengel says. "He'll hit .400 for a month and a half. Then he has two bad days and he thinks he lost the pennant for you."

Casey is one of Skowron's biggest fans, and Skowron puts Stengel up there with God and Miss Yeager. His affection for the gnarled old manager goes back to the day in 1950 when Stengel got his first look at Skowron as a schoolboy in Chicago's Comiskey Park, before a game with the White Sox.

"You sign with us," he told Skowron, "and I'll have you up there with us in three years."

"He kept his word," Skowron says. "If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be in the big leagues."

With Stengel's words ringing in his ears, Skowron discarded his football scholarship at Purdue, where he had become a bruising blocking back, an accomplished left-footed kicker, and an expert fraternity house dishwasher, and took \$22,000 from the Yankees to sign a contract. This was after his sophomore year, and the

money didn't stay with him long. "When I got married," he says, "I had \$2,000 left."

Still, the only thing he regrets about going into baseball is that he didn't finish college. "I never hit the books too good," Skowron says, "and I only got fair grades. But I would advise all young kids to get their college education—even if it's just in the off-season."

Skowron, who had set a yet-to-be-broken record by hitting .500 in his freshman year in the Big Ten, finished his first season as a Yankee property, at Norfolk, with a league-leading .334 average. He was making it easy for Stengel to live up to his promise. He hit .341 at Kansas City his second year, 1952, and led the league with 31 home runs and 134 runs-batted-in. And there was nothing wrong with the company he kept, either. He played in an outfield with Bob Cerv and Vic Power, a pair of better-than-fair hitters.

Looking back, Skowron isn't sure he was ready for the Yankees in 1953. But he was hurt that he wasn't at least invited to spring training. "I would have liked to go," he says. "I wanted to be invited just to see what it was like. But I wasn't mad. I never get mad."

That was the year they decided to make a first-baseman out of him. "I wasn't a good outfielder," he recalls. "I couldn't go back for a ball and I didn't get a good jump on it. If they didn't make me a first-baseman, maybe I wouldn't be in the big leagues. Anyway, Casey said three years. And that's what it took."

In his first four years in the majors, Skowron hit .340, .319, .308 and .304. But still he had his faults. Casey Stengel summed them up when he said, "This fella can hit .500 one week and .200 the next. The only trouble is you're never sure what week he's in."

Take his sensitivity. There was a time not long ago when he was in a slump so deep you'd have sworn one of Lou Perini's steam shovels couldn't dig him out. And when Skowron is in a slump, he doesn't just strike out. It gets to look as though every time the Yankees have a rally started, Skowron is up there hitting into a double play.

"Why, the way he's going," Stengel exclaimed in exasperation one day, "I'd be better off if he was hurt."

Skowron took this to mean that Stengel wished he'd hurt himself, an idea which was the farthest thing from Casey's mind. But the big first-baseman was so upset about it that he stood right up to Stengel and asked him what he meant.

"He explained to me," Skowron says, "that I was taking him out of so many big innings, he'd have been better off if I wasn't playing. I guess I got it mixed up."

There is the suspicion that what really bothered Skowron was superstition—the hint of a "curse" in Stengel's remark. But Skowron scoffs at the theory. "I got no superstitions," he says. "The only thing I do is when I kneel down in the circle—when I'm the next hitter. Well, my right toe gets dirt on it. I rub it off before I get up. That's all I do."

Then there is the matter of bruising. "I got the bad hands," Skowron says. "I mean for a strong guy, my hands are lousy." He holds a bat tightly and wraps his left hand around the knob. What happens is that his hands become calloused and blistered. The condition doesn't improve as the season wears (→ TO PAGE 83)



His first break was a sandlot all-star game in '46, where he posed beside ill-fated young Harry Agganis. Moose was 16.

Report On The Littlest Millionaires: ARE JOCKEYS OVERPAID?

The hours are rough. And once a race starts, it's gangway, every man for himself. But there's big money in it for all



TWO-DOLLAR bettors, according to race track tradition, complain the loudest and the longest, but for a short time last spring, the jockeys, of all people, stole the horse players' thunder. It all started when a few jockeys at Jamaica grumbled about the discomforts of the ten-minute, pre-race post parade. Pretty soon a lot more fellows were squawking, and then, in a formal protest, the riders asked the track director to shorten the colorful ritual on cold, rainy days.

When word of the jockeys' demands reached the grandstand, indignant horse players snorted. "What do they want, egg in their beer? Anybody who makes as much money as them guys do has no right to complain about working conditions."

Financial records show that jockeys do make a lot of money. In fact, in professional sports, where most men are paid substantial salaries, jockeys make out best of all. Their exact wages are well-guarded personal secrets. But various sources, including the Thoroughbred Racing Association and the Jockey Guild—an organization set up and supported by the riders themselves—supplied the following general breakdown:

Top jockeys, fellows like Eddie Arcaro, Willie Shoemaker, and Bill Hartack, earn in the neat neighborhood of \$100,000 a year, often more. In 1957, for instance, Hartack's mounts won three million dollars. Simply by taking his ten per cent cut—which most leading jockeys get—Bill would have grossed \$300,000. His bankroll was fattened significantly, as well, by the hefty riding fees he received. All jockeys, by the way, are paid a flat fee for riding a race, win or lose. The lowest fee is \$15, for small jocks at small tracks, and it goes up rapidly, depending on the quality of the race

course and the jockey's rating.

Arcaro, Shoemaker and Hartack are joined by 160 others as the top 12½ per cent of the nation's 1,300 riders. This small army of little men takes down, one at a time, between \$25,000 and \$150,000 annually. Most jockeys, according to the TRA, are in the next pay scale—between \$15,000 and \$25,000. Lesser ones earn about \$10,000, and down at the very bottom, the fellows who ride on the half-mile "fair" tracks can, with some luck, earn \$5,000.

Consider, in comparison, that Ted Williams, the highest paid baseball player of all-time, makes \$125,000, while most other major-leaguers collect a fee a lot closer to the \$7,000 minimum than to Ted's lofty total. Down in the low minors, a player is lucky to get as much as \$250 a month. In pro basketball, Bob Cousy and Bob Pettit, the two biggest names, reportedly earn a little over \$25,000.

When a batter steps up to the plate or when a basketball player moves to the foul line, he is on his own. But everyone at the track, jockeys included, agrees that the horse always is more important than his rider. Something like 90 per cent horse, ten per cent rider. Why, then, are jockeys the highest paid men in sports?

First of all, a jockey's season is long; a leading rider is on the job at least 11 months a year. His working day is long, too. With the exception of a few top men, a jockey usually will get up at five a.m., six days a week. He reports to the track at six and works out horses until ten. He takes a break until the noon weigh-in, and then he's ready to ride in as many as nine races in the afternoon, although it's seldom that he does. Then, after a shower, he starts for home, usually at six p.m.

In order to become a jockey, a youngster must meet rigid physical

standards. He must be small and wiry, and, most important, he must be able to keep his weight down. If he qualifies, the boy, usually a 16-year-old, works on a farm or at a stable for at least two years. There, he learns how to handle horses, and for his work, is paid between \$100 and \$200 a month.

When his employer thinks the youngster is ready to race, he takes him to a track, where the lad must pass a series of strict tests, under the watchful eyes of track officials. If he succeeds, he earns his apprenticeship license. As an apprentice he learns quickly that riding is a rough business. Veteran jockeys will do to him what they do to each other. They will hook his leg and they will pull at his saddle cloth. They will drive him into the rail at break-neck speed and they will even lash their whips across his back.

"A jockey must be tough and he must be able to act on split-second reflexes," said Eddie Arcaro, one of the all-time greats. "Otherwise, he'll never make it, and he can get hurt trying. He also must have the nerve to take a chance, even though it may be a dangerous one. Then, too, he needs two inborn qualities—intuition and good hands. Everything in a race goes on between the jock's hands and the horse's mouth. It's touch and feeling. Look at Shoemaker, 90 pounds and he's got great hands. It's not strength so much, it's a magic touch."

Shoemaker is one of the lighter jockeys, but not by very much. Most of them hit the scales at from 110 to 115 pounds, and they usually are outweighed ten-to-one by their mounts. So, when one of these lightweights comes barreling down the stretch, he's doing a big and dangerous job. He's handling half a ton of horseflesh, moving in a hurry. That's why he gets paid so handsomely.

—STEVE GELMAN

*Three stanzas of doggerel and some
amazing luck made Earl Sande a superman
on horseback. But it couldn't last*

SPORT'S HALL OF FAME #10

A Handy Guy Named Sande

By Jack Orr

IN HIS TIME, which was the Topsy Twenties, Earle Sande was acclaimed as the best horse rider in the world. This entitled him to a lofty place in the public eye, right up there with Rudolph Valentino, Al Capone, Cash and Carry Pyle, Daddy Browning and Lucky Lindbergh. All of these, needless to say, were far bigger names than Charles Evans Hughes, Albert Einstein or Carl Sandburg.

Sande and other outstanding athletes of his day were revered because they were around in an age that was discovering new gods. When World War I ended in 1918, the country turned its back on "that European mess" and got ready to play a little. It was a generation that found, F. Scott Fitzgerald said, "all gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in men shaken." So it made up little wars of the gridiron and golf courses, fashioned its own supermen and clasped them lovingly to its bosom. Among those practically suffocated by such treatment were Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Knute Rockne, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Red Grange, Charlie Paddock and Gertrude Ederle—and the silent, slender little man on a horse, Earle Sande.

It was an era of ballyhoo, press agentry and purple sports page prose. Bobby Jones' putter, Calamity Jane, became a national institution, and Shipwreck Kelly's flagpole-sitting was re-

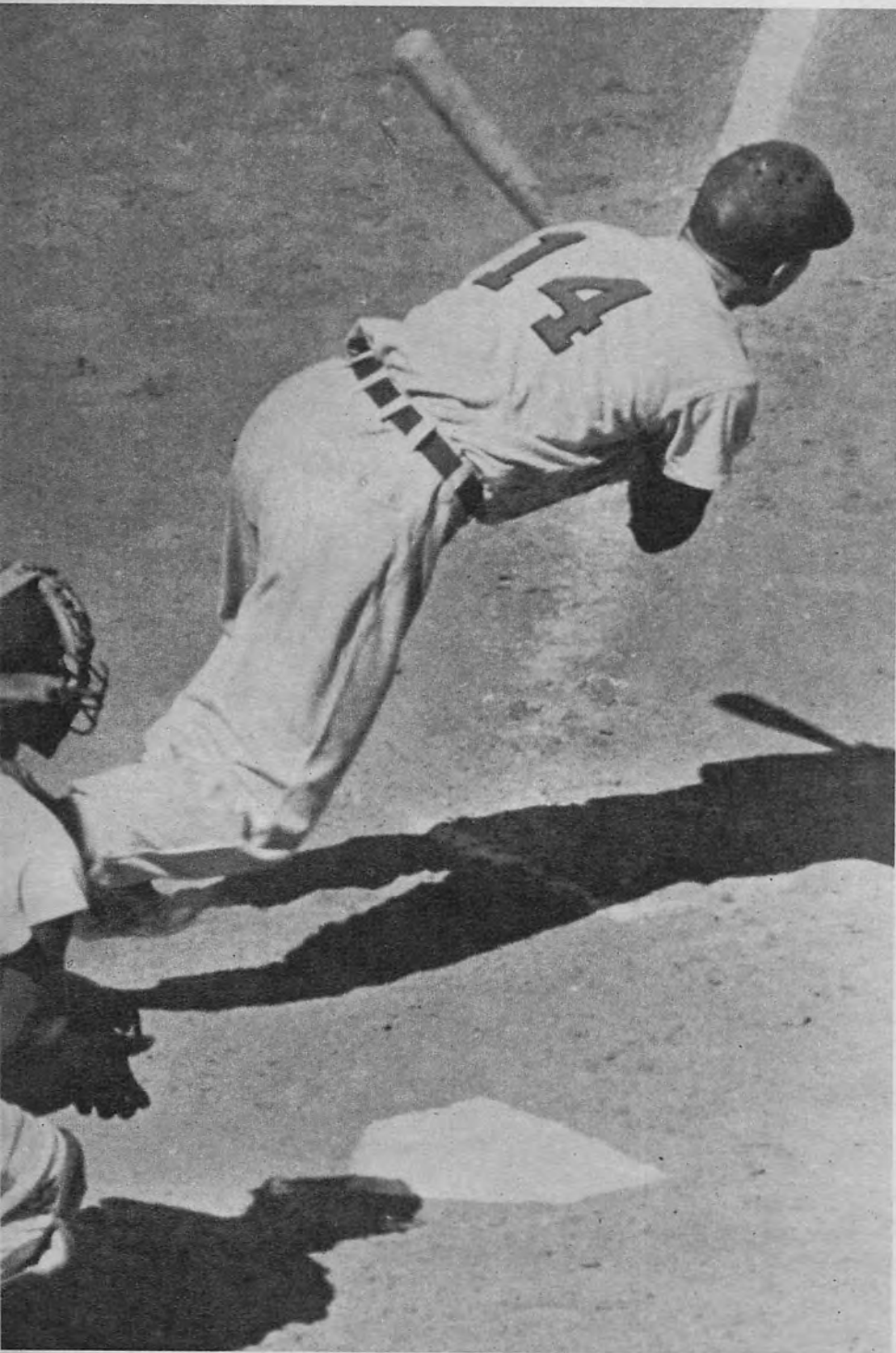
ported breathlessly on page one. Crowds at college football games reached 70,000 and 80,000. Red Grange quit college before graduation and collected \$30,000 for one day's work as a professional player. An incredible gathering of 145,000 saw the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago, even though a third of them seated in the outer spaces of Soldier Field couldn't possibly have told who won. A poll showed that more people could identify Knute Rockne than could tell who was the presiding officer of the U. S. Senate.

As booming as any sport was horse racing. Besides the excitement it had the added zip of profits for picking the right horse. It was like the stock market, only it seemed easier. Thousands packed the horse plants and thousands more did their betting away from the track. "News of a Zev race," Will Rogers said, "will interest perhaps forty million human beings and two thousand bookmakers, while the news of the unearthing of that prehistoric skull at Santa Barbara, California, linking us up with the Neanderthal Age, will only be appreciated by a small minority of us thinking people." Many new fans were drawn to racing by the running of the great red chestnut, Man o' War, who won 20 of his 21 starts and broke five U. S. track records in a brief two-year (→ TO PAGE 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



BOYER IS DOING IT NOW



By TOMMY HOLMES

*The question wasn't
could Ken do it,
but, rather, would he.
Now that he is
working so hard to win,
the doubt is gone*

Boyer showed last season,
with his hitting and fielding and
determination, that his
hot-and-cold days are over.



THIS WAS A SPRINGTIME afternoon at St. Petersburg and five men were posed for a group color picture in front of a dugout at Al Lang Field. Four uniformed ballplayers—two Yankees and two Cardinals—were gathered around the kneeling Joe Garagiola, when Casey Stengel entered the field through the narrow aisle beside the bench. The wise old Yankee manager cocked an eye at the scene and said, "What's this—a board meeting of the Wealthy Club?"

"Sure," cracked Garagiola, the ballplayer-turned-radio announcer. "But I'm only the recording secretary."

The others were Mickey Mantle, centerfielder, motel operator, bowling lanes proprietor; Stan Musial, first-baseman, outfielder, banker, restaurateur; Yogi Berra, catcher, outfielder, bowling alley owner, bon vivant; and Ken Boyer.

"Mr. Boyer," Garagiola said, "is one of our most promising junior members."

So it seems. At present, Ken Boyer's titles are limited to third-baseman, and partner in a summer baseball camp in the Ozarks and in a winter baseball school at Tampa, Fla. He is a young man definitely on the rise. He appears to be next in line of succession as head man in the old St. Louis tradition of heavy-handed slugging that started with Rogers Hornsby and Jim Bottomley and continued through the likes of Joe Medwick and Johnny Mize. Then came the marvelous Mr. Musial, now moving into the final moments of his magnificent career.

How close Ken is now to being the top Cardinal may show in the records of the 1958 season. He led his team in base hits with 175, in home runs with 23 and in runs-batted-in with 90. His batting average was .307—neat if not especially gaudy. However, there is one other important point to consider. For the first month of last season, Ken was hung over from the poor season he had the year before. On May 10, his average was at a low, low .145. Thereafter, he bruised the ball at a substantial .330 clip.

How Boyer got back on the track belongs much later in a story that properly begins in the Ozark country of southwestern Missouri. There, in a town called Alba, Kenton Lloyd Boyer was born on May 20, 1931, the third of seven sons in a family of 13 children. This is rugged country and the Boyers are a rugged clan headed by Vern Boyer, a broad-shouldered, hard-muscled man who has spent many of his 55 years hauling marble out of the quarries that provide a livelihood for most of Alba's 300-or-so citizens.

The whole family is athletic, and five of the Boyer brothers (so far) have been baseball players. Ken's oldest brother, Cloyd, was a righthanded pitcher with the Cardinals for a while. He hurt his arm and is now with Indianapolis trying to beat his way back to the major leagues. Another of Ken's older brothers, Wayne, quit the minor leagues to become a dentist. A younger brother, Cletus, is a grown-up bonus baby signed by

Kansas City for \$30,000. He was one of the most promising prospects in the Yankee training camp this spring. The two youngest boys are still in high school. Ronnie, now 15, is considered an exceptional prospect by Ken and Cletus.

All the Boyer boys are big. Ken is six feet, one inch tall and weighs 200 pounds, all so well distributed that Cardinal publicity director Jim Toomey once observed that "it's too bad ballplayers wear uniforms. If they didn't," Toomey said, "the sight of Boyer's muscles in play as he runs out a triple would delight the sculptors."

"Dad never played baseball in any formal way," Ken said. "I guess when he was young enough, he was too busy in the quarries. That's hard work. I know. I tried it myself for a couple of winters. But Dad has it easier now as a stonecutter. It's his job to saw the marble. It's precision work but it doesn't tire you out as much."

"But Dad was always interested in baseball, especially for the kids. He helped run the kid league we had down there in Alba and the neighboring towns. This was Cardinal territory, of course, and it was called the Cardinal Junior League. It started out as a league for boys up to 16 but as the fellows grew older, the age limit was gradually raised until it reached 21. The league extended over the state line into Oklahoma and one of the kids I played against was Mickey Mantle. He lived in Commerce, but he played for Baxter Springs. We were both shortstops then."

"Runt Marr was the Cardinal scout for that territory, and maybe he was specially interested in me because the Cardinals already had Cloyd. He thought I'd be a pitcher, too, because I could throw hard, but a couple of seasons in the low minors ended that idea."

Ken never really went back to playing shortstop, either. In his third minor-league season, at Omaha, he worked at third base, and it has been his spot ever since, except for 1957 when he played center field for the Cards for most of the season.

Does he regret never having had a really good shot at shortstop? Boyer's strong, handsome face broke into a smile. "They knew what they were doing," he answered. "Although maybe I didn't think so at the time. I have those heavy legs. They're strong enough for running but not built for quick stops and starts. I'm satisfied at third."

In 1952 Ken married Kathleen Oliver, a girl from Joplin, the "big town" 15 miles from Alba. They now have a daughter, age five, and a son, three. Another child is on the way.

When Ken was doing a two-year hitch in the Army, 1952 and 1953, he managed to get in some baseball at Fort Bliss, Tex., and with the 28th Infantry team stationed in Germany.

In his first season back, he made a decisive move toward the majors. Playing third base at Houston, he batted .316, had 202 hits, including 21 home runs, knocked in 116 runs and stole 29 bases. (→ TO PAGE 89)

Around Manhattan Island



Throughout the day's trip, the fabulous Manhattan skyline, above, was a backdrop for the many sights. Everyone took turns handling the easy-to-maneuver boat. As they went up the Hudson River along the west side of the city, the family passed the piers where huge ocean liners were docked, and, luckily, they found the luxurious S.S. United States in its berth, at right. They paused to watch cargo being loaded into the ship's hold. The United States, 990 feet long, dwarfed the 19-foot outboard.



*At the wheel of your own cruiser,
you take your pick of dozens of dazzling
sights in the world's busiest port*

NAVIGATING YOUR own small boat through the busy waterways that surround New York City sounds like fun—and it is. You get a view of the island of Manhattan unlike anything you've ever seen before, you keep yourself busy dodging the ocean liners and tankers and tugs and aircraft carriers that bustle in and out of the harbor, and you give your boat a pretty good workout.

Christopher Hayden and his family, sturdy sailors all, took this ambitious cruise around Manhattan Island. Starting out in Flushing Bay, Hayden, his wife Helen, daughter Sharon and son Chris cruised south down the East River. As they came to the Battery, at the tip of the narrow island, they were able to look down the narrow canyons of Wall Street. On the other side, they were able to come right up

PHOTOS BY OZZIE SWEET



Chris, a Stamford, Conn., auto dealer, checks the twin 35-horsepower Evinrude "Lark" motors, above, as Helen takes charge of picnic lunch.



At the Brooklyn Navy Yard, they pass under the bow of an aircraft carrier getting a paint job, above. When they came too close, they were warned away by patrol boats. At left, they get a close look at the Statue of Liberty.



Above, going under the 50-year-old Queensboro Bridge on the East River. The Hayden boat costs about \$3,000, and complete maintenance and upkeep averages \$300 a year. At the imposing United Nations building, above right, they trade pleasantries with UN workers.

Around Manhattan Island

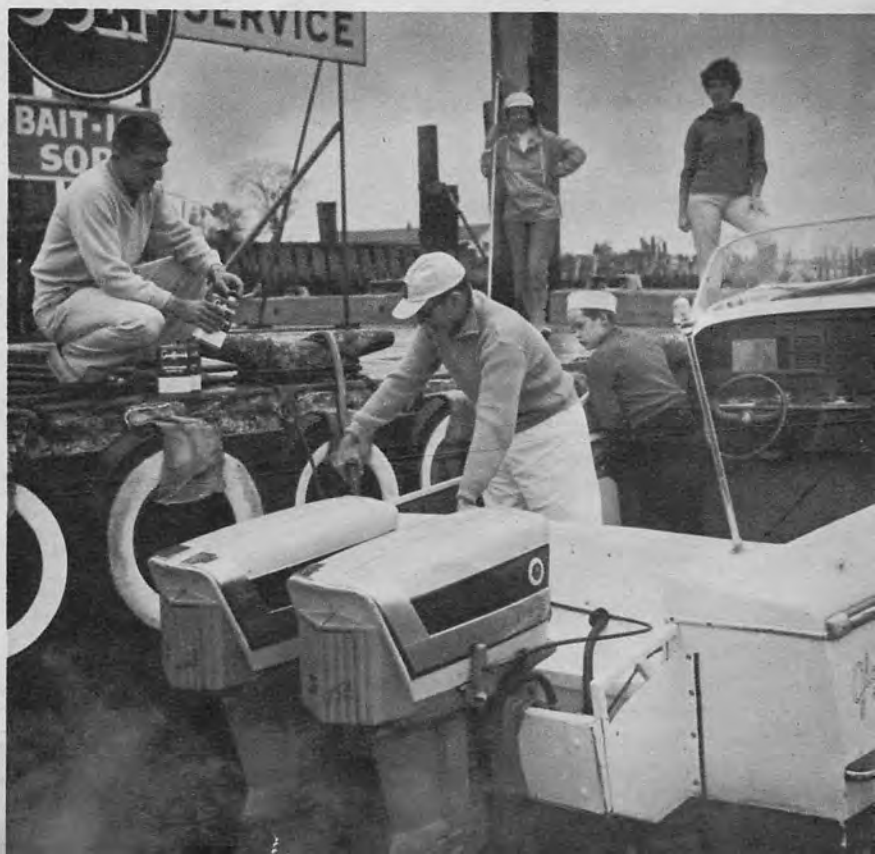
continued



A 1957 Glasspar "Club Mariner" model, the boat is equipped with four bunks, a head, a small stove and a sink. With its custom-installed 40-gallon fuel tank, it can cruise up to 300 miles without refueling. Made of fiberglass, the staunch craft can hit a top speed of 33 mph.

to the Statue of Liberty. Sailing around the lady with the lamp, at close quarters, is an exciting experience.

With 11-year-old Chris at the helm, they then proceeded up the Hudson River, on the west side of the island, cruising close to the many trans-Atlantic liners berthed there. After lunch on the rocks beneath the massive George Washington Bridge, they completed the circle by cruising down the Harlem River and back to Flushing Bay. On their tour, they had seen New York from a spectacular vantage point and had taken in such famous sights as the Fulton Fish Market, the walking bridge across the East River, the waterfront estates at Spuyten Duyvil, the United Nations—all in one afternoon.



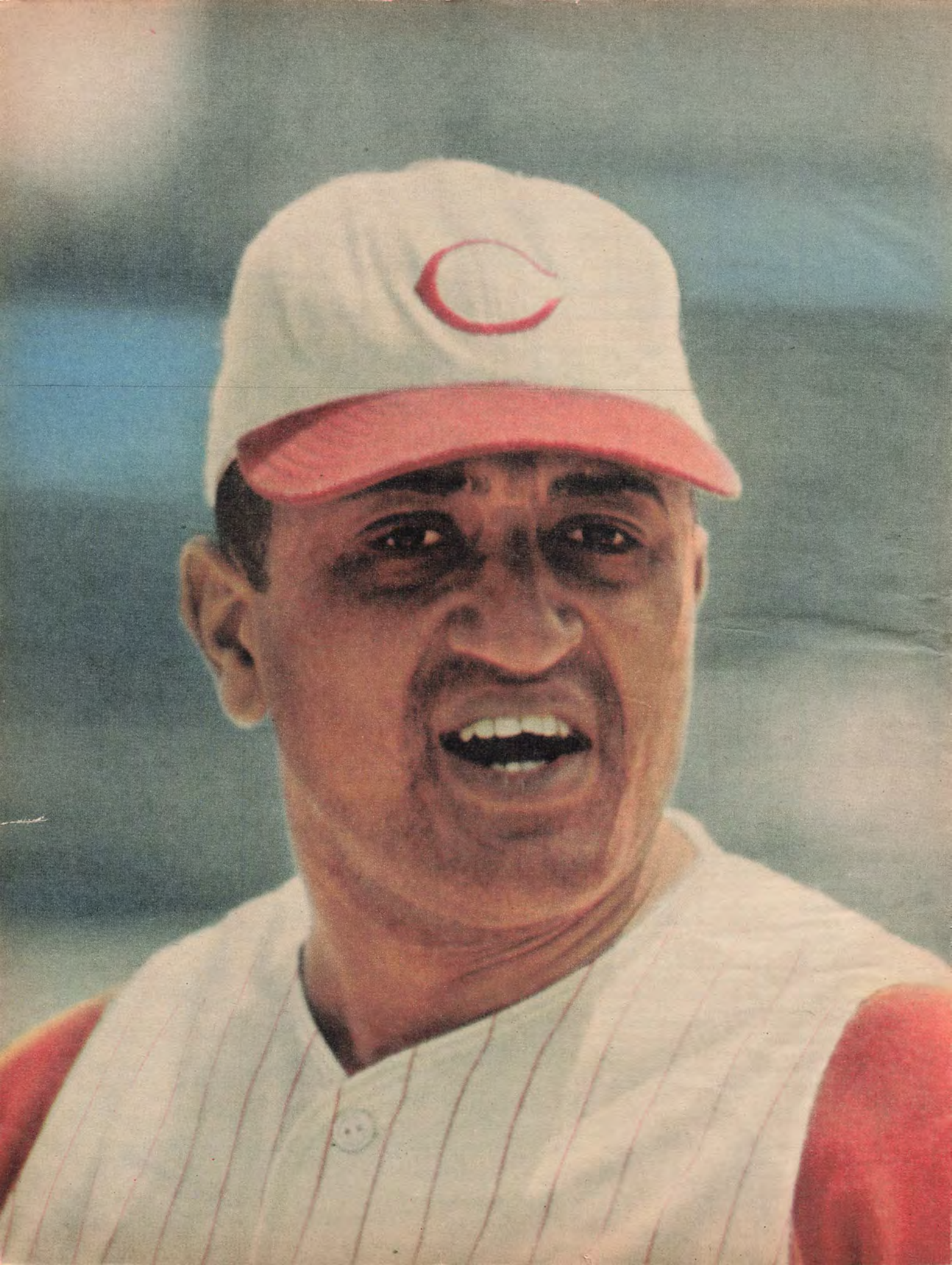


Among the many sights the Haydens took in was the old Weehawken Ferry, at left, fire boats, Gracie Mansion (where the Mayor lives), an authentic sea-going Chinese junk.



Alongside the Swedish luxury liner, *Grips-holm*, they were able to talk to the sailors working on the ship, above. One of the high-lights of the trip was getting so close to the giant liners. "You feel real small next to those big fellows." They watched freighters unloading and tug-boats gently nudging mammoth ships into their snug berths. Most marinas, such as the one at right, will let you "park" a boat this size overnight for about a dollar and a half. This includes electricity, fresh running water and the use of dockside facilities. Prices vary with the boats' lengths.





DON NEWCOMBE'S GOOD DAYS AND BAD

It has been a decade now for Newk—a decade of ups and downs, of forgotten triumphs and remembered disasters, of carrying the false charge as the big man who can't win the big games

By ROGER KAHN



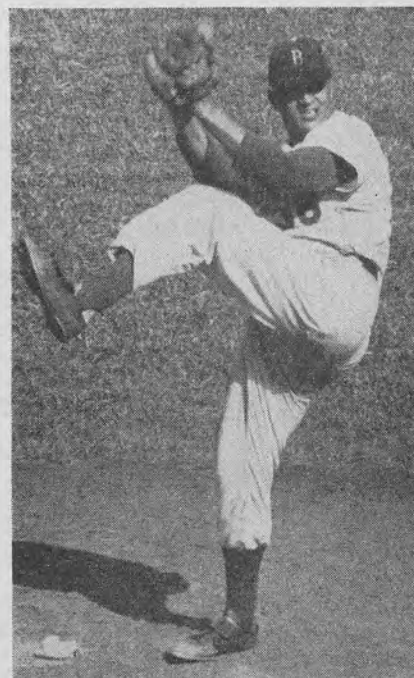
AS Don Newcombe talks long and hard through the bright hours of the day, the focus slips steadily backward until his talk becomes a recollection of great teams that no longer exist, a remembrance of great players who have retired, and a simple, unrelieved longing for days that are gone. Don Newcombe is 32 years old. At 32, Carl Hubbell won 23 games, Lefty Grove won 25 and Dazzy Vance was embarking on a 28-game season. For most pitchers, 32 is an exciting age when mind and body weld perfectly, but for Newcombe it is a time of nostalgia, tinged with anger.

"Sure, I can still throw hard," Newcombe says. "Ask anybody around here." But then, quickly, he adds, "Except when my shoulder tightens up."

To most of us who pressed for-

ward through the Florida monsoons last spring, the Cincinnati Reds looked like a promising ball club. They had good defense through the middle, built around Roy McMillan and Johnny Temple. They had ample speed. Possibly they had more power than any other club in baseball. In a league that appeared to be more balanced than strong, the Reds rated consideration as champions with only one proviso. The pitching had to come through. Specifically, Newcombe, who won 27 games for a Dodger pennant winner four seasons ago, had to reassume his old role of ace.

"Newcombe is terrifically important to us," said Clyde King, a bespectacled and thoughtful Carolinian who is Cincinnati's new pitching coach. "But we're trying not to make too big a thing of it. You know, you pin it all on one man and he doesn't do it and maybe everybody else gets discouraged. So we're just saying



Picture of power, on good days

Color by Curt Gunther



Dodger clubhouse, Newk remembers, was a model of integration. There was no "Negro area," this seemed natural.

Without submitting Newcombe as a master of human relations, it is possible to understand how he feels. As he sees it, Don Newcombe has known it all. He has known the cold despair of poverty, which hung about him when he grew up with three brothers in a cramped railroad apartment. He has known the solitude of being a Negro in a white world, of being a Negro who excels in a white man's game. And he has known the golden side, too. He saw the color line fall, and he helped to break it. He pitched himself from Nashua, N. H., to the major leagues in three years. As a rookie he opened the World Series for the Dodgers. He bought a house for himself and another for his parents, and he left the slum far behind. Among Negro ballplayers today, he is an elder statesman, but unfortunately he is a statesman without portfolio. He misplaced it somewhere between Brooklyn and Los Angeles.

Two years after he won 27 games, Newcombe was an ineffective pitcher. He lost six straight games for the Dodgers, and over more than half a season, won only seven for the Reds. Was his arm gone? Had his World Series disasters destroyed his former poise? No one knew. But three seasons after Gabe Paul, the general manager of the Reds, publicly had offered \$300,000 for Newcombe's contract, Gabe got the pitcher for \$50,000 on a deal that was called a gamble. Newcombe did not enter Cincinnati as a conqueror, and the psychology of baseball is such that only conquerors lead ball clubs.

Big Newk of the Dodgers was very much a conqueror in the beginning. The trouble, the suspension, the choke-up charges came later. He joined Brooklyn in May, 1949, a huge, tireless man, with a blistering fast ball, fine control and a swift, sharp curve. Three months later he was on the National League all-star team and was gathering some memorable endorsements.

"He's about as fast as anybody in our league," Ted Williams said. "Even Hal Newhouser and Bob Feller aren't faster."

"You have to watch him every second," Joe DiMaggio said. "The ball moves on you. He was the most impressive pitcher in this game."

Soon speculation began about Newcombe's chances of becoming the first 30-game winner since Dizzy Dean. "He's the best pitcher since me," Dean confessed. "I don't know about him winning 30, but he sure as hell can win 29."

Newcombe's got a job to do, just like everyone else."

Except for an Army hitch, Newcombe has pitched in the major leagues since 1949, and no active pitcher has worked in more pennant fights. He understands the challenge the current race throws at him and yet the challenge leaves him curiously unmoved. "I came up under real big-leaguers," he says, his deep voice dropping to emphasize the word "real." "I see some things around here that maybe ain't right, things some of the younger guys do. I go over and tell them, but they don't want to listen to me. They say, 'You too good for us?' I don't say nothing, so then they figure I'm a loner."

By nature Newcombe is friendly and moderately outgoing. He has worked a wonder of modern baseball by being friendly with Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella simultaneously. But with the Reds, Newcombe's position is quite different from the one he occupied on the superb teams which played as the Brooklyn Dodgers. With the Dodg-

ers, he was a member of a small, proud band of gifted men who scoured the National League for a decade. He was accepted simply on his ability, and although he wasn't a team leader, neither did he seem to want to lead. When he was sold to Cincinnati last season, Newcombe had to find a new role. He wanted to help take charge; he wanted to say, "Look, this is the way the Dodgers, the old champs, did it." But nobody cared how the Dodgers had done it. This was a different team and certainly a better team than the one that was playing for Los Angeles under the name of the Dodgers.

"Look at that," Newcombe said, during an exhibition game one day last spring. "Look at that Frank Robinson lying down in the bullpen." Robinson, given the afternoon off by manager Mayo Smith, was prone, his chin cupped in his hands, as he talked with the bullpen crew. "A major-league ballplayer should never lie down on the field during a game. Even a game like this. But I can't tell him nothing. He don't want to listen to old Newk."

"This guy looks like the best pitcher since Alex," said Milton Stock, a Dodger coach, clapping a hand over Dean's mouth. "He's got a lot to go against that Alex (Grover Cleveland Alexander) didn't have, like the rocket ball and all these night games, but if any modern pitcher can win 30, this is the guy."

"The best pitcher since me," Dean repeated, as Stock fled to find anti-septic for a bitten hand.

Newcombe won 20 games for the first time in 1951, but later, in 1955 and '56, he became the most effective pitcher in baseball. With his victories came stature as one of the elite members of an elite ball club. A typical scene comes to mind.

Newcombe had stopped a Dodger losing streak in 1950 by beating the Cardinals, who that year were expected to be contenders. The Brooklyn dressing room was wild and cheerful as Newcombe stood before his locker in a corner and stripped off his wet uniform.

"You really served notice on 'em, boy!" shouted Burt Shotton, the Dodger manager, who now lives in retirement. "You showed those guys you're great!"

"Thanks," Newcombe said. "That one meant a lot to me."

"To you?" said Jackie Robinson. "It meant a lot to all of us."

Newcombe wiped his face and threw his glove into the locker. "Boy, you was even faster than the Preacher tonight," said Preacher Roe.

Newcombe jabbed Roe gently in the stomach.

"You looked like a million dollars, beast," said Ralph Branca.

"They tell me it was cold out there," Newcombe said, "but I was sweatin' pretty good."

"I never saw you hotter," said Gene Hermanski.

"I felt good," Newcombe said, "real good." Then he took a shower before driving home to his new house in Colonia, N. J.

Multiply this scene by a hundred and you get some idea of what it was like to be Big Newk of the Dodgers. This one is especially noteworthy because of all the players who took part in it, only Newcombe remains in the major leagues.

The World Series is part of the Dodgers, and Newcombe, too, but of everything that befell him in October, Newcombe remembers one thing best. Just before the seventh game of the 1956 Series, which Newcombe was to pitch, Pee Wee Reese, the Dodger captain, walked up to him and shook hands.

"Newk," Reese said, "I want you to know one thing. No matter what happens today, there isn't a guy on the club who'll think any less of you. We all know if it hadn't been

for the way you pitched, we wouldn't have been here at all."

"Thanks," Newcombe said, and it is perhaps unkind to add that he then went out and was racked up.

Some ballplayers are fortunate enough to move from team to team without much emotional involvement. Perhaps they are the true professionals; perhaps they are merely tramp athletes. Newcombe, for all his protests that "I don't blame the Dodgers for trading me," really cared about his ball club. For the Reds to win, Newcombe will have to work himself into the same competitive fury he developed in years past. Can he? The price against the Reds was 4 to 1 on Opening Day; it seemed like a worthwhile bet.

I sought out Newcombe one hot spring day when the Reds were playing the Detroit Tigers in Lakeland, a Florida town which is proud of its lakes but which, in a more meaningful sense, is dry. It is, in fact, as dry as the tongue of a reformed alcoholic.

Newcombe was behind the batting cage, playing pepper while the Reds took batting practice. He was wearing a rubber jacket and perspiring freely.

"Hey," he shouted to Tommy Henrich, the Tiger coach, "if it wasn't for me, you wouldn't be around! I made you a big man!"

Henrich, who beat Newcombe with a home run in the ninth inning of the 1949 World Series opener, laughed and shook his head.

"I got to throw a little," Newcombe said. "Hurt my arm down in Havana. Then I want to do some running, and after that we can talk."

Nearby Clyde King was tapping ground balls to Frank Thomas. "Hit 'em towards the bag!" Thomas shouted. "This infield is lousy towards shortstop."

King tapped a grounder to short, which hopped up at the last second. Thomas blocked it and shouted, "You'll kill me yet!"

"Him or the hitters," one of the Reds said.

"Newcombe hasn't changed much since I first saw him," King said, between taps. "He used to work hard. He still does. One of the first guys on the field. Runs like hell. Runs on his own. He's very serious about his pitching."

"Come on!" Thomas shouted.

"Don't get sore, Frank," King drawled. He tapped a grounder.

"What about his arm?" I said.

"Okay except for a little soreness," King said. "Nothing serious." Tap. "One thing is, he's gotta throw low now. He hasn't lost much off the fast ball. Just maybe this much." King held his thumb and forefinger

apart. "What he has to do to make up for it is keep the fast one he wants them to hit low. He's got a real good low fast ball."

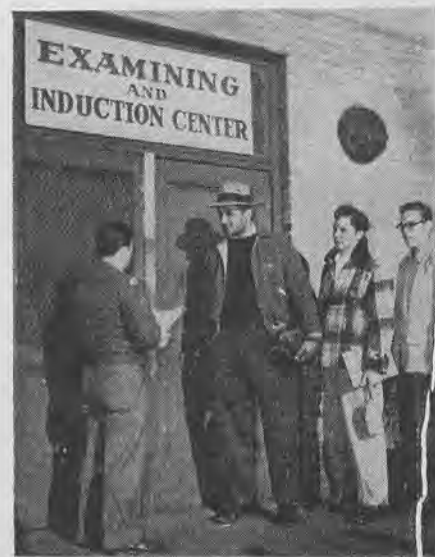
King doubled down the left-field line past Thomas. "Sorry!" he shouted.

"Aah," Thomas said.

"If he does that," King said, "if he wants to do that, if he accepts it, I mean, then he ought to go real fine. It's just a question of pitching a little differently. Everybody has to when he gets older."

The high fast ball, thrown to the inside corner, is a classic pitch, provided that it is both fast and "live." In Newcombe's best years, he often kept his fast ball there, then mixed in the sharp curve at the knees outside, with awesome results. Leo Durocher, in ten seconds of truth, once remarked, "When those two pitches are working right, there's no way to hit him." But if the high fast ball is not quite fast enough, then it becomes a home run pitch. Thrown precisely to the inside corner, it may still work, but when it slips a few inches over the plate, batters rejoice. The solution is to use the high fast ball as a brush-back pitch and otherwise to keep the fast one low, except against such notable low-ball hitters as Stan Musial.

But this is considerably more difficult than it seems. A pitcher starts developing habits in boyhood, and if these are correct, they are enthusiastically reinforced by coaching. Then, as he ages, his equipment begins to change, slowly at first, as in Newcombe's case, but then more rapidly, until finally, the fast ball, a young pitcher's standby, is effective only when it fools the batter.



Newk was inducted into the Army in 1952 after winning 17, 19 and 20 games in his first three seasons with the Dodgers.

This change, from power pitcher to stuff pitcher, seldom bothers men at 32. It stops many pitchers dead at 35, but with the control Newcombe possesses, there is no clear reason why he is not still a 20-game winner.

When I rejoined Newcombe, he was lying face down on a table, talking and grunting while Dr. Wayne Anderson, the Reds' trainer, kneaded the pitcher's right shoulder. "You got great hands, Doc," Newcombe was saying. "Real strong."

"How does it feel?" Joe Nuxhall asked.

"You ever have a toothache, Joe?" Newcombe said. "That's how it is. It just don't go away. One good thing is it's coming early this year. That ought to mean it goes early, right, Doc?"

"Right," Anderson said.

Newcombe rolled over and Anderson stretched the right arm across Newcombe's body, then back past Newcombe's head. Newcombe bared his teeth against the pain. "Man, you got strong fingers, Doc," he said. "Man, you should have been a wrestler."

"You have this when you were winning big?" Nuxhall said.

"Always had it," Newcombe said in a grunt.

"I'll get some oil for you, Don," Anderson said.

The Newcombe sore arm, which happens every spring, settles in the shoulder, directly behind the point where the upper arm and collar bones join. Since Newcombe is so huge and can, at his best, make pitching seem to be such a simple craft, a covey of baseball men reject the idea that his arm is ever ac-

tually sore. It is an easy cause to espouse. Simply say, "How can any guy that big get stopped by a little bit of pain?" and you join such distinguished diagnosticians as Dr. Burt Shotton. But watching Newcombe wince on a training table, any neutral must conclude that the pain is quite real and reasonably intense. If it weren't, Newcombe would be a good enough actor to make daytime soap opera or, at the very least, to wrestle Antonino Rocca.

All of Newcombe's springs follow a pattern. First, he throws hard and there are comments that he is about to set the league on its head. Then comes the shoulder pain, and with this, lately, comes a question of Newcombe's courage. Finally, for better or worse, Newcombe works out the soreness. He had the pain the year he won 27 games and he had it last year when he won seven.

"It's not a rare kind of thing," Anderson says. "Lots of overhand pitchers get it. But it isn't serious, either. It just makes a man want to throw sidearm, because that way it doesn't hurt as much."

"One thing Newcombe's been doing," says Clyde King, "is throwing from here." King held his own right hand below his shoulder. "He ought to come from here." The hand moved up to King's ear. "We've got movies of it, and if Newk doesn't believe us, we'll show him the pictures."

After half an hour on the table, Newcombe got up. "I'll see you out on the field," he said. On the field Mayo Smith, the Reds' manager, was talking to King. Smith turned away briefly and suggested, "Why

don't you talk to Newcombe during the game? I'll get a couple of chairs and you can sit near the dugout with him and get some sun."

Newcombe arrived in the first inning as the Reds were scoring two runs off Don Mossi. "These guys can score runs, all right," Newcombe said. Then we started to talk, beginning with the arm, since that was uppermost in Newcombe's mind.

"It happened in Havana," Newcombe said. "You know, it was raining all over Florida, so we went down to Havana to play the Dodgers a couple of games. It was raining down there, too, and when it stopped, the field was muddy. I slipped a little in the mud and that started it this time. But I didn't say anything. I wanted to pitch against the Dodgers. I did pretty good. In the last inning, I didn't have nothin'. I was just throwing it up there and three guys went out. I didn't throw Snider nothin' and he grounded out. Maybe I found out something about pitching. Don't put nothin' on the ball." Newcombe laughed.

"Don," called a fan, armed with a camera. Newcombe turned and smiled at the fan, who snapped the photo and said thanks.

"They expect a lot of you after you have a bad year," Newcombe said, "but it seems like after I won the 27 I was having a bad year."

"A .500 year," I said.

"No," Newcombe said. "11-and-12, and that ain't .500."

"What was the matter?"

"There wasn't nothing wrong with the arm, except the usual, and that cleared up okay. Campy kept giving me hell about my control. 'You just ain't pitching like you did last year,' he'd tell me. I guess I wasn't, but I couldn't figure out what I oughta do."

"Do you think what happened in the World Series bothered you?"

"Maybe," Newcombe said. "Yeah, maybe. It coulda been that. After the Series, I went to Japan with the club, and when we got back I stayed in the store—a bar and package store—in Newark. Then I went down to Florida. Everywhere people were talking about the Berra thing. 'How come you can't get Berra out?' they was askin'. They still are. Nobody comes up and says, 'How come you won 27 games?' It's always, 'What about Berra?'"

Newcombe is still befuddled by his decline. "The next year was worse," he said. "I didn't mind going out to Los Angeles. It's a good town, if you stay away from the parties, and I knew one thing. The fans out



Don worked a wonder in his Dodger days by being friendly with Jackie Robinson, here, and Campy simultaneously.

A good hitter, Newk was often used by Dodgers to pinch-hit, holds NL record for homers by a pitcher in a season (7).

there couldn't treat me any worse than the fans in Brooklyn. At the store, business dropped off considerably when the Dodgers moved, but I liked the idea of a new town, a new start. I went out by myself and moved into an apartment a couple of blocks from USC. I was looking forward to the year. The screen didn't bother me none."

In front of us, Rocky Bridges singled and the Tigers were coming back with six runs. "That Rocky's hitting pretty good these days," Newcombe said. "He's a better hitter than he was with Brooklyn."

The progress of the inning seemed portentous. The Reds will have any number of two-run innings this season, but unless Newcombe becomes and stays a force, they are likely to give up six runs in exchange often enough to knock them out of the race.

"The third game of last season," Newcombe said, turning away from the field, "it was a cold day in San Francisco. I was warming up and the photographers wanted a picture of me and Antonelli. You know how it is. 'One picture,' they tell you, and then it's 'one more, one more.' I guess my arm cooled out. In the third inning I got a twinge that got worse. I threw two balls to Danny O'Connell, and that was it. My relief pitcher finished walking him, which figured, the way it was going for me last year. So he was my runner and he scores and I get charged with the loss."

More than most athletes, Newcombe seemed depressed as he discussed his job. It is something less than top secret that some professional ballplayers would just as soon play other games. Recently, Jackie Jensen of the Boston Red Sox announced that he was only playing for the money, as he pocketed a confessional check, and added that his ambition was simply to quit. Less recently, Duke Snider made the same point and stipulated that his two ambitions were to quit and grow avocados. There is a small trend among ballplayers to knock the racket, which will probably continue until enthusiasm is written into the standard player contract.

But where both Jensen and Snider can say in effect, "I'm terrific at a business I don't especially like," Newcombe can only say, "I used to be terrific at it, and I didn't even like it much then." There is a sizeable difference in the authority and forcefulness of the statements.

"I'm just in it for the money now," Newcombe announced, casually con-



firming the trend. "I don't get much kick out of it any more. I like to win. I want to do my best all the time. But I'm doing this for a living. It's a job."

Had he felt that way before the Dodgers traded him?

"I try to think this way," Newcombe said. "I hated to be traded, but I had to be. My arm wasn't getting better. I wasn't doing them any good. I wasn't getting the breaks. Hell, I went 0-and-6. You figure something has to happen when it goes like that. The offer was cash and a couple of players. I never blamed Buzzy (Bavasi). He did something he had to do."

We were sitting on chairs some 15 feet from the dugout, against a fence designed to keep the citizenry of Lakeland from bothering the athletes. "Don," an elderly man said, "would you sign this please."

"Can't," Newcombe said. "We can't sign during a game. It's a rule."

"Come on, Don," said the man.

"Can't," Newcombe said. "Get fined."

"That's okay, Don," the man said. "I understand."

"When I got to this club," Newcombe said, "I got an apartment in Cincinnati and I kind of looked around. There were some things that were different. All the colored guys eat together and stay together in the clubhouse and hang around together. Me, I like to talk to white guys and colored guys, both. The white guys maybe have a different

slant on something. You sometimes learn talking to them. Another thing, I remember Jackie used to say, 'All right, don't all go into the dining room together. Don't all eat together. Twos and threes. Break up. Spread out.' Jack was right. All the colored guys hang out at the same place, it looks like a spot. It's bad, a spot in the middle of the dining room or in one corner of the clubhouse. But, like I say, these guys don't want to listen to me. They do it their way, and it don't look right."

It is a curiosity that the Dodgers, the first integrated team, became a model of integration that few other clubs have chosen to follow. Jackie Robinson dressed on one side of the clubhouse, between Pee Wee Reese and Gil Hodges. Roy Campanella dressed in another section. Newcombe dressed in a far corner. There was no Negro area of the locker room, and this seemed perfectly natural. But on almost every other major-league club, the Negroes dress in a tight group, side by side.

Robinson himself was a mighty force for complete Dodger integration, and with such enlightened athletes as Reese and Hodges helping, the Negroes, from Robinson down, took varying and proper places in the club hierarchy. On other clubs, the colored players may tend to be somewhat reticent about seeking out whites and, in truth, some white players would just as soon not be sought out. As a result, there exists this general mild clubhouse segregation, which, if unfortunate, is far



Here with his son a few years ago, Don is a friendly man, quite the opposite of what he appears to be on the field.

from serious, except to a Negro ball-player like Newcombe who is used to no clubhouse segregation whatsoever. It is just one more of the adjustments which Newcombe must make as he starts his second decade as a major-leaguer.

On the field, the Tigers were scoring again. "Nine runs," Newcombe said, dolefully, "and it ain't over yet."

In the seventh, Rocky Bridges popped out and threw his bat in disgust. "Damn it," Bridges said, trotting to first. Roy McMillan caught the pop and Bridges turned toward the dugout.

"Hey, what you down for?" Newcombe shouted to his old teammate. "You got three hits. Used to get three hits a week!"

Bridges kept his head down, but Tommy Henrich, coaching at first base, laughed. "Yeah," Newcombe shouted, "I still made you a big man!" Henrich continued to grin.

In the eighth, Frank Thomas dissented on a called second strike. "No," he said to Ed Hurley, who was umpiring behind the plate. "That was outside." Thomas turned his back on the plate and bent over to grab dirt.

"Get in and hit," Hurley said.

Thomas muttered to the dirt.

"Hit," Hurley ordered.

Thomas ignored him.

Hurley stepped forward, pointed with his right arm and called, "Pitch!" The Tiger pitcher lobbed the ball to the plate. "You're out!" Hurley shouted at Thomas.

Thomas straightened up and

wheeled. "Now, what the hell do you call that, Ed?" he said. "Just what the hell is that?"

Newcombe sat forward on his chair, concentrating.

"Back in the dugout, Thomas," Hurley said.

"Listen," Thomas said, sticking his jaw close to Hurley. "That's pretty cheap . . ." And he continued.

Mayo Smith rushed out, put an arm on Thomas and began talking to the umpire in restrained anger. "Back in the dugout," Hurley said.

When Hurley called the first pitch to the next batter a strike, Thomas shouted from the dugout.

"All right," Hurley shouted. "Get outa here and in the clubhouse, Thomas."

"That guy gets rednecked easy," Newcombe said, gesturing at the umpire.

"It'd be all right," Thomas said, climbing slowly from the dugout, "if I'd said something rough."

"You said plenty!" Hurley shouted. "You said enough to apologize to me."

Thomas looked incredulous. Then he began walking slowly from the field. As he neared the exit, he wheeled suddenly. "Hey, Ed!" he shouted. "When I get to the clubhouse, I'll send you a letter of apology. How's that, Ed? Is that what you want?"

"Take it easy, Frank," Mayo Smith said.

"Get outa here," Hurley bellowed, and Thomas left.

"You see that guy on first base looking in?" Newcombe said. It was

Augie Donatelli, the National League umpire. "He's looking for trouble. An umpire shouldn't do that. I got a reputation as a jockey and some of these guys keep looking for me to say something all the time."

"You can jockey pretty hard," I said, and then I mentioned a line Newcombe once shouted at Leo Durocher, which SPORT would cheerfully print as a public service except for certain stuffy postal regulations.

"Cookie Lavagetto put me up to that," Newcombe said. "It wasn't my idea."

As the game ended, Detroit had scored 15 runs. "It looks as if this club could use you," I suggested.

"You know," Newcombe said, "the year I won 27, I believed in my mind that I could always throw ten straight strikes. I'm not saying I could, but whenever I was in a spot, I figured I could. I had confidence. Ten straight strikes." We parted then, and Newcombe rumbled across the field, still looking slightly out of place in the uniform with the red sleeves.

It should have been a thoroughly exciting afternoon, I thought, driving out of Lakeland. Sitting close to a dugout is almost always fun, if only for the dugout chatter you hear, and, thanks to Mayo Smith's courtesy, I had been as close to the dugout as anyone could ask. Then, too, talking at length to a big-leaguer is usually a stimulating experience, provided you don't talk to big-leaguers seven days a week. But this afternoon had not been exhilarating at all.

Talk to Warren Spahn and you come away with the feeling that you have spoken to a scientist. Talk to Early Wynn and you understand something of what it is to be a professional. Good cheer radiates from Willie Mays and fires stir about Jackie Robinson. Except for the few mute heroes, a long discussion with a major-league star leaves at least some small lasting impression on a man. But what of Newcombe? He had been a vaguely unhappy spare hand in a small-town spring show. The ten years of Don Newcombe, big-leaguer, should add up to much more than that. But the story remains unfinished. When you remember the beginnings, and remember the man who could throw ten straight strikes and throw in a home run for good measure, you must hope that it builds to a rousing final act.

Newcombe never lived with the instinctive ease of Campanella or Reese, nor did he ever seem pos-

sessed by the furies which drove Jackie Robinson. But his career has been a fascinating series of forgotten triumphs and remembered disasters, which could be turned around by two or three good years. "I always seem to get into trouble," Newcombe says, "and I never been able to figure out why. I do something maybe a hundred other guys do, and all of a sudden I'm in a mess."

One day last winter a former Newark policeman was involved in a disturbance in Newcombe's bar. Newk is not a professional bouncer, but he has a touch. He clutched the man by the coat collar and the seat of the pants, and guided him forcefully into the street. He closed the door, washed his hands and went back to work in the bar.

A few days later, Newcombe was charged with assault, battery, kidney kicking and unsportsmanlike conduct. "Now, how," he said, "can you kick a man in the kidneys when you got him by the collar and the pants?" It was a fair question, and the court soon threw out the ex-policeman's complaint.

"I'm glad that's over," Newcombe said. "It could give a man a bad name."

The ex-policeman then started a civil suit, which is still pending at this writing. The man still insists through his attorney that his kidneys were kicked, with unhappy results. Most bounced people are content to take an aspirin and be thankful that the whole thing never got into the newspapers. Newcombe bounces the one man who insists on suing, and he's in a mess.

Or consider the strange case of his suspension in 1955. This was the year after Newcombe's Army discharge, when what he called "orientating" to civilian life had led to a mediocre year. In '55, his fast ball still seemed slow, his shoulder hurt, and one warm May afternoon he refused to pitch batting practice for the Dodgers.

"I thought I was supposed to pitch in Philadelphia tomorrow night," Newcombe said.

"We've changed plans," said Joe Becker, the Dodger pitching coach.

"You can take those plans," Newcombe began.

"If you feel that way," said Walter Alston, the manager, "you can go home."

Newcombe played 18 holes of golf that afternoon while the Dodgers were playing a ball game. When he finally reached his house, a wire from Bavasi, the club vice-president, was waiting for him. "You are hereby suspended without pay," the wire said at greater length.

"I was under the impression," Newcombe said, gravely, "that me and Campy was gonna help win the

pennant. Campy's doing okay, but they won't give me a chance. I ain't a batting practice pitcher."

The next day Newcombe apologized to Alston, Bavasi and Becker. He was fined \$250 and reinstated. The following night he pitched in Philadelphia, as he had wanted, and, in a four-inning relief job, he didn't allow anyone to hit the ball out of the infield. Five days later, he pitched a one-hitter against the Chicago Cubs and was off on a splendid season.

But as he pitched the Dodgers to a pennant, he succeeded in making himself look somewhat foolish. "You've got to get Newk sore," Bavasi confided to 23 reporters later in the season. "Now, when it comes to handling men, I have some theories." Alston simply grinned when anyone mentioned the suspension. "It worked out all right," he said. The more Newcombe won, the more the management basked in its own genius. Finally, Newcombe himself said, "Maybe they was right to get me mad." But carry this reasoning to its logical conclusion and the management simply suspends Newcombe every May. If it's unjustified, he will get even more angry and win, say, 30, rather than just 20. What, one wonders, was Bavasi doing in May, 1958, when the Dodgers were bringing disgrace to Los Angeles? Selling tickets and sipping tea with Frank Sinatra, probably. Suspensions don't produce 20-game winners, but such was the myth of Newcombe that for a time Dodger fans believed that his suspension was the smartest play of the year.

One chronic headache for New-



Maligned for supposedly not winning big games (his World Series record is 0-4), Newk broods about the false reputation.

combe comes down to two rather cruel gags. "What has two arms, two legs and no guts?" bench jockeys hollered at him after the 1956 World Series. "I used to think Newk could only lose the close ones, 1 to 0, or 2 to 1," someone else said, "but now it turns out that if he has to lose 10 to 9, he can do that, too."

Does Newcombe choke? In 1951, when the Giants had caught the Dodgers in the last weekend of the season, Dressen assigned Newcombe to pitch in Philadelphia on Saturday night after the Giants had beaten the Braves in the afternoon. It was a game that had to be won, and Newcombe drew Robin Roberts as his opponent. Roberts was an implausibly gifted pitcher in those days, fast, tireless and possessed of superlative control. Newcombe beat him, 4 to 0, choking only on the four times he came to bat and then perhaps only half an inch up the handle. The next day, with no rest at all, Newcombe pitched six shutout relief innings as the Dodgers struggled to a 14-inning victory. Three days later, he started the final playoff game against the Giants and held a 4-to-1 lead going into the ninth inning.

In the eighth he threw harder than he had all day, but in the ninth a ground-ball single eluded Gil Hodges, Whitey Lockman doubled, and Chuck Dressen presently sent for Ralph Branca. In minutes, Newcombe was reduced to a footnote to the Bobby Thomson saga.

Within six days, Newcombe had pitched some 23 innings, in every one of which he could have lost the pennant. Few men can pitch as often, much less as well, under the most relaxed of circumstances. It wasn't surprising that Newcombe couldn't finish the final inning. The wonder is that he got that far. "I was just glad," Leo Durocher said later, "to see them take the big guy out of there." It was a remarkable tribute to a choke pitcher.

Even trivia makes trouble for Newcombe. After his first year in Brooklyn, he signed to referee wrestling matches in 17 cities. He stood to make roughly \$10,000 refereeing, and, after he accepted the deal, he ordered a new car. The tour began quietly. Newcombe took a lesson in life among the wrestlers. "It's pretty much a case of staying the hell out of the way," a promoter explained. "The boys know what they're supposed to do. There's nothing to worry about."

When Newcombe reached Washington, D.C. after a week of touring, he met the press for small talk, which dealt first with wrestling and then as the talk got larger, turned to baseball.

"You going to ask for big money,

Newk?" a wire service reporter said.

"I don't know," Newcombe said.

"You going to hold out?"

"Mr. Rickey has been very nice to me," Newcombe said. "I'm pretty glad just to be in the big leagues."

"Well," said the wire service man, "say Jackie Robinson is worth \$50,000 a year."

"Sure," Newcombe said. "He's the best."

"Well, then don't you figure you're worth \$40,000?"

"I don't know," Newcombe said.

"\$30,000?"

Newcombe shrugged.

"\$20,000?"

"Hell, I guess maybe I'm worth that," Newcombe said.

The next day hundreds of newspapers carried a story in which Newcombe was quoted as saying he was going to demand a \$20,000 contract from the Dodgers and that Jackie Robinson should be paid \$50,000. Branch Rickey, the baseball emancipator, has always had a soft spot in his heart for money. Ballplayers who announced what they should be paid bruised the soft spot, and when Rickey read the story, he called Newcombe.

"I think you better forget the rest of the tour," Rickey said.

"I was misquoted," Newcombe said.

"Of course," Rickey said. "Cancel the tour anyway."

Paul Bowser, the 65-year-old tour manager, then challenged Rickey to

a wrestling match. "Winner to get \$5,000," Bowser suggested, "and if I win, Newcombe can keep on refereeing."

"Cancel," Rickey said. Newcombe did, and also canceled the order for the new car.

Probably the worst single gesture of public relations in Newcombe's entire career came on the October day in 1956 when the Yankees knocked him out of the seventh game of the Series. The details are still fresh. Newcombe had lost his first Series start, and now, as the second chance came around, everyone was waiting to see if Newk could win the big one.

"I believe that fate works things out," said Carl Erskine. "Newk got knocked out and now he has a chance to get even. He's going to do it."

"Newcombe isn't going to get even," came an answering chorus, "because Newcombe can't win the big games."

It wasn't rational, it wasn't sound, yet people believed it. Apparently the 27 games Newk had won that season were all little ones. When Newcombe failed to last through the third inning of the seventh game, this absurd contention was supposed to have been confirmed.

Newcombe marched off the mound, head down, and tramped into the clubhouse, disconsolate. His mood was utterly bleak, and without hesitation he began to strip off his uni-

form. He wanted to go home. He felt like a criminal and Ebbets Field was the scene of his crime.

Irving Rudd, a sound public relations hand who was then working for the Dodgers, walked into the clubhouse on the hunch that a bad situation might be developing. Although the two were good friends, Newcombe did not speak to Rudd.

"What are you doing?" Rudd asked.

"Going home."

"Stay here," Rudd said.

"Get outa my way," Newcombe said. "I'm gonna take a shower."

Rudd, fully clothed, walked into the shower room. "Two hours," he said. "It's two hours of your life. Do the right thing."

"Leave me alone," Newcombe said.

Rudd then tried to contact the club brass, who could order Newk to stay until the game ended. But Buzzy Bavasi was busy mourning the loss that was about to come, and Walter O'Malley, the club president, was tied up with a call to California.

"Look, Don," Rudd said, "if you go home now, there are guys who'll mark you as a bum for life."

"I'm going home," Newcombe said.

So Newcombe was not on hand to congratulate the Yankees, and he was not on hand to talk to the legion of reporters on the one occasion when he might have won large measures of sympathy simply by standing up against a wall and answering questions. He won no sympathy at all.

He left the park accompanied by Rudd, his father and one reporter. "Mr. Newcombe," Rudd said, "if I were you, I'd tell Don to stay here or you'll punch him in the mouth." Rudd was excited. Roland Newcombe is a thin, slight man, roughly half his son's size.

Near Newcombe's car, a parking lot attendant observed, "Tough luck, Newk."

Newk ignored the attendant, stepped into the car and drove home. An unpleasant picture of Newcombe now emerged. He had lost the big game and he had not stayed in the ball park as he should have. And before that, he had picked on a civilian. In the second game of the Series, as prologue more than as preparation, he had been knocked out, had left the park early and had been greeted not too kindly by another parking lot attendant. Newk shoved the attendant, who then sued, contending that the shove was a punch. In a way, attendant No. 1

His greatest moment was in 1956 when he won 27 games, was voted pitcher of the year and MVP. Even this didn't last.



probably was fortunate to escape with a shove, but by the time all the details came out, the big, noisy picture was generally accepted. It is probably the picture many fans retain of Newk, a big, irritable man who can't win the big games.

But if you give serious consideration to the facts of his career, the impression must change. Newcombe came to organized baseball in 1946 after a somewhat mis-spent boyhood in Elizabeth, N.J., a factory town near New York City, and a brief, bright career pitching for a Negro team called the Newark Eagles. Roland Newcombe was a chauffeur during the depression when chauffeurs were more numerous than cars. He drove for a man who was a member of the Elizabeth Board of Education. He was glad to have the job, although the salary was small.

"I was a kind of bad kid in school," Don says. "Not like some kids now. No zip guns, nothing like that. But it seems like I was always talking back to a teacher or getting called down to the principal's office or some damn thing like that. If my father hadn't worked for this man on the Board of Education, I would of been kicked out of school pretty early."

As it was, Don finished junior high school, where he failed to make the baseball team, and only one year at Thomas Jefferson High in Elizabeth. There was no baseball team at Thomas Jefferson, and Newk was preoccupied with semi-pro ball by that time.

"I made a fair living with the Eagles," he said. "You could play all year 'round in those days. You'd play here in the summer and in South America or some place like that in the winter, and if you was good you could make maybe \$7,500 in a year."

One night in 1946, Don went to a movie in Elizabeth with Freddie, his wife. On the way back, he bought a paper and there was the headline: **ROBINSON, FIRST NEGRO, SIGNED BY MONTREAL.**

"It didn't mean nothing to me," Newk says. "I didn't know who Montreal was from Adam, and I didn't know much about Robinson. But I kept reading. I wanted to find out."

A short time later, Newcombe got a call from Clyde Sukeforth of the Dodger organization. "Mr. Rickey wants to see you," Sukeforth said.

"I didn't know who Rickey was, either," Newcombe admits, but there had been some talk of the Dodgers organizing a Negro team called the Brooklyn Brown Dodgers, to play at Ebbets Field when the white club was traveling. It was talk Rickey had carefully planted lest people

guess why his scouts were studying Negro ballplayers. Rickey knew there would be opposition to the introduction of Negroes into organized ball and he didn't want to give the opposition time to organize. Newcombe checked and decided that, despite the Robinson signing, he was wanted only as a Brown Dodger.

Rickey signed Newcombe at the first meeting and, after some difficulty in finding a club willing to take a Negro, assigned the pitcher to Nashua, N.H., a pleasant, unbigoted town, famous for mills and for Birdie Tebbetts, who sells insurance there.

Newcombe and Campanella played



Now with the Reds, and vital to their hopes, Don seems uncertain, says he doesn't get kick out of game anymore.

for Nashua, and that first summer, with the pressure of a pioneer upon him, Don, who was 20, won 14 games and lost only four. A year later he won 19 and led the league in strikeouts.

"There wasn't too much prejudice up there," Newcombe says. "I could throw hard. Nobody wanted to start up." He remembers one game in which a bench jockey was silenced by his teammates. "Pipe down, or he'll start throwing at our heads," they pleaded. He remembers Bavasi getting into a fist fight with a coach who had shouted racial slurs. Bavasi was general manager of Nashua at the time. "I remember that," Newcombe says, "and I can't get mad at the guy, if he traded me ten times."

One night Sal Yvars, the catcher, came to bat, and, without looking, threw a handful of dirt into Roy Campanella's face. A few innings later, he did it again. "If you do that to me once more," Campanella said, "I'm going to kill you, man."

"That," Newcombe says, "was about the only incident we ever had up there. In my whole life, I haven't run into a lot of prejudice. Of course, you know it's there. You train in the South, you know it's there. In Tampa I got a friend who's a doctor. He lives in a \$90,000 house. But he's colored, so the house is in the middle of a slum. A house like that, and he can't put it where he wants."

Newcombe moved up to Montreal in 1948, then to Brooklyn in 1949, and in succession he won 17, 19 and 20 games. He won just eight in 1954, after the Army hitch, but then he won 20 again and 27. He had arrived. Then, in just three years, he went back so far that the Reds didn't dare say out loud what everyone knew, that Newcombe had to go big if they were to win.

"When I was in Brooklyn," Newcombe says, "Shotton used to make me pitch even if I said my arm hurt a little. Maybe that did something to me. Maybe that's why I'm having trouble."

Maybe. Frequently, when a player was injured, Shotton would extend a leg and demand, "Feel that." There was a large knot in the muscle of the thigh. "When I was breaking in," Shotton would say, "I played for six weeks on a charley horse. That is what I got for it. But if I hadn't played then, I wouldn't be in baseball now. Now, go out there and pitch."

Ralph Branca pitched, and his career stopped short. Jack Banta pitched, and his career stopped shorter. Rex Barney pitched, and later went to a psychiatrist. On no other modern pitching staff, has so much talent come to so little.

It is possible that Newcombe's decline is the last product of this persistent bullying. The pitching arm is a mysterious thing. It is possible that the decline stemmed from Newcombe's brooding about the rap of "choke-up." The question is unanswerable. But Newcombe can still throw hard, still break off his curve, and he still possesses excellent control. In short, he is still a formidable pitcher.

It is a false charge, but he can go down in memory as the greatest pitcher who couldn't win big games. Or he can go down for what he is, a good pitcher, not great, but one of the very best of his age, who could be superb in any game, on any day and under any circumstances. Time presses. Big Newk is 32. The next few National League pennant races, the immediate future of the Cincinnati Reds, and the mark that a considerable man leaves behind him hang in the balance.



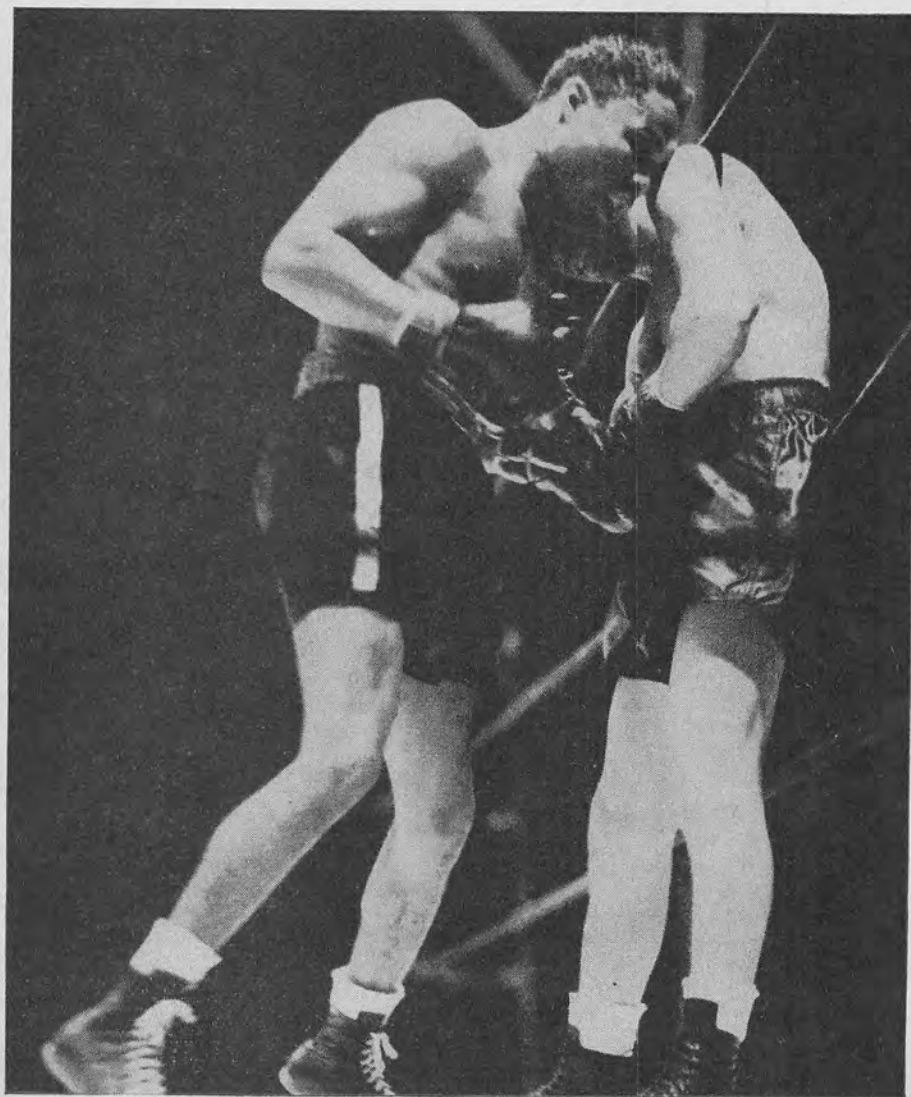
EDITORS' NOTE:

From Benny Leonard, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross and Henry Armstrong right up to Joe Brown, the present titleholder, this has been a division of clever, swift-moving little men who could lower the boom when they had to.

BOXING'S GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS

the lightweights

By Lester Bromberg



SOMEBODY once asked Benny Leonard, the greatest lightweight who ever lived, how he felt as he sat in his dressing room before a big fight. Leonard looked up, smiled and said, "How do I feel? I feel as if I'm going to knock him out."

It's a matter of record that Leonard knocked out one Rocky Kansas in eight rounds that night. The same opponent previously had gone 12 rounds and 15 rounds with him. As one of the very finest of boxers, Leonard was famous for his capacity to control a fight—and the fate of an opponent.

This is a lineup of all the lightweight champions, and, as such, it cannot overlook the blood-and-thunder titleholders like Kid Lavigne, Battling Nelson and Ad Wolgast. By and large, though, the outstanding lightweights were cast from the Leonard mold, including such skilled boxers as Jack McAuliffe, Frank Erne and Joe Gans. In more recent years, there have been such outstanding champions as Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, and Jimmy Carter. Current champion Joe Brown has beaten off all comers for three years.

The first American title claimant was a 130-pounder, Abe Hicken, who defeated Pete McGuire in 1868 at Perrysville, Mo. Hicken's retire-

Henry Armstrong throws one of the low blows against Lou Ambers that cost him five rounds on fouls, and his crown.

ment in 1874 brought on a series of eliminations and the winner was Arthur Chambers, an Englishman campaigning here. Chambers' own exit from competition in 1879 left the title open again. Oddly, the two men destined to win it next, Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, were both working in Palmer's Cooperage in Brooklyn.

Dempsey is best remembered as the first world middleweight champion but, for a time, he was the lightweight champ. He was also McAuliffe's friend and tutor. While they were still making barrels at the cooperage, they would box during lunch hour. Their gloves were wrapped-around aprons. So in 1884, when Dempsey outgrew the division, it was his pleasure to proclaim his pupil the new champion. McAuliffe confirmed the Nonpareil's confidence in 1887 with a 28-round knockout of Harry Gilmore, the Canadian contender.

McAuliffe retained recognition as champion for nearly ten years, until his retirement in 1896. His record of 55 fights included no defeats, but he did have nine draws, several of them close calls.

A notable squeeze was in his match with Jem Carney of England, a to-the-finish fight, on which there was considerable betting. Entering the 74th round, McAuliffe was fading and Carney was taking command when the crowd rushed into the ring. They were unable to continue the fight and the referee had to call it a draw. Many years later McAuliffe confessed that he should have been charged with a defeat. "I was taking an awful pasting. But people who had money on me sent some toughs into the ring to break up the match."

Jack liked to live it up. One day the *Police Gazette* presented him a diamond-studded championship belt. Two hours later he had pawned it for \$1,000 and had bet all the money on Blue Wing to win in the first running of the Brooklyn Handicap. Blue Wing ran second. Jack never got the belt back.

When Kid Lavigne succeeded Jack as champion, John L. Sullivan presided at the award ceremony. After a speech, John L. announced: "And now Jack McAuliffe will turn over the championship belt." McAuliffe handed Lavigne a pawn ticket. With the interest that had mounted up, it would have cost double the belt's value to redeem it.

Unlike Leonard years later, McAuliffe never attempted a comeback. He once explained, "I tried myself in an exhibition with Kid Lavigne. I got by, but I knew I couldn't fool with his kind anymore."

George (Kid) Lavigne was a genuinely tough customer, a bare-

knuckler who accepted skin-tight gloves grudgingly. He came of French-Canadian stock, but they called him the Saginaw Kid, because he had started fighting in the Michigan city in 1885.

Lavigne's fights were epics of brutality. He beat the promising Andy Bowen to a pulp in 18 rounds at New Orleans in 1894. Bowen was dead 24 hours later. In Lavigne's first fight with Joe Walcott, his ear was almost ripped off, yet he beat Walcott.

In 1896, when McAuliffe retired, the National Sporting Club of London arranged for Lavigne to meet Dick Burge for the title. Burge was one of the finest boxers of his day and the *New York Herald* reported: "In the first round Lavigne rushed like a rugby player and smashed Burge heavily in the body. Seconds later Lavigne tried it again. Burge sidestepped and Lavigne flew headlong into a ring post, bruising his face."

Lavigne won in the 17th by a knockout and returned to America to enjoy two more peak years. But the combination of physical damage and fast living put him into a mental hospital in 1903.

It is a sad footnote that, on his discharge two years later, he resumed boxing and continued to fight, mainly on an exhibition basis, until 1910. Then, his money and health gone, he worked at any job he could pick up. He was a night watchman in Detroit when he died in 1936.

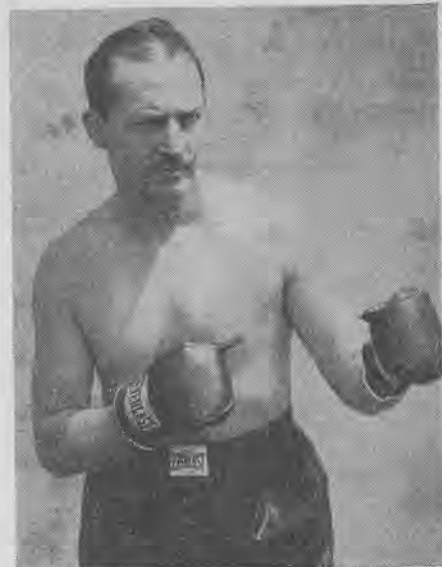
Next in line after Lavigne was Frank Erne, a gentleman and a talented boxer—as befitted Jim Corbett's protégé. Corbett stood behind Erne's corner, nervous as a mother hen, the night Frank outboxed Lavigne for the title in 20 rounds at Buffalo, on July 3, 1899.

Erne proved a fearless little champion. Looking back in the spring of 1954, a few months before his death, Erne said: "The meaner they were, the better I liked it. I nearly always could outsmart them."

His hair silver and his sight failing, Frank recalled his memorable first fight with Joe Gans, 54 years earlier.

"I was quite a fighter that night," he said. "By the ninth round, Gans had all he wanted of me. They had a tough time getting him out for the tenth. I hit him a right over the heart in the twelfth. It hurt him and I knew it. I fainted a left to the head, then let go with an overhand right. It ripped open a nasty cut over his left eye. I thought the eye was out."

A *New York World* account said that Gans appealed to Charley White, the referee: "Mr. White, I'm blind, I can't see, I can't go on." The bout was stopped after 21 seconds



The greatest of the lightweights, Benny Leonard had the mastery to control a fight with his boxing skill and power.

had elapsed in the 12th round.

Two years later Erne gave Gans a return bout at Fort Erie, Ontario. "I made a false move right at the start," Erne said, "and that's all I remember."

A *World* clipping is more explicit: "No sooner had the gong sounded than Gans tried his left for Erne's jaw. Erne slipped away. Gans feinted with his left and Erne threw his head to one side to avoid the blow. By doing so, he put his jaw in line for Gans' right, which came up like a catapult. Erne went down. He struggled to get to his feet, rolled over onto his back. It was over in 50 seconds."

Erne had been favored by life in most respects, but Joe Gans was a classic example of man's inhumanity to man. He was a boxing genius, but meek by nature. Exploiters gave him orders, and he obeyed without protest. He stopped only when his body was broken. The last act of his tragedy was written by death from consumption at the age of 36.

W. O. McGeehan covered Gans' principal bouts and, years later, wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "As a boxer, he had the most perfect co-ordination of any athlete I ever have seen. He could shuffle languidly and listlessly, and evade lethal punches by a fraction of an inch. When he punched, he rarely missed. There appeared to be nothing of the killer in him. Still, when he struck with his full force, they dropped. His face never revealed a glint of ferocity. In the heat of his hardest fights, his expression of weariness and sadness was unchanged."

The mask of sadness was fitting. Gans had been through the worst. His "manager" didn't care how he made his money out of Gans, as long as he made money. This may help to explain his almost unbelievable knockout by Terry McGovern in two rounds at Chicago late in 1900. And there were other questionable results, too.

The crowning irony is that Gans did not fight completely on his merits until he had developed tuberculosis. His manager believed Joe was done and cut him adrift. But in the brief time left, he scored some of his finest triumphs.

At that, he still was treated shabbily. He was champion when he fought Battling Nelson in Tex Rickard's first promotion, on September 3, 1906, at Goldfield, Nev., but he got \$11,000 and Nelson, the challenger, got \$23,000. Further, Nelson's chief handler insisted Gans make 133 pounds. What Joe needed was building up, not tearing down. He already was wasting away from tuberculosis. To him, however, the purse was a fortune. So he did it.

McGeehan remembered the fight this way: "Nelson was spitting at Gans and trying to kick him in the shins. Gans evaded the rushes and seemed to throw off punches merely by shifting his shoulders. Gans backed against the ropes directly over to where Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist, and I were sitting. Nelson was rushing him viciously but he was keeping up a languid conversation with us. Eventually he settled down to destroying Nelson. The alleged durable Dane began to show signs of wear. His eyes began to close and his face became puffed.

Never once did Gans seem eager. It appeared this would go on forever but in the 42nd round Nelson, a red fury of frustration, sent home a purposefully low blow. Gans dropped to the mat in agony. Gans retained the title on referee George Siler's ruling that he had been fouled."

When they met again, on July 4, 1908, in San Francisco, Gans was the betting favorite. He was now in an advanced stage of his illness but few people knew it. This time he couldn't glide away from Nelson's battering assaults. By the tenth round, he was rubber-legged and gasping. In the 17th he was knocked down three times and finally counted out.

They were brought together a third time, on September 9, 1908 at Colma, Calif. Gans signed for 25 rounds and then told his friends, "I know I can't go 25, even if I used a wheel chair. But bet every dollar you have that I will last 20." He finished the 20th, and was knocked out in the 21st.

Gans fought once more, ten rounds with Jabez White, after which he said, "It's no use, I will never fight again. My lungs are gone. The best I can do is rest and hope to regain my health."

He went to Prescott, Ariz., where the dry atmosphere was supposed to be helpful. But when five months passed with no improvement, he asked to be put on a train for Baltimore. "I want to go home to die," he explained.

On August 7, 1910, he was tenderly taken from the train. Three days later, in his mother's arms, he died.

Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, Bat Nelson claimed to have invented "the left half-scissors hook." In his book he described it as "a punch to the kidney, delivered with thumb extended, thereby driving it deeper and paralyzing a nerve center."

According to Bat, he used that punch effectively at Goldfield, as well as in the other two fights with Gans. All three were fierce affairs. Yet, for sheer animal brutality, Nelson was to have a tougher fight. This was his title match with Ad Wolgast in 1910, at Richmond, Calif.

"I wanted to be sure it would be a good fight," promoter Billy McCarney explained a couple of decades later. "I lit a fire under each of them. First I told Nelson that Wolgast had called him a yellow dog. Then I told Wolgast that Nelson said he was a quitter. They were steaming when they got to the club. As the referee started to go over the rules, Nelson interrupted to say, 'Everything goes, okay?' Wolgast looked at Nelson and said, 'All right, but every time he fouls, I foul him twice.'"

"As a fight, it was a dirty, vicious brawl. Nelson was the first to weaken. In the seventh he asked the ref: 'Don't we have any rules at all?' Before he finished the question, Wolgast popped him in the mouth. The referee stopped it in the 40th round to save Bat."

Nelson's reign lasted only 17 months but his fighting career spanned 27 years, from 1896 to 1923. When he finally quit, he worked for many years in the post office at Chicago. He dropped out of sight in the 1940s and, in 1952, was discovered living in a cheap hotel near the Loop. His only income was an infrequent day's work as a dishwasher. His weight was down to 96 pounds. He was taken to Chicago State Hospital, after a court found that he was suffering from incurable senile dementia, and there, early in 1954, he died of lung cancer.

Bearcat Ad Wolgast, Nelson's successor, was another in the line of hard-punching, easy-living champions.

"He was one of the heaviest eaters and drinkers I ever saw in the fight game," an observer recalls. "He paid no attention to diet. Everything seemed to agree with him and he didn't pick up weight. He started as a 128-pounder and never got much above 130. But you couldn't imagine how tough he was."

There was the Wolgast fight with Tommy McFarland in 1910. Six weeks earlier, Ad (→ TO PAGE 78)



Barney Ross, here, who soon outgrew the lightweights, had some memorable title fights with Tony Canzoneri and Ambers.

THE CLAY PIGEON ARGUMENT

(Continued from page 41)

varying wind shots. The series of moves should be continued until the clay is flying directly into the sun, for that is where a strong-flying pheasant often will go. Much the same may be said of the woodcock, which, in some covers, will flush in almost perpendicular flight into a sky blazing with light.

This principle of varying the shots and varying the light conditions was the reason for the designing of the so-called quail walks. These are expensive to build and require an attendant; for that reason, they are not found in many shooting grounds today. A walk consists of a layout of hedges and rough cover, in which are many traps set on electric triggers. Sometimes there will be a series of traps loaded with single clays; then there will be a trap with a double; and always, at the end, a trap set with a triple.

When the gunner enters the walk, the attendant walks behind him. By pressing with his foot, the attendant springs the trap. It is impossible for the gunner to tell which way the bird will rise. All the flights are constantly varied. And the speeds are varied, too. I once watched a gunner walk such a layout and break every clay, even to the closing triple.

But that was long ago, and I believe his performance is one of the reasons why some shooters still doubt the value of shooting clays. This gunner, so skilled and quick in the quail walk, failed miserably in the actual pheasant shoot that same day. The crack shot of the quail walk didn't have the knack of knocking down a pheasant. I don't know if he ever acquired it.

When trap shooting is undertaken for the sake of improving one's shooting in the field, it is better to use the actual gun that will be carried against the live birds. In the competitive trap shoots, a raised ventilated rib is usually required. The reason for this is the combination of heat in the barrel and heat from the sun. This combination of heat, especially on a windless day, will create a mist along the barrel of the usual gun that may hide the target, and will often become very much of a hindrance. But this condition can be avoided in the kind of clay pigeon shoot that I have described. Since there is no scorer watching, and no particular hurry, the firing may be interrupted from time to time. The barrels will cool off fast enough.

The costs of a good clay pigeon trap are high and it is best to make a co-operative venture of it. There are many excellent traps in the sporting goods stores, and all of them are solidly made of good steel. Some of them require a heavy timber to be fixed into the ground, to hold the trap and prevent undue vibration. The clay pigeons are not at all expensive, but they require careful handling because they are fragile. Shells with trap loads are less expensive than those with field loads. Unless a man is already convinced that he cannot benefit from such shooting, there's no better way of keeping in shape for the opening of the bird seasons.

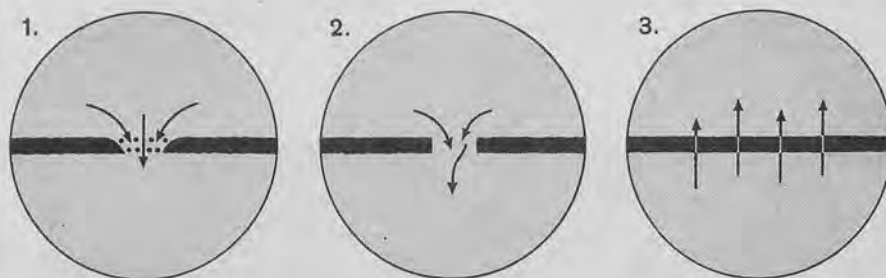
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THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers turn to page 84

1 Match these baseball players with their birthplaces:

Luis Aparicio Puerto Rico
Hector Lopez Venezuela
Orlando Cepeda Panama

2 Middleweight champ Ray Robinson fought Jake Lamotta six times. Ray won five times and kayoed the Bronx Bull in their last fight. True or false?

3 Only three major-league pitchers have ever hurled three no-hit, no-run games. Cy Young and Larry Corcoran were two. Who was the third?

4 Movie stars Buster Crabbe and Johnny Weissmuller first achieved their fame as swimmers. Both were winners in the Olympics. True or False?

6 Jesse Owens holds the world broad jump record with:

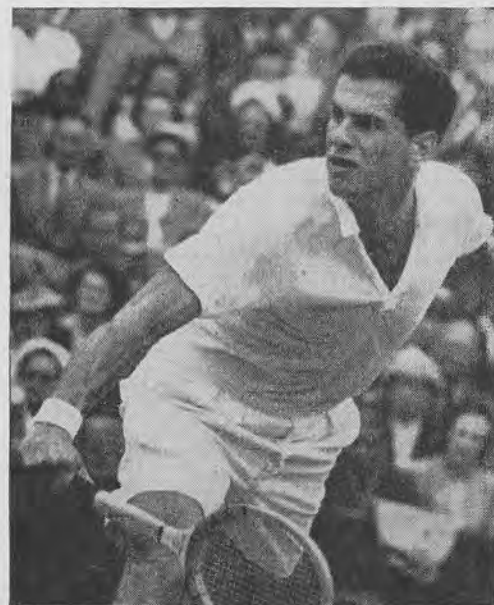
- (a) 26 feet, 5 1/4 inches
- (b) 26 feet, 8 1/4 inches
- (c) 27 feet, 3 inches

7 Who was the tallest player in the National Basketball Association last season? Who was the shortest player? And what were their respective heights?

8 Unscramble the names of these famous athletes:

Joe OCKDCA
Bill ULLSESR
Sam FUHF

9 An all-Southern Conference end at Duke University, this pro golfer holds the PGA record score for nine holes, 27. Who is he?



10 _____ was the winner of the 1952 and 1958 National Indoor Tennis titles. This year he lost his crown to Davis Cup hero Alex Olmedo.

5 In the 1956 World Series against the Dodgers, Don Larsen, *above*, pitched a perfect game. Who was the losing pitcher and what was the score?

WHERE ARE OUR HEROES?

(Continued from page 19)
television last night," the reporter said. "Did you ad-lib or did you use a script?"

Mantle, his bull neck and muscular forearms glistening in the hot sun, hung his head sheepishly. "Gee," he said. "I don't know."

Mantle didn't know, and, frankly, he didn't care. If no one ever asked him a single question, he wouldn't complain. If newspapers printed only box scores and never ventured opinions on sore arms and stiff backs, he would rejoice, in his quiet way. To Mantle, interviews are more treacherous than curve balls. He approaches the spoken word the way a golfer approaches a sand trap. It is something unnatural and menacing, to be bypassed whenever possible. In this suspicion, he is supported by many colleagues.

The night that Oscar Robertson broke the Madison Square Garden record by scoring 56 points against Seton Hall, an army of reporters invaded the Cincinnati dressing room. Robertson sat quietly on a bench, stripping off his sneakers and sweat socks. "Great game, Oscar," one writer said.

Big O nodded.
"Were you trying for a record?" a man in the third row asked.
"Nope," Robertson said.
"Did you know you were close?" Robertson shook his head.
"When did you know you had a record?"

Oscar pulled off his shirt. "After the game," he said.

A reporter up front practically pushed his notebook onto Robertson's lap. "A big thrill," he said. "The biggest thrill of your life?"

The Cincinnati sophomore looked up. "No," he said.

Finally, a newspaper columnist put his hand on Robertson's shoulder. "Look, kid," he said, gruffly. "You're going to be around for a long time. You'd better start thinking of better things to say."

Shyness, on the part of a college sophomore, may be an excuse, but the same reluctance to talk, which still marks Robertson, also affects professionals. After Johnny Unitas guided the Baltimore Colts to the National Football League championship last winter, the quarterback stood surrounded by interviewers. In the final quarter and the overtime, he had passed the New York Giants dizzy. He had given a daring demonstration of controlled confidence. Now it was time to talk.

Once the questioning began, Unitas' confidence and daring faded rapidly. "When you passed near the goal line in sudden death," a reporter said, "weren't you taking a big chance?"

"No," Unitas said.
The questioner pressed his point. "Couldn't it have been intercepted?"

"Nah."
"Why not?"
Unitas slipped out of the heavy padding which protected his sore ribs. "Throwing low," he said. "Careful. They weren't the kind of passes that get intercepted."

The answer seemed somewhat encouraging. "I guess you were really sharp," another reporter suggested. "Is this the best game you ever played?"

The Colt star looked surprised.



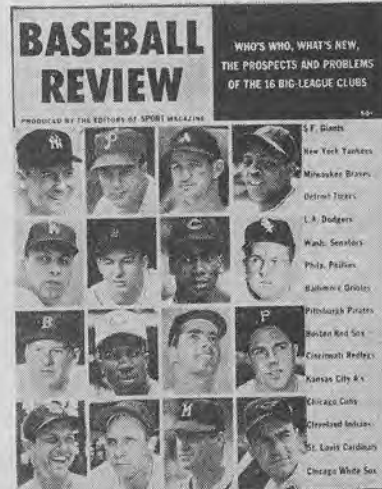
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Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

BANTAM BEN COMES BACK

THE BEST GOLF PLAYERS in the world were back in the clubhouse after the first round of the 1950 National Open, and they were saying that Ben Hogan was finished. The game little Texan had displayed plenty of guts in trying the Open at all. It was only a year since he had been lifted out of his wrecked car on a lonely highway in Texas, more dead than alive. First they said he would never walk again. When he started walking—and every step hurt him—they said he would never play golf again. When he began a little putting and chipping, they said he would never play competitive golf. But just a few weeks before, he had been barely nosed out by Sam Snead in a playoff for the Los Angeles Open championship.

But this was the U.S. Open, and the pros and amateurs who gathered at the Merion Country Club, just outside Philadelphia, would concede nothing to Ben but sympathy. Hogan had turned in a 72 on his first round, eight strokes off Lee MacKey's lead, and he looked like a 37-year-old man who belonged in a wheelchair, not on a golf course. Every step was painful to him and you could read it in his drawn features.

The little fellow represented a medical miracle by simply finishing the round. The horror of that February evening in 1949 was indelibly impressed in his memory. One moment he had been driving his new Cadillac toward his home in Fort Worth. And then, dead ahead, a bus pulled out to pass a truck and there was a head-on collision. Ben had thrown himself across the seat to protect his wife, Valerie, and had saved his own life in the process. But when they got him to the hospital in El Paso four hours later, they found that his left collarbone, pelvis, left ankle and several ribs were broken. No sooner had the broken bones been put together than phlebitis affected his left leg, closing off circulation and threatening amputation. A few days later, a blood clot in the right lung required surgery by one of the world's top specialists.

For six months Ben had to lie on his back. Then he started to walk—a few steps at a time. It was torture, but he kept at it. By winter he was able to go outside for longer walks, and he always carried a putter along to practice imaginary swings. It was just exercise, he assured his friends.

But when the pro tour arrived in Los Angeles for the tournament, Ben Hogan was there. He dragged his aching body through 72 holes to tie Sam Snead for the title. But in the playoff, he simply had nothing left to match Snead's come-from-behind effort and he was an exhausted loser.

At Merion he seemed doomed. The schedule called for 18 holes on the first two days and 36 holes on the last day. Hogan's best bet for survival would be to put two hot rounds together and hope they stood up on that gruelling last day. He wasn't doing that.

But for Ben Hogan, who had been through so much, nothing seemed impossible. The next day he shot a fine 69 and edged toward the leaders. In the 36-hole finale, he scored a 72 and 74 and walked into the clubhouse tied for the lead at 287 with Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio. He was absolutely spent and the rumor spread that he would concede rather than have to go through a playoff.

But the next day he was there, grim and wan but ready to play. For hole after hole, the three veterans matched drives and putts. Then Fazio began to fall behind. On the 16th, Hogan had a one-stroke lead on Mangrum, when his opponent picked up his ball to brush off an insect. Although permitted in usual professional play, it carried a two-stroke penalty in the Open. With a three-stroke lead going into the last two holes, Hogan could afford to coast, but he didn't. Too stubborn to admit defeat and too proud to accept victory on a fluke, he gambled for a birdie on the 17th and got it with an amazing 50-foot putt. His final score was a 69, four strokes ahead of Mangrum and six lower than Fazio. The packed gallery went wild.

Ben Hogan had come all the way back.

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"Best?" he said. "No, I played better lots of times."

Unitas was candid and terse. He was everything but exciting. He had just played and won the most important game of his life and still he saw nothing special to discuss. As the writers milled about him, he glanced over their heads. He didn't want to make small talk with newspapermen; he wanted to find his agent. He might as well see if he could make some money out of all this.

The agent Unitas was looking for is a short, shrewd man named Frank Scott. Once the road secretary for the New York Yankees, Scott now serves as business agent for almost all of the best baseball players and many of the stars in other sports. Whether by design or accident, he has become a weapon of silence. For the ten per cent which Scott deducts from each player's endorsements, special appearances and bylined articles, he is expected to sift the demands, judge their validity and set the price. Some players feel that Scott should think for them.

A conversation with a Scott client can be ludicrously frustrating. "Hey, ace," a reporter greets a top Yankee pitcher, "how you feel?"

"You clear that with Scott?"

"Sure, sure," the newspaperman lies. "He says it's okay."

"Good," says the star. "Then I feel fine."

"Swell," the writer says. "I see you've been throwing a slider lately. Where did you pick that up?"

The pitcher frowns. "Sorry," he says, earnestly, "I can't tell you. I'm saving the answer for my book."

Scott does not insist that his charges forget how to talk, but he prefers that they avoid certain subjects. Don't, for instance, complain publicly that baseball is only a business; once every few years, the complaint is worth a \$1,000 byline. Don't analyze too deeply the art of hitting; the secret can be expanded into a \$2,000 book. Don't reveal too much of your past; save the best anecdotes for a \$3,000 autobiography.

Even athletes without agents have discovered that words can be valuable. Pancho Gonzales, who developed his tennis serve in the late '40s but sharpened his business sense in the '50s, greets all magazine writers with the same question. "How much do I get?" he asks.

A decade ago, agents were a rare luxury and money was not scattered about so recklessly. The \$64,000 question was worth only \$64. Stars did not have to be bribed into talking. They readily volunteered more than name, rank and serial number. Rocky Graziano, who combined with Tony Zale to stage the most exciting boxing matches of the late '40s, spoke with the same abandon—and lack of style—that marked his fighting.

In 1947, when Graziano stopped Zale in the sixth round and won the middleweight championship, a radio announcer stuck a microphone in Rocky's face. Graziano, still short of breath, grabbed the mike and twisted a cliché into freshness. "Hello, Ma," he said. "The bad boy done it."

Afterward, in his dressing room, Graziano sparred verbally with reporters. "How did you feel," one said, "when you had him in the corner?"

Graziano could have mumbled any one of a hundred standard lines without surprising a single person. But he didn't. His face grew stern. "I

wanted to kill him," Rocky said. "I got nothing against him, he's a nice guy. But I wanted to kill him."

The humorous line, the serious line—both flowed easily from the stars of an earlier period. Sammy Baugh is best remembered as the master of the forward pass, but the memory, perhaps, would have faded by now if Baugh had been simply a silent passing machine. When Baugh joined the Washington Redskins and reported to his first practice, Ray Flaherty, the head coach, diagrammed a play on the blackboard.

"The end cuts in here," Flaherty said, pointing to the board, "and when he gets here, hit him in the eye with the ball."

Baugh grinned. "Which eye?" he said.

Later, after Baugh had proved himself by setting dozens of pro records, he never tried to conceal his methods. "There are some things," he once said, "a passer should know. For instance, I hold the ball differently in wet and dry weather. When the ball is dry, I throw it with the laces at the heel of my thumb. When it's wet, I have the laces at my finger tips."

Some stars today might hesitate before revealing such a minor tip. It could be the basis for a profitable magazine article.

Next to silence, which seems to be golden, modern stars value the knack of remaining uncontroversial. If you must say anything, they reason, say something innocuous. Don't say anything which might offend people. The men who get the most frequent calls for television shows are the ones who can be counted upon to utter the proper platitudes.

Ask Hank Aaron who is the toughest pitcher he has to face and the chances are he will grin, pound his fist into his glove and say, with sparkling genius, "Man, they're all tough." Turn the question around, apply it to hitters, hand it to Bob Turley, and he brightens. "You know," he says, confidentially, "any one of them can hurt you." Such is not the stuff out of which heroes are made.

In any discussion of sports heroes, Jackie Robinson's name must be prominent. Robinson, perhaps the most electrifying athlete of the late '40s, became the most outspoken. Once he had passed his trial period, when silence alone was an act of heroism, Jackie offered frank comments on every conceivable subject. Often he blurted out opinions when he knew full well it would have been easier and more politic to remain quiet. But Robinson never chose to do things the easy way.

When Dick Young, the probing reporter from the New York *Daily News* needed him in print one day, Robinson waited patiently. Then, when Young came to the Dodger dug-out to see another player, Robinson yelled, "If you can't write the truth, you shouldn't write!"

Young, engrossed in conversation, did not realize that Robinson was aiming at him. "Yeah, you, Young!" Jackie shouted. "You didn't write the truth!"

The reporter wheeled around. "Ever since you went to Washington, Robinson," Young bellowed back, "your head's been too big!" Dick was referring to Jack's appearance before a House subcommittee which had invited him to testify on the attitude of the Negro population toward the government of the U.S.



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Robinson fired obscenities. "Your head is big!" Dick insisted. Robinson continued swearing.

A frontal attack upon a widely read newspaperman is no way to win friends and influence people. But Robinson, who believed he was justified, didn't stop to consider the consequences. It is a tribute to Young's fairness that he never capitalized on Jackie's outburst. It is no less a tribute to Robinson that the power of Young's typewriter did not stifle his candor.

Less than two years ago, Jackie had another opportunity to swallow his feelings gracefully and say, instead, "the right thing." It was an open secret among New York sportswriters that no love had ever been lost between Robinson and Roy Campanella. Jackie thought the easy-going catcher was too easy-going. He felt that Campanella was an "Uncle Tom," who

considered himself lucky to be an accepted member of the white man's world. Robinson, of course, disagreed.

The day after Campanella cracked up his car while driving home to Long Island, Mike Wallace, the TV reporter, interviewed Robinson. Campanella lay critically injured in a hospital bed. Jackie could easily have disguised his bitterness and talked only about the cheerful side of Campanella. But he stuck to his frankness. "I'm terribly sorry that Campy was hurt," Jackie said, "and I hope he recovers quickly. But this isn't going to change anything. I've never agreed with him before, and I'm not going to now."

Ted Williams, the complex hero who has spanned two decades, can be, like Robinson, incredibly blunt. Williams has denounced the Marines, Senator Taft and capitalism—three national idols—in one breath, and

then, in the next, whispered encouragement to crippled children. With one gesture, he antagonizes the sports fan and, with another, he shows a rookie the proper swing. Like most heroes since Samson, he is loved and despised. He can be crude, enchanting, mean, tender, disinterested or intense. But he can never be dull.

The controversial quote hasn't quite joined the unicorn, the dragon and the double wing formation in extinction, but its sources today are rarely the top performers. Who growls about enemy spikes and swears revenge? Johnny Logan. Who snarls and demands to be traded? Don Zimmer. Who picks his own team to lose the World Series? Billy Loes. If you want to make these three men into bona-fide heroes, you are welcome to try.

Another influence which has helped lift the sports star out of the hero class—and, incidentally, into a higher tax bracket—is his deep concern for the business world. It is a split-level concern, with endorsements on the lower level and investments on the upper. Of the two, endorsements are probably the more confusing. How can you tell what a star really likes when, as quickly as his agent can collect the fee, he boosts everything in sight? Mickey Mantle smokes "A" cigarettes, drinks "B" soda pop, drives a "C" sedan, wears a "D" sports shirt, shaves with "E" lather, hunts with "F" gun and fishes with "G" reels. Where does he get time to play baseball? How can Johnny Unitas be a true hero when each morning he tells Baltimore mothers which dairy products are best for their children?

The athlete's interest in his endorsements is, at times, surprisingly genuine. Once, when a reporter joined him at breakfast, Pancho Gonzales ordered a bowl of Wheaties. The waitress shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said, "we're all out of Wheaties. Will Corn Flakes be okay?"

Gonzales nodded, then turned to the reporter. "Look," he said, "if you're going to mention what I ate, say I had Wheaties. I endorse them."

On the upper level, investments have become as much a part of a star's life as his batting average, passing percentage or right hook. Until recently, a ballplayer saved what he could during his playing days, retired, opened a bar and grill, and then spun anecdotes for as long as the customers remembered his name. Now he operates differently. As soon as he starts drawing a sizable salary, he disappears into a conference room with his agents, three representatives of a bowling manufacturer, two lawyers and a recording secretary. When he emerges, he has a fairly comfortable future, a large mortgage, a neon sign blinking his name in his mind and, probably, a richer agent. Then, with the money remaining, he rushes to a broker, who may himself be an active athlete, sinks his cash into AT&T and mutual funds and, on road trips, clips dividend coupons. He carries the *Wall Street Journal* for use and *The Sporting News* for effect.

The businessman-athlete has become so common that the star who does nothing but hunt and fish during the off-season is considered a misfit. It wasn't that way ten years ago. When Bob Feller founded Ro-Fel Inc., he was hailed as a financial genius. Now, any star who doesn't incorporate himself is either underpaid or overpatriotic. Almost everyone has a lu-

crative sideline. Mantle owns a motel and a bowling alley. Bob Friend sells mutual funds. Jim Piersall is a food broker and Alan Ameche runs a hamburger haven.

When the current star appears in a public setting, he studiously shuns the spotlight. In a bar, he seeks out a quiet corner table and tries to gulp his beer in peaceful solitude. On a television show, he acknowledges an introduction by standing up quickly, nodding almost imperceptibly and sitting down. At a speaker's dais, he thanks his mother and his parish priest and tells a few Yogi Berra anecdotes which a veteran reporter once told him. He avoids front-page headlines, gossip columns and blondes.

By his every action, the star of 1959 drains himself of individuality. But it is precisely that one trait—individuality—which has always distinguished the true hero. Consider a few of the sports heroes who ruled the 1940s.

In golf, Ben Hogan, the mighty mite, struggled out of an automobile crash and regained his National Open championship. I am not suggesting that current stars achieve heroic

named Bob Waterfield. Today, if an actress visits a playing field, it means simply that she needs publicity, not a husband.

In professional basketball, George Mikan, the first of the singularly outstanding giants, thoroughly captured the public imagination. By 1950, still near the peak of his career, he was voted the best basketball player of the half-century. Mikan had terrific shots and he maneuvered well. But, most of all, what set Mikan apart was his size (6-foot-10) and the way he used it. A player Mikan's size is regarded as unusual today only in high school. Almost every good college team has a man as big as Mikan was. The pendulum has swung so far that now the good little man is the rarity, the hero, in basketball.

These are just a few of the heroes from a decade ago. Fortunately, some of their contemporaries remain active today. If there are still real heroes in baseball, Ted Williams, Stan Musial and Warren Spahn—all survivors of the '40s—are the men. Williams, the ultimate in natural hitting, is a hero in the dramatic style, a man of tremendous skills and tremendous flaws. Musial, the ultimate in applied hitting, falls into the Horatio Alger pattern, from the coal mines to society, retaining modesty, naturalness and perspective. Spahn, both student and professor of pitching, fits the Carl Hubbell mold, as heady as he is strong. Mantle is a hero when he hits a home run.

Outside baseball, Sugar Ray Robinson and Archie Moore continue to dominate boxing. Bob Cousy, Pancho Gonzales and Lou Groza, in declining order, qualify as heroes.

But, within a few years, the veterans will be gone. They will leave a considerable void. Where are the replacements? They are, I'm afraid, in short supply. Of all the stars who have shone since 1950, the closest to heroism is Willie Mays. No one, not even DiMaggio or Speaker, could make catching a fly ball seem such a magical accomplishment as Mays does. Legs churning, eyes straining, arms waving, he patrols the outfield as recklessly and successfully as Wyatt Earp patrols the television screen. Mays fields, hits, throws and runs. But even he is not an old-fashioned hero. On the field, he is erratic. Off the field, he is falling victim to all the forces which work against producing a sports hero. The one quality that always distinguished Mays—his incomparable zeal and love for baseball—is disappearing. He is beginning to look at baseball as a business.

Who else ranks with Mays? Ron Delany? He hates to run for records. Bill Russell? A magnificent basketball player and nothing more. Bob Pettit? The same. Floyd Patterson? Who's he? Bob Anderson? The most exciting thing he ever says is "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." Billy Cannon? Even on his own LSU campus, he's less a hero than the defensive team, the so-called Chinese Bandits. Jimmy Brown? Strictly a football player, not a personality.

This, then, is the sports star of 1959. Away from his playing field, he dissolves, and, in a crowd, often totally escapes notice. He is immensely talented and wealthy, but at the same time he is uncommunicative, unconvincing, and, most significant, unexciting. He is a star, a name and an average. He is not, alas, a hero.

NEXT MONTH

The strange story of baseball's
"Morning glories."

CAN A PITCHER LOSE IT OVERNIGHT?

It is the baffling case of
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stature by aiming their cars at telephone poles. Hogan was a hero long before his accident. He approached golf as a unique challenge and he conquered it in his unique way. By deftly blending icy nerve and supreme concentration, he separated himself from the field.

In college football, Doak Walker, of Southern Methodist, epitomized the All-American boy. The last of the three-time All-America backs, Walker's profile splashed across the covers of countless magazines. With his talent, good looks, poise and stunning campus girl friend, he was, in every way, the classic campus hero. (Today, it is difficult for college students to consider a football player a hero. Sometimes, in fact, it is difficult for them to consider a football player a college student.)

In baseball, Joe DiMaggio, a brilliant combination of skill and dignity, made his play appear infinitely effortless and natural. On the field and off the field, he could rise to majestic heights. Even his marriage, to Marilyn Monroe, reached heroic dimensions. The great ballplayer married the celebrated beauty, and, when the union failed, a hero stumbled. In DiMaggio's time, Miss Monroe was not the only movie starlet who chose an athlete for a husband. Jane Russell discovered a handsome quarterback

ONE LEAGUE IS JUST LIKE THE OTHER

(Continued from page 33)

to use a low curve to stop him.

I'd say you have to pitch regularly and go around the league three or four times to pick up an effective "book." Once I had learned something about the hitters and had taken my spot in a regular starting rotation, I'm certain I could have done as well in the American League as I did in the National.

The same would apply for any good pitcher. Let's say we were to transfer three of the best pitchers in the American League to the National League, and do the same the other way around. Let's take Don Drysdale, Warren Spahn and Bob Friend from the National, and Whitey Ford, Bob Turley and Dick Donovan from the American. In a while, after making a few minor adjustments, and considering, of course, that they would get the same kind of support from their new teammates that they are getting now, they would have virtually the same records.

What kind of minor adjustments? Well, basically the two leagues are the same, but here are the differences I found after pitching in both places:

1. The strike zone is different. American League umpires tend to give pitchers a break on the high pitches, while in the National League the umpires help us out on the low ones.

2. Most American League ball parks are larger. The smaller parks help the home run output in the National League because the strong hitters, with closer targets in front of them,

almost always shoot for the long ball.

3. National League pitchers knock down more batters.

4. American Leaguers never accuse pitchers of throwing the "spitter."

5. National League fans seem more enthusiastic.

I always was most concerned with the difference in the strike zone. You see, I throw a lot of curve balls. I work the corners and keep the ball breaking low and away. National League umpires give you that low pitch. What I mean by that is the umps usually call strikes when the ball kicks low around the corners. In the American League, the umpires usually call pitches on the knee, balls, and give the pitcher strikes on the letter-high pitches.

Sometimes, a low-ball pitcher can get a bit discouraged in the American League. You throw one that cuts the corner low and the ump calls it a ball. So you feel that you have to come in higher with your next pitch and that's when the batters rack you. It happened to me last year when I was with the Yankees.

It was the seventh or eighth inning and we were tied, 2-2, in a game with Detroit. The Tigers had a man on second and Al Kaline was up. The count was two-and-two and I threw him a low curve. The ump called it a ball and the count was three-and-two. I didn't want to take a chance on walking him, so I decided I better not throw another low pitch. I had to come in up around the letters and Kaline rapped it for a single, knocking in the winning run.

Remember what happened in the 1956 World Series? I said then that I was happier working with a National League ump behind the plate. Well, that was true. NL umpires are more familiar with my pitching style and they are apt to watch a little closer when I throw the ball low, for the corners. I opened the Series for Brooklyn and beat the Yankees, 6-3. The National League's Babe Pinelli was the plate umpire.

Then we had a day of rain and after the next two games a lot of people thought it was my turn to pitch again. I didn't work until the fifth game, though, and people seemed to think I was waiting for a National League ump. That wasn't so. It doesn't make that much difference. Especially with as much at stake as a World Series. I took the extra day because my arm was stiff. Well, it was a mistake. The rest is history. I went up against Don Larsen and he pitched his perfect game. I lost, 2-0.

You know, it has often been said that the National League is the power league. I'll go along with that. There are some great sluggers in the league. Guys like Hank Aaron, Stan Musial, Willie Mays, Ed Mathews, Frank Robinson and Ken Boyer. They're helped along by the smaller parks. A National League pitcher must be more careful to keep the ball down. Otherwise, one swing and you can lose a ball game. A guy with a real blazing fast ball can get away with grooving high pitches, but only for as long as he can throw the ball past the batters. Once you start to lose a little off that fast one, look out! And, believe me, the hardest thing for a pitcher to realize is that he's lost

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TED WILLIAMS, FLY-TIER

EVER SINCE he was a scrawny kid of ten in San Diego, Calif., Ted Williams has been a fisherman. Today, the Red Sox slugger is recognized as one of the most versatile fishermen in the world. He has caught all kinds of trout; he has landed many New Brunswick salmon; and he has hooked Black Marlin, tarpon, giant bluefin tuna, bonefish, sailfish, black bass—even sharks. Yet Ted gets his greatest kick from making his own lures—the various types of flies used to attract certain species of fish.

Fly-tying is Ted's chief hobby. In recent years, he has turned out thousands of patterns, taking delight in giving them to friends who fish. He has two lockers at Fenway Park in Boston: one for his baseball gear, and one for tackle and fly-tying materials.

Williams' flies are excellent, matching professional standards. The only difference is that they're often larger than the average. Ted explains this: "They're easier for the fish to see."

A perfectionist—just as he is when batting—Ted ties flies with infinite skill and patience. His long fingers are nimble and his 20-20 vision enables him to produce minute details in his lures. It's a pleasure to watch him work with his vise, whip finisher, dubbing needle, hackle pliers, scissors and tweezers.

To make a fly, Ted places the shank of a hook in the vise, fashioning the body by winding materials around the hook. A head is added, plus a butt—a ruff or herl of chenille located at the tail end of the body. Then comes the hackle, consisting of a group of fibers from any bird feather—or several feathers—a tuft of animal hair, nylon fibers and other substances. Location depends upon the type of fly. Wings are then tied behind the head.

While Ted ties many of the conventional patterns, he also likes to originate his own flies. One, called the "Ted Williams Special," has become a top bonefish lure. It has a chenille body, the tail made from a Golden Pheasant crest. Wings are of bared rock-appearing material, one on each side in the middle of a golden saddle.

"Bonefish are one of my favorites," Ted says, "and they provide more action when taken on these flies. I tie flies because I've always been primarily a fly rod advocate. To me, there's

great sport in catching gamefish on light tackle, especially if they're going after flies I've made."

For taking largemouth bass, Ted ties the Weedless Hair-Wing, designed to keep the hook free from weeds and lily pads. Here's how Ted ties this fly: The hook is placed upside-down in the vise. Two or three turns of strong nylon or silk tying-thread are wound on the tip of the shank. Hair, generally from deer or caribou, is clipped in a section the diameter of a straw. Holding this firmly between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, Ted holds the dubbing needle in his right hand, removing the downy hairs found at the base before applying the section to the hook.

This section is then placed on the shank—natural tips pointing to the rear—and bound down with the working silk. Butts facing toward the front will now fan outwardly at right angles to the hook. Holding the working silk tightly in his right hand, Ted uses the thumb and forefinger of his left hand to bend the butts to the rear.

Another section of hair is now clipped from the hide, the fuzzy hairs removed at the base, and it's fastened on the hook as far back as previous work will allow. Ted again bends the butts rearward and secures them with a couple of turns of working silk in front of the hair.

For finishing touches, Ted utilizes hackle feathers to form the tail, with various color combinations put in the body; the head is lacquered; the bottom is rounded off evenly, hook being concealed completely in a high, fuzzy back. It takes Ted about three minutes to produce an intricate fly like this.

Bob Mattison, an amazing blind fly-tyer of Allston, Mass., has given Ted many tips in the art, and ties lures for him to use in southern waters.

Tying flies is a year-round pastime for Williams. One afternoon at Fenway Park, a box arrived for Ted. Opening it, he held up a dead bird, while other players gasped, thinking someone had played a joke on the big slugger. "These feathers will be great for hackles on my flies!" Ted yelled, delighted with the gift.

It's difficult to predict how much longer, Ted will be playing baseball, but it's certain that he'll be tying flies long after he has quit baseball.

—Tap Goodenough

some steam off his fast ball.

Look at what happened to Don Newcombe and Robin Roberts. They didn't know they had lost their speed, and it took a while before either of them changed his pitching style. I think, though, that they could have hung on top a little longer without making any changes if they had been pitching in the American League. A lot of those drives to left-center wouldn't have gone out of the big American League parks. In fact, many of them would have been caught.

Of course, in Newk's case, there were other factors. For one, when I was with him in Brooklyn, when he had that big season in 1956, Newk was throwing a real good change of pace. Then, when he started to slip, he wasn't throwing the change-up as much. I think that helped his fall, too. But, basically, it was the high, hard one. It just wasn't as hard, anymore.

Speaking of the high, hard one, you have to be careful not to fog it in real tight when you pitch in the American League. If a couple of pitches come in too close, everyone starts screaming about beanballs. Then the umps come right out there and tell you to cut it out, and that ends that. It's not that way in the National League. The brush-back pitch is accepted as part of the game. Sure, the umps tell you to cut it out. Why, when I was with the Giants, the umps would be warning us to keep the pitches away all through every big series with the Dodgers. But we kept firing.

Oh sure, every once in a while things get out of hand and there's a donnybrook. That happens in both leagues. In the National League, the players will take it a lot longer but tensions build up, and when they reach the boiling point, all hell can break loose. Just about the worst brawl I ever saw on a field took place in Ebbets Field in 1957. I wasn't involved in it, though. The Dodgers were playing Cincinnati and the Reds' pitcher, Raul Sanchez, was knocking down a lot of our guys. He threw tight to Junior Gilliam and really sent Junior sprawling. Gilliam decided to do something about it and dropped a bunt down the first-base line. The ball went into the air and rolled foul but Junior kept charging toward first and crashed into Sanchez. That started it. Everyone raced onto the field and began to throw punches. That was the time Charlie Neal socked Don Hoak, and after the game, Hoak vowed he would get Neal.

Another particularly wild ruckus that I remember broke out in the Polo Grounds toward the end of the 1952 season. I was with the Giants then and Brooklyn came in for a crucial series. Carl Furillo had been saying that Durocher was ordering our pitchers to throw at the Dodgers, and Carl said the next time a Giant threw at him, he would go after Leo. Well, it happened. Ruben Gomez hit Carl in the wrist. Furillo trotted down to first, then turned and took off for Leo in the dugout. In the tumult that followed, Carl broke his hand and had to sit out the last month of the season.

He was wrong about one thing, though. No manager on any club I ever played with actually instructed a pitcher to throw at any particular batter. The pitchers talk among themselves, though, and it's pretty common knowledge that certain guys don't like to be brushed back. Take Roy

Campanella, for instance. Pitchers always threw at Campy. It bothered him. He wasn't ever the same after a close one. Then there were guys like Jackie Robinson. Sure, pitchers threw at Jackie, but it never paid off. The close ones didn't bother him at all.

Over in the American League, though, I never heard pitchers talk about dusters or jamming a batter. They do it from time to time and immediately there's a big fuss. I think it's a question of tradition more than anything else. Guys in the American League aren't as used to it, so they squawk a lot more. But it's custom in the National League. It's a much older league, and in the old days, the guys played for keeps. Everyone went down three or four times. The batters learned to take it. That's the way it should be. After all, when a guy takes a toehold, he should be loosened up. I think the high, inside pitch is an important part of baseball and should be acknowledged as being part of the game.

Now, as far as the spitter goes, the story is reversed. All the crying comes from the National League. I never heard any "spitter" talk in any American League game. Over in the National League, though, sometimes things get ridiculous. Whenever Lew Burdette pitches, opposing managers keep calling for the ball and slowing down the game. It used to happen to me, too.

Back in 1952, I was pitching for the Giants against Cincinnati. Luke Sewell was managing the Reds then, and he kept asking to see the ball after every pitch. Then, Leo decided things were getting out of hand and he began doing the same thing to Cincinnati's pitchers. Finally, old Babe Pinelli, working back of the plate, called Sewell over. "Don't you be looking for the spitter," Pinelli said. "This guy's getting you out with curve balls." That ended that!

Another difference between the leagues, as I said, is fan reaction. I said that somehow the fans seem more enthusiastic in the National League. I also found that ballplayers in the National League do a lot more fraternizing with the fans. The stars talk to the guys in the stands and kid around with them before the games. Before I talk further about the fans, though, don't get me wrong. They certainly were great to me in both leagues.

I guess Ted Williams was thinking about the fans last year when he said, "All the American League has are the Yankees and me, and when I leave things are going to be pretty dull around here." Well, in a way he was right. Williams is a terrific drawing card in every town he plays in. That's why he's making such a big salary. Correspondingly, though, things are going to be a lot different in the National League when Stan Musial retires. As far as I'm concerned, Williams is the best hitter in the American League and Stan is the best in the National League. Baseball will miss both of them.

As far as things being dull, though, I think all you need is a close race in the American League and you'll see everyone pep up. The fans over there will become just as enthusiastic as the ones in the National League. The Yankee domination of the AL for this past decade is a bad thing from a fan's standpoint. People like the underdogs. They get disgusted with consistent winners. Why, the only

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time the Yankees really had a lot of fans rooting for them was in the last World Series. That was because they fell behind and had to get off the floor and make a great comeback.

Look at the way people rooted for the Giants when I was with them in 1951. When we started making that almost impossible run for the pennant, everyone in the country was pulling for us. Except in Brooklyn, of course. Talk about spirit, they sure had it over there. I'd have to rate the fans in Philadelphia as the roughest I've ever seen, but Brooklyn sure takes no second place for enthusiasm. When I was with the Giants, the Brooklyn fans really gave it to me. But they didn't bother me with their screaming. Matter of fact, they kept me awake. Then, when I joined the Dodgers, the fans rooted for me just as hard as they ever booed me. And that was plenty hard.

I never saw spirit in the American League to equal the NL brand, but, like I said, I'm sure the fans over there could be just as rabid if they got wrapped up in a hot pennant race.

With these few differences between the leagues, what would happen if we made the pitcher switch I mentioned before? I think Spahn and Friend would fit in immediately. Spahn has good control and lots of stuff. Those big parks surely wouldn't hurt him any. Friend has good control, too, and

he has a fine sinker ball and slider. All he'd have to do is be a little more careful with his low pitches. Drysdale might cause a bit of commotion with his big, sweeping motion. Don throws pretty tight inside to righthanded batters. But I'm sure that everyone would realize soon enough that he does that because of his natural motion, and that he isn't firing dusters.

Donovan would have no trouble coming from the American League to the National League. He keeps the ball low and throws that slider in on the hands. He'll give anyone trouble. It might take Ford and Turley a little longer to get adjusted. Whitey's a smart pitcher. He has good control and he really knows the hitters. Once he picked up a "book" on the National League, he'd be right in the groove.

Turley, on the other hand, might not be able to get away with his bread-and-butter pitch, the high, hard one. He wouldn't have to worry too much in big parks, like Milwaukee's, but he'd have to get the ball lower in the small parks. Many of those pitches he fires in high and outside are hit for fly-ball outs in Yankee Stadium, but they could fall in for homers in some National League parks. Once he learned to keep the high one inside and started mixing it up with low pitches, he'd win, too.

A good major-leaguer, you see, can do well in either league. When you call a guy a major-leaguer, you're paying him the highest possible baseball compliment. You're telling him that he has great talent, and you're telling him that he's a hard competitor. And when you talk about major-leaguers, you're talking about the fellows in the National League and the fellows in the American League. Because of them, most of all, one league is just like the other.

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(Continued from page 68)

had broken his left arm and his handlers wanted him to postpone the fight, but he wouldn't listen. In the second round, he hurt the arm again. He put it behind his back and continued to fight with his right. Then the right went bad, but he was still defiant. He dropped both his hands, stuck out his chin and challenged McFarland to knock him out.

"Well," a spectator remembers, "Tommy loaded up and let Wolgast have it. Down he went. Nobody expected him to get up. But he did. It was ten rounds to no decision."

Obviously Wolgast couldn't give and take in this fashion indefinitely, but the effects were slow in showing. He lost the title to Willie Ritchie in 1912, on a foul after 16 rounds. But he was still holding his own against top fighters four years later.

Wolgast didn't crack until 1920, when he went hopelessly insane. He was still a superb specimen physically, and in his remaining years, in a California state hospital, he followed a training program and talked of "another shot at that Nelson" until shortly before his death in 1955.

It is typical of boxing's bizarre history that Willie Ritchie, who took the title from Wolgast, was a gentleman who abided by the rules. Born Gerhard A. Steffen, he was a kid around the San Francisco clubs when a boxer by the name of Willie Richardson stood up a local promoter one night. Steffen eagerly stepped in, and the promoter had the boy introduced as "Willie Ritchie." The name stuck, and so did his reputation as an available and talented substitute.

In 1911 Wolgast came down with appendicitis on the eve of a match with Freddie Welsh. Ritchie was plucked out of the crowd and lost a close 20-round decision. The next winter, in Philadelphia, Willie substituted for Packey McFarland against Young Erne. It was a six-round no-decision bout, but he had Erne on the floor.

The title fight with Wolgast was a savage battle, but young Ritchie pressed the brawling defender so tirelessly that he tired and fouled out. Two years later Ritchie got a juicy offer to fight Freddie Welsh again in London. He thought he had Welsh's number, but he didn't reckon with the complications of British scoring. Welsh was given the decision after 20 rounds. Ritchie made a hit with the Londoners by refusing to criticize the controversial decision.

In 1915 Welsh and Ritchie boxed again, in New York, to no decision. Ritchie remained one of America's better lightweights for many years before he left boxing in 1928. Today he is a California boxing inspector.

That the weight limit for lightweights today is 135 pounds instead of 133, is Ritchie's doing. He made 133 for Wolgast, but changed the figure to 135 for his first defense, in 1913, and it has remained at that figure ever since.

The first to win the title at 135 pounds was Freddie Welsh, a colorful personality and a sound ring craftsman. When he came to this country as an immigrant youth from Pontypridd, Wales, his name was Frederick Hall Thomas. He hoboed all over the United States and Canada, and during his ramblings he got the idea that he

would like to make his living as a physical culture instructor.

Working around New York gyms, he began boxing. Bill Brown, who gave him five dollars for a six-round fight, dubbed him "Freddie Welsh." Within two years, he was a 20-round fighter. But the night he beat Ritchie, he didn't get a pound note. Willie's guarantee had gobbled up the gate receipts.

Welsh proved a capable champion. Twice he won from Ad Wolgast, and he took on most of the available tough guys. He had two fights with young Benny Leonard, losing a newspaper decision in the first and beating the kid resoundingly in a return.

After the second Leonard fight, an advisor told Welsh, "You were great but don't fight him again. He's coming up and you're going down. Stay away from him, or he'll knock you out for sure."

Welsh and his manager, Harry Pollok, ignored the advice. They made another match for May 28, 1917, at the old Manhattan Casino in New York. Leonard completely outclassed the veteran. In the ninth round, he floored Welsh three times with crisp rights. Another right draped Freddie over the ropes. He slipped to the floor, exhausted and thoroughly beaten.

Some hours later, Welsh learned that Pollok had bet their entire end, \$4,000, and that he didn't have a dime. Freddie went looking for his manager, and caught up with him in a midtown restaurant. He went berserk and bit Pollok's ear, completely severing part of it.

Though unpaid in two title fights, Freddie had earned some substantial purses and, on retiring in 1922, was worth about \$150,000. But a health farm at Long Hill, N. J., proved to be a bad investment, and at his death in 1927, at the age of 41, he left his widow without property and with very little money.

The title transition from Freddie Welsh to Benny Leonard was dramatic. Benny relished his title and gladly made personal sacrifices to stay up there. He constantly tried to improve himself. The net result was such perfection that it became news whenever Leonard's dignity was even mildly ruffled, like the time Willie Ritchie blackened his eye. Or the time Soldier Bartfield messed his slicked-down hair.

By 1924, after his second fight with Lew Tendler, Benny had been supreme for seven years. Experts of the era predicted he would be king for at least five years more. He had cleaned up all old rivals, and no new ones were in sight. Instead, he amazed them all by retiring in 1925 at the age of 29. The announcement was made by his mother in an exclusive interview granted to Francis Albertanti of the New York Telegram. "I never liked his fighting," she was quoted as saying. "Now he has made me very happy by saying he will stop for my sake."

But others believed the truth went deeper. For several years Leonard hadn't been completely happy with Billy Gibson, his manager. Benny thought open-handed Billy was irresponsible in handling their money.

Even before joining Gibson, Leonard had been a reasonably well established fighter. He'd had 50 fights and was well known as a "ticket

seller" in his neighborhood, the East Side of New York.

Because his mother objected to his boxing, he balked at using his real name of Benjamin Leiner. So, as Benny Leonard, his career was launched.

He developed into a fast-circling, fast-jabbing youngster who never paused long enough to inject power into his blows. Benny's buddies followed him loyally. They traveled together in buses to different clubs. They sat in a special rooting section. And as Benny feinted and moved and jabbed with exciting precision, they cheered.

Leonard was getting some fights at the Fairmont Club, and he gravitated toward Billy Gibson, who ran the club. A restaurateur and politician in The Bronx, Gibson delegated the schooling of Leonard to George Engel, Harry Greb's tutor. How well Engel did his job was evident some months later.

Leonard was matched with Joe Mandot, a proven campaigner, at the Harlem Sporting Club in December, 1915. The change was apparent. Instead of the old jab, jab, jab, he was sticking and crossing crisply. He knocked out Mandot in the seventh.

Gibson soon was booking him outside of New York. To the Manhattan-reared Benny, the rest of America was a vague land of mystery. George Engel didn't help when he filled the impressionable youth with stories of easterners being tomahawked in Indian ambushes. Once there was a Wild West show entering the Kansas City depot at the same time as Benny's train. He got one look at the Indians and refused to leave the train until reassured they weren't after his scalp.

Within a year, Leonard was champion, but possession of the title only stirred him to greater efforts at self-improvement. Mannie Seamon, who trained Benny later, once recalled his hard work in the gym.

"Some days at Grupp's he'd box with two fellows at the same time—two bantamweights, so as to develop extra-quickness. The day after a fight, he'd come around and work on any mistakes he thought he'd made."

It was Mannie's opinion that Leonard rarely went all out in a fight and frequently carried opponents, especially those with whom money could be drawn in rematches.

Ike Bernstein, the veteran Chicago fight figure, often told a story of his planning a pre-arrangement with Benny on the Charley White fight in 1920, at Benton Harbor, Mich. "It was Billy Gibson's idea," He would say. "Leonard was to go along with White and then fight him again in Newark. I managed White but I didn't trust him. So I told Benny, 'Be careful, he'll try to slip one over on you. You know the sucker can punch with that left hook.'"

Bernstein knew White, all right. In the fifth round at Benton Harbor, as Leonard casually backed toward the ropes, White, a left-hook specialist, let go his best shot. It caught Benny high on the head and he toppled over. This was a ring with no apron and only two ropes, instead of three. As Leonard went back, his legs became entangled in the bottom rope and he dangled, head down, just above his own corner. His brother Charley shoved Benny back up, and he got back into the ring at the count of five, not hurt so much as surprised. Now alerted, Leonard flattened White in

the eighth, and there was no second match.

Leonard's closest escape from a knockout occurred against Richie Mitchell in 1921 at old Madison Square Garden. Benny had stopped Mitchell four years earlier and Richie was considered a safe opponent, so Leonard was unusually confident when chatting with Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, who was a friend of his.

Rothstein asked him what he figured he could do against Mitchell. Benny told the betting man that he thought it would be an easy fight. "I probably could knock him out in the first round," he said.

The betting appeal of a first-round knockout rang a bell with Rothstein. He indicated he would bet \$25,000, with a piece of it going for Leonard. As a result, the usually calm champion was over-anxious when the fight began. Still, he briskly fainted Mitchell into an early opening and drove across a right that sat him down. That took 50 seconds.

Mitchell got to his feet at nine and tried to hold. Leonard pulled himself free, stepped back in with a left hook, and Richie was on the floor again, a gash under his eye bleeding freely. A minute and 15 seconds had passed.

Mitchell was reeling as he beat the count. Leonard fired a left and right to his chin, a shiver went through his body and he slowly sank back to the canvas. The clock showed a minute and 30 seconds.

Mitchell managed to get up at eight, and as he ran into a two-handed barrage, there were shouts of "Stop it!" But he fought back, scoring to Leonard's face. The crowd that had been pitying him was now cheering him for the comeback. Two minutes were gone.

Impatient and annoyed by Mitchell's retaliation, Benny moved boldly to finish the job he felt was practically completed. But before he got off a punch, Mitchell met him with a left to the body and a right on the chin. Benny stiffened, then crumpled to the deck, seemingly hurt worse than Richie had been on any of his three knockdowns. With 35 seconds left it was Leonard who was on the hook.

Benny's brain was muddled and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. Still, his generalship hadn't deserted him. At seven, as he dragged himself up, he pretended he was in full command of all his faculties. He nodded knowingly to his corner. Then he waved to Mitchell to come in and fight. Richie hesitated and decided to be discreet. And then the round was over.

Leonard's daring act had saved him. If he had moved, his shaky legs would have betrayed him. "I was out on my feet," Benny recalled later, "but I knew I couldn't show weakness or Mitchell would have stepped in and murdered me."

The rest of the fight was a slaughter, with Leonard dishing out the punishment. Mitchell was down four more times before the referee finally stopped it in the sixth round.

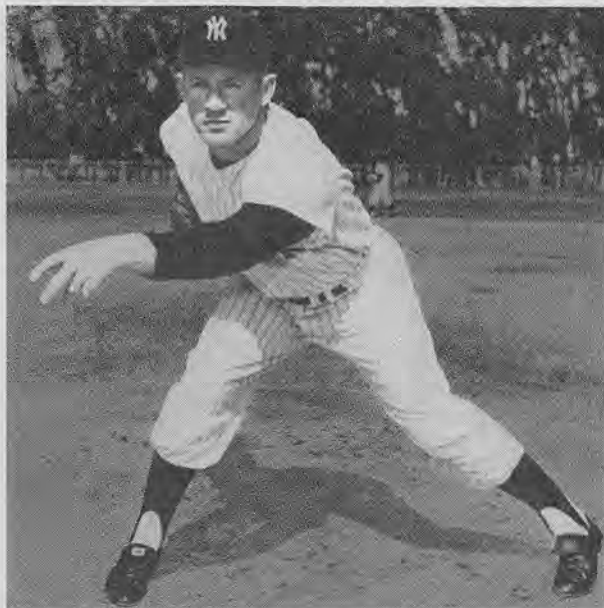
This master psychologist of the ring bluffed his way out of trouble again in his first fight with Lew Tendler, at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, in 1922.

Nat Fleischer wrote in his book, "Leonard The Magnificent": "In the eighth round, Tendler, the southpaw great, crossed a left to Leonard's chin. Benny's head drooped forward. You sensed he was going to drop. But he

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didn't. He reached forward and pulled Tendler into his grip.

"Lew struggled to get free but Benny wasn't going to permit it. And, as they tugged, Leonard whispered to Tendler. Later he told the writer what he'd said and this was it: 'Listen Lew, that was a good punch but I can get fresh, too.'"

"The remark took Tendler off stride. He became furious at Leonard and forgot his purpose. By the time he had cooled down, Leonard was his poised self again. Benny maintained control of the fight for the rest of the 12-round no-decisioner."

The next year, when they were rematched for 15 rounds in Yankee Stadium, the crowd came out to see if Tendler could put across this time what he had almost managed at Jersey City. The attendance was 58,519, the receipts \$452,648, a record for a match below the heavyweight class. It wasn't bettered until the return bout between Ray Robinson and Randy Turpin 28 years later.

Leonard had not been idle before the fight. He had worked out a plan for dealing with a southpaw—left hooks under a right lead, right crosses over a left guard. He never deviated from this pattern throughout the fight, and the result was a severe licking for Tendler.

W. O. McGeehan, in the New York Herald, wrote, "Certainly, if six years of defending the title have worn Leonard down, he did not show it. If there is nothing better than Tendler around, Leonard is safe for another six years."

In the most controversial finish of his career, against Jack Britton, Benny lost on a foul in the 13th round in 1922, while challenging for the welter-

weight title. Broadway smart money insisted Leonard wasn't trying to win.

"They didn't know the facts," his brother Joe said. "Benny did not hit Britton when he was down. Britton was hunched over, but he was clear of the floor. Just before, Benny had jackknifed Britton with a left hook to the body. Britton started to claim he'd been hit low and Referee Patsy Haley stepped between the fighters."

"Now this was the situation. Haley hadn't disqualified Benny. And if Britton was down, why hadn't Haley counted over him? It was natural for Benny to suspect he was getting the business, so he charged past Haley and let a punch go. That cost him the fight."

When Leonard retired, "for Mom," he made her a gift of \$100,000. At the time he was worth \$700,000. But the stock market crash practically wiped him out and he tried a comeback in 1931. It ended with a knockout at the hands of Jimmy McLarnin the next year.

Leonard later became a New York State Athletic Commission referee. It wasn't the wisest thing for him to do, according to doctor friends, since he had picked up 30 pounds over his fighting weight. But he couldn't stay away.

On an unseasonably warm spring night in 1947, he was working an entire card at St. Nick's. In the last bout he collapsed. A commission physician, clambering into the ring, pronounced him dead of a heart attack. He was 51.

Leonard's departure in 1925 as retired, undefeated champion had left a gap difficult to fill. The winner of an elimination tournament was Jimmy Goodrich of Scranton, Pa., an undistinguished fighter who held the title

only a few months. Rocky Kansas followed Goodrich and also lasted less than a year.

There were bona fide skills in Sammy Mandell, who defeated Kansas in 1926. Mandell had a fine left hand and could move. A handsome youth of Syrian parentage from Rockford, Ill., he was known as the Rockford Sheikh.

Mandell scored many notable victories. He beat Jimmy McLarnin in a 1928 title match and took Tony Canzoneri the next year. But he blew his title on a first-round knockout by Al Singer in 1930. In later years Mandell contended he had been doped. Others insisted Sammy had simply passed his peak. The record shows he never beat a class fighter thereafter and was being knocked out by ordinary fighters when he quit in 1934.

Singer, from New York's Bronx, lost his title exactly as he won it. Tony Canzoneri destroyed Al in one round just four months after he beat Mandell.

Not long ago Sammy Goldman, Canzoneri's old manager, said Tony had called it to a T. "The fight was held up ten minutes for radio and Tony nudged me, saying, 'Look at him over there, he's shaking. Nobody shaking like that is going to take charge of Canzoneri.' Some left hooks in the body, a right cross to the chin and it was all over."

Canzoneri, New Orleans-born but New York-developed, had won and lost the featherweight title before taking the lightweight crown a few days after his 22nd birthday. He added the junior welterweight crown the next year and was busy defending both thrones. In three years, from 1931 through 1933 he took part in 11 championship fights.

In 1933 Canzoneri put his lightweight title on the line against upcoming Barney Ross at Chicago.

"Without being egotistical," Tony said—and the word came out very smoothly—"I think I won." There was a return in New York. "I think I won there, too," Tony added. But Ross won both decisions.

Ross outgrew the lightweights by 1935 without ever having defended the title. Canzoneri won it back by beating Lou Ambers in an elimination. Lou had been his sparring partner and thereby hangs a tale relating to their return match, when Ambers won the title.

While they were training together, Ambers would notice that Canzoneri inevitably smoked a cigar after the workout. He'd remonstrate with Tony: "It will cut your wind, everybody says you shouldn't smoke." Canzoneri simply would smile indulgently.

On the night of Ambers' triumph over Tony, the first thing Lou said, on poking his head past the door to the loser's room, was: "See, Tony, I told you not to smoke those cigars."

Ambers, who lacked the natural ring gifts of a Canzoneri or a Ross, was a fabulously gritty competitor. Once he suffered a broken jaw midway in a fight with Fritzie Zivic but finished 10 rounds—and won.

Lou, who came from Herkimer, N.Y., had been brought out of obscurity by Al Weill, then better known as a matchmaker than as a manager. Weill maneuvered him into the big opportunity against Canzoneri in 1936 and kept him up there for four years, barring a one-year interruption in which Henry Armstrong held the title.

The two-fight Ambers-Armstrong rivalry was primitive and punishing.

Armstrong took the first and Ambers the second. It washed up both of them, although this didn't become apparent until later.

In Lou's case, the damage showed in his next defense, against Lew Jenkins. Jenkins toyed with Ambers and knocked him out in seven rounds in 1941, and Ambers quit within a year.

Not that Jenkins, a harum-scarum character from Milburn, Tex., did not have legitimate stature as a puncher. His right, traveling no more than ten inches, had a mule-like wallop. But he was a guitar-strumming irresponsible who eventually lost his punch, tried a couple of comebacks and finally settled down as an Army career soldier.

Sammy Angott, a strong-armed spoiler from Washington, Pa., wrote finis to Jenkins as a champion in 15 dreadful rounds in 1941, two weeks after Pearl Harbor. A year later, at the age of 27, he announced his retirement.

The war years churned up lots of lightweight competition but precious few high-class performances. Bob Montgomery won New York recognition in 1943 by defeating ex-shoe shine boy Beau Jack. Jack won the

sional fight people knew.

Jimmy, transplanted from Aiken, S. C., had been boxing out of New York for five years. He'd won much more often than he lost, but he'd found gainful ring employment hard to come by. He even had to go to Australia for decent matches.

He was an impressive winner over Williams and many believed that he would now come into his own. He had all of a champion's weapons, but his record was strangely spotty.

Within a year, he lost his title to Mexican club fighter Lauro Salas. That Lauro wasn't much was demonstrated in October, 1952, when Carter easily regained his title. Subsequently he continued spotty. But in title fights he belted out Tommy Collins (ten knockdowns), George Araujo (his No. 1 contender) and Armand Savoie (who beat him over the weight).

Then, on March 5, 1954, Carter, a 4-to-1 favorite, was outfought by Paddy DeMarco in 15 rounds in New York. DeMarco's success was completely unexpected, since the Brooklyn veteran had come back from shoddy campaigning the previous year. Carter had been painfully lackadaisical in the middle rounds.

In the fall of 1954 Carter met DeMarco again in San Francisco. This time he was on the ball from the beginning. A crumpled Paddy was stopped in the last round. Thus the solemn-faced Carter had become the first to have three separate terms as lightweight champion. But he had pushed his luck too far and the next time he wasn't able to bounce back.

On June 29, 1955, in Boston, he lost the title for the third time on a close decision to Wallace (Bud) Smith, a Cincinnati graduate of amateur ranks who, appropriately, had worked previously as an embalmer. At 26, Smith had never won a really big fight before, but he had strength in his legs and a fair left hand.

When he fought a return with Carter in Cincinnati, the near-hero was Jimmy, who again lost a close one. Smith, the champ, was no hero at all. He was virtually knocked out in the 13th, and just managed to stagger home.

But even as the specter of mediocrity seemed to be setting in—Smith hasn't won a fight since in 11 tries—a new fighting champion in the old mold was coming out of obscurity. Joe Brown, a 30-year-old trial horse for both lightweights and welterweights was given first crack at Smith's shaky title on August 24, 1956, and proceeded to win an easy decision. In a rematch, he knocked out the Cincinnati fighter and suddenly blossomed out as a fighting champ.

In 1957 he knocked out contenders Orlando Zulueta and Joey Lopes, and then went hunting for bigger game, knocking out highly regarded Ralph Dupas last year and following up with a decision over left-hooking Kenny Lane. He lost an over-the-weight match to Johnny Busso late last year and obliged him with a title shot in the rematch, only to win again.

Maybe it's not fair to compare the current champion with the immortal Benny Leonard, but we have a feeling that Benny isn't spinning in his grave over the fate of the lightweight division. It's in good hands, and it's as popular and exciting as it ever was.

And it will probably remain that way for a long time to come.

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one-state title later that year, only to have Montgomery take it back again in 1944.

Angott, returning, was accepted as NBA champion in 1943 but bowed to Juan Zurita, a swarming little Mexican, in 1944. The beginning of better things arrived when Ike Williams knocked out Zurita in two rounds on April 18, 1945.

Williams, a wasp-waisted belter from Trenton, N. J., was surly and self-dedicated. The first time writers saw him smile was the night he stretched Montgomery in 1947. Bob had humiliated him in 1944 by knocking him out.

Personality aside, Ike was an admirable workman. He had all the moves—an unerring left jab, a short, hard right cross and the ability to shift from head to body and vice versa. His best years were 1946, 1947 and 1948. Time caught up with him finally in 1951 when Jimmy Carter captured his title on a 14th round knockout in Madison Square Garden.

"Carter, who's he?" millions around the country asked after watching him win on TV. The hard core of profes-

PIERSALL IS STILL BATTLING

(Continued from page 25)

would make an appearance. He did more than that. He wrote to the executives of Paramount Pictures, requesting them to send a print of his movie, *Fear Strikes Out*, as a favor to him. They did, and the film was shown at a Tucson theater with Jimmy appearing personally. The entire proceeds went to the Mental Health drive.

Always forthright, Piersall says he gets as much benefit from speaking to mental health groups as his audience does. "It's a great help to bring your problems out in the open and discuss them with others. The pattern in a mental illness is always the same. You feel alone. Your mind gets tired. Then your body becomes physically tired. By discussing the problems of others, yours seem small and you stop feeling sorry for yourself."

In retrospect, Piersall is positive his mental illness is actually the best thing that happened to him. The experience is conclusive proof to Jimmy that "everything happens for the best."

"Look how it works out," he says. "When we had only two children, things were tough. We had nothing. Now we have six, and a seventh due in October, and I make a good living. My wife is happy, the children are all healthy and we consider them a gift from God."

The Piersalls now own a 17-room, nine-bedroom house in Newtonville, just outside of Boston. He earns a fine baseball salary and, in addition, is the head of Jimmy Piersall, Inc., a rapidly growing food brokerage company, which he hopes will provide for his family comfortably after his baseball career is ended.

"But what put me on my feet financially," he says, "was my mental illness." From it came his book, a magazine condensation of it, the television production of his story, and finally the movie.

"People think I cashed in big," he says. "Believe me, I didn't get rich. But it helped eliminate the dread of poverty from my life."

Piersall actually began to work on the book with no intention of writing one. "I got the idea," he says, "to find out what caused my mental sickness. I started to go back in my mind and think of what had happened to me from my earliest boyhood. I began to write notes."

Coincidentally, Al Hirshberg, a writer friend, told Jim he had received a query from the *Saturday Evening Post*, which was interested in a story on Piersall. "I showed him my notes," Jimmy recalls, "and when we began to talk, Al realized we had enough material for a book. I talked it over with my dad, my doctors and my parish priest. The doctors were in favor of it because they felt telling my story would give me a mental lift. My

priest approved because my experience showed how my faith in God never wavered."

In a sense, Piersall's dad would have to be the villain of the story. It was the elder Piersall's fierce determination to have his son become a star for the Red Sox that contributed heavily to Jimmy's breakdown. "Dad said if other fathers could learn anything at all from our lives, he'd be glad to have the story told," Jimmy says. "Of course, Dad also knew that I realized anything he ever tried to do was for my best interests. He always loved me."

Jimmy's mother and dad, both 73, recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They still live in Waterbury, Conn., in the same house where Jimmy grew up. The cold water flat, however, now has gas heat and has been remodeled. Although he supports his parents, they refuse to accept Jimmy's offer to buy them another house.

Jimmy's mother, who required treatment in mental institutions for long periods of time during Jimmy's boyhood, recently underwent a major operation from which she has fully recovered. Piersall's dad, a retired painter, spends his leisure time keeping scrapbooks for his son. "He's got a whole library full of them," Jimmy says.

Things never have come easy for Jimmy in baseball. "In the minors they told me I'd never make it because I was too small," he recalls. "They said I'd never hit enough."

By intense concentration, he made himself into one of the finest center-fielders in history. With the exception perhaps of Willie Mays, no present-day outfielder can successfully play the position as shallow as the sinewy 185-pound six-footer. "I never relax out there," he says. "I watch the pitch from the moment it leaves the pitcher's hand until it hits the bat. I try to see it come off the bat and I can tell immediately where it's going."

A keen student, he practically memorizes each blade of grass in the outfield before the game. "I walk around my position until I can tell by the feel of my feet exactly where I am. I, that way I can run after a ball without worrying about crashing into a fence."

Because Jimmy "has three times the energy of the ordinary player," to quote a teammate, he has to find ways to burn it up. Thus, at times, he appears irrepresible, causing those who are unfamiliar with him to wonder whether he is reverting to mixed-up 1952.

Those who were with him then and now such as Dick Brodowski, who roomed with him this spring, claim there is no comparison. "In those days," Brodowski says, "Jim always was putting on a show. Now he just clown around the way most of the guys do."

Jimmy explains why he's so talkative. "I'm highstrung, and barbering helps me ease tensions. That's how I relax."

For the same reason he also sings at the plate. It started one day when he was so tight he seemed to be wringing the sawdust out of his bat. He talked to Joe Cronin about it. "Why don't you whistle when you step into the box?" Cronin asked. "It will help

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you relax and you'll do better."
"I can't whistle," Piersall confessed, "but I can sing."

Some catchers disagree. "Sherman Lollar tells me I'm a lousy singer," Jimmy laughs. Others will ask him before the game, "What are you gonna sing today, Jimmy?"

"It could be a pop tune, a Jewish song, anything," he says. "But when Joe Paparella is umpiring behind the plate, I always give him an Italian song. He likes that." The umpires say that if Jimmy gets a hit the first time up, he'll repeat the same song all afternoon. And if he's on a hot streak, they may hear the same song for a whole week.

Piersall is grateful to the umpires for understanding his temperament. "If I stopped arguing, I couldn't play," he insists. "The biggest thing I still have to learn is how far to go."

Jimmy is fined several times a year because of his run-ins with the men in blue. Umpire John Stevens insists Jimmy gets no special treatment now. "We were more tolerant in 1952 because we could see something was wrong. When he argues on a strike, I say to him, 'If you want to stay in the game, Jimmy, you've got to keep quiet the same as the rest of the boys.' He says, 'Okay, John,' and that's it."

Piersall doesn't carry over an argument the following day. "He'll come up and talk and act as though it never happened," Stevens says.

Frank Tabacchi tells about the time he thumbed Jimmy for arguing about a play in which he wasn't involved; "He said to me, 'I'll never talk to you again.' And he tried not to, but after a couple of days he broke down."

Piersall enjoys chattering with umpires and rival players. He kids with Baltimore pitcher Billy Loes more than the others. He'll yell to Loes, "Hey Billy, you're crazier than me." When Loes reportedly asked to be traded to the Indians, Jimmy sent him the message: "Bring your own couch. The ones we have are full."

"I only kid the guys I like," Jimmy says, but then he seems to like everybody. In explaining why he goes out

of his way to tease Casey Stengel, Jim says he has a special fondness for the Yankee manager. "We wear the same numbers," he says. "I tell Casey he's the richest 37 in the league and I'm the poorest. I imitate his walk. Last year I criticized him for getting on Mantle publicly."

Casey's admitted admiration for Piersall's skill is so great that he recently told an audience, "He made six of the greatest catches I ever saw. Not one—six!"

"I'm proud to say," Piersall has announced more than once, "I'm one of the few guys whose name Casey knows."

Jimmy has come to realize that it's impossible to please everybody. But it's apparent to those around him that he wishes he could. He was deeply hurt during spring training to receive clippings of a paragraph in a Boston sports column which read: "Some observers who have been at this camp (Scottsdale, Ariz.) from opening day think the Red Sox a more relaxed, friendly team this spring. They don't attribute this to the climate or change in locale so much as the departure of Joe Cronin and Jim Piersall, who were not universally popular with the players."

During the Arizona exhibition games between the Indians and the Red Sox, Jimmy made it a point to discuss the clipping with his former mates. Happily, he reported, "They all agreed it was bush."

But Jimmy is aware that he wasn't loved by every member of the Bosox. In discussing Piersall with several of the Red Sox, this was a typical response: "I liked him, but some of the other guys probably didn't."

There was a temporary clash between Ted Williams and Piersall in 1956. As one observer remembers it, the Red Sox were losing 4-0 in the late innings of one game and Piersall, the leadoff man, bunted. After the game, Williams called him on it, saying it was "lousy baseball." Piersall took exception, arguing that it was a good "surprise" maneuver. They carried on a running tiff for a while.

Williams, wishing to put an end to the fencing with his teammate, finally decided to ignore Jimmy, and they didn't speak the rest of the season. The following spring, Williams' first move upon entering the clubhouse was to approach Piersall, stick out his hand and say with a laugh, "C'mon, Jimmy. Let's get along this year. It may be my last."

Piersall eagerly grabbed Williams' hand. He had wanted to make up with his hero many times, but somehow felt he'd be losing face if he made the first move.

Piersall considers Williams "the greatest," and gratefully acknowledges, "I owe him an awful lot. He helped me plenty. When I used to be up at the plate, I had a fear of getting hit. He told me, 'Look, you simply can't play in the big leagues if you have that fear. You've got to bear down and overcome it.' He never mentioned it again but I've never forgotten his words. Thanks to him, I've overcome my fear."

Evidence of their present friendship are three pairs of slacks Jimmy recently gave Ted as a gift. In return, Jimmy received six sport shirts from his hero. Knowing him to be a doting father of six, the Splinter often shows Piersall photos of his own nine-year-old daughter, whom he openly adores.

On the subject of sportswriters, there never will be agreement between Williams and Piersall. Ted often "eats them for breakfast." Piersall remains a close friend to all the writers who regularly cover the Red Sox. "Why should the writers and players be enemies?" Piersall asks. "We're both in baseball together. The average player needs the writers, and they need him."

Although he has many friends among the Red Sox, Piersall says he never became buddy-buddy with any particular player off the field. "A lot of older folks around the league are my friends," he says, "and I visit with them. I can relax more in their company and they make me feel at home."

With the Indians, Jimmy engages in hot pinochle games, playing each card as intently as he plays baseball, and his new teammates have been delighted at his antics.

"I like a fun club," manager Joe Gordon says. "Jimmy helps loosen up the team. He fits in perfectly, works hard and has a lot of fun. I'm letting him go his way, have his kicks. I know he'll play his heart out."

Despite the friendships he already has established in Cleveland, Piersall confesses it has been a real hardship to be away from Boston. "I miss my family," he says. "My wife can't move six children here. It's lucky we can afford help so she can come to Cleveland occasionally. When she first heard about the trade, she cried. It meant our family would be separated."

Piersall not only is worrying about "starting all over in a new city," he also knows that he must prove his 1958 average of .237, the worst of his career, was a fluke.

"One ambition in my life," he says, "is to play in a World Series. Cleveland has the makings of a fine team and I'll break my neck to make it a winner. I want to show Frank Lane he made no mistake in getting me."

To help Jimmy face his newest battle are Ted Williams' encouraging words: "A player reaches his prime at 29."

Piersall is exactly 29.



"Now there's something you don't often see!"

(Continued from page 46)

on. Instead, the calluses peel, the blisters break and the process starts all over again. It's painful, but Skowron has given up trying to find a cure. He suffers in silence.

Another big problem is that even his muscles have muscles. Skowron accepts this with mixed emotions. He recalls with pride that first day he performed for Stengel in Chicago. "I batted with the subs," he says, "but Joe DiMaggio called me back to hit with the regulars. Then Johnny Mize asked me where I got all the muscles. And gee, he's a pretty big guy himself."

Skowron's muscles are the short, bunched ones of the weightlifter or furniture mover. In baseball, a game of quick stops and starts, they are prone to pulls, tears and assorted mischief. Ask Skowron what his ambition in life is, and he'll tell you: "I'd like to go through a season without getting hurt."

He carries his roster of injuries around in his head like a list of great disasters. "In '54," he says of his first year with the Yankees, "I only played 80 games. I didn't get hurt, but I was platooned. In '55 I tore a leg muscle. In '56 I had a broken thumb in spring training. It happened in Clearwater when I got hit by a pitched ball. The umpire said I didn't get hit, but my thumb was broke. In '57 I hurt my back carrying an air conditioner. This year, I injured my back in a spring training game."

Nowadays, when Skowron makes his winter rounds as good-will ambassador for the Yankees and the Hormel meat packing concern, he makes jokes about '57. "From now on, when I have to do anything with an electrical appliance," he tells his audience, "I call Betty Furness."

Last year Skowron pulled a muscle in his lower back and was hobbled for much of the season. It was also the first year in his career that he failed to hit at least .300. He finished the season with an average of .273.

"The trouble is," he says, "that when I get hurt it's no two-day job. I'm out two, three weeks. Then when I come back I'm all off and I can't do anything right."

Another possibility is that Skowron is sometimes pushed back too soon. That was the case after the air conditioner accident, when Stengel pushed the panic button and rushed a well-girdled Skowron into the lineup. He lasted only until he had to stoop for the first ground ball.

The Yankees sent Skowron to the Mayo Clinic last winter to find out why he was so injury prone. They might have saved the money because their own Dr. Sidney Gaynor, and Skowron himself, knew the answer. He's got strong muscles, but they're delicate. After a careful examination, the doctor prescribed swimming for the arm and leg muscles and exercises for the back. Skowron followed a rigid winter regimen, doing the swimming at a YMCA and the exercises at home every day. It surprised no one that he started right out hitting the ball harder than anybody else the day spring training opened. So maybe this will be the year when he hits .400 or thereabouts, and the predictions everybody has been making will finally start coming true.

One of the people who has been

making them is Gil McDougald, the man Skowron feels closest to on the Yankees. McDougald, the versatile infielder, is one of the most erudite of the Yankees. "Moose," he says, "is a hell of a ballplayer. Some day he'll lead the league. He'll forget about everything and just hit. He's the kind of guy who needs a pat on the back. He needs it when he's going good and he needs it when he's going bad."

Stengel seems to agree with this attitude. He says nice things to Skowron every chance he gets. In St. Petersburg this spring, for example, Joe Collins, who used to play first base for the Yankees, was a clubhouse visitor. "I want you to meet Mr. Skowron," Stengel shouted, making sure he had everybody's attention. "He's the man who took your job away from you. But don't feel bad—Skowron's hitting .900." Actually at the time it was .556.

"When the Moose gets upset," McDougald says, "I try to comfort him. I say, 'Look, the pitcher's twice as worried as you are when he sees you up there.' He thinks he should get a hit every time. I tell him that even Ruth and Gehrig went oh-for-four."

When Skowron goes a few games without a hit, he starts asking for advice and listening to all of it. Pretty soon he's a misfit at the plate, trying to please everybody and making no one happy but the opposition. His eagerness for a hit leads him to swing at bad pitches, hit into double plays, and drives Stengel wild.

"What I'm having him do," coach Bill Dickey said in St. Petersburg this spring, "is just watch the ball. I have him stand at the plate while a pitcher is warming up, and just look at the ball. I make him bunt—and see the ball hit the bat."

Dickey has noticed that Skowron turns his head while swinging. "But I been doing it for eight years," Bill protested, "and I always hit. For a while, I didn't even know what a slump was. Last year was my only bad year."

Dickey says the bad habit will be straightened out as long as Skowron remembers not to take his eye off the ball. "I don't tell him not to turn his head," Dickey said. "It wouldn't be natural. I just want him to see the ball when he hits it. Then it doesn't matter how far he pulls that head around."

Dickey's other spring project involved work on Skowron's attitude. "I told him," Dickey explained, "that it's all right to go up there and expect to get a hit. But you have to know that those pitchers are pretty smart and they don't want to give you anything to hit. What's the good of catching the ball on the handle? You hit it, but you don't get a base hit."

"I'm like Yogi that way," Skowron explains. It's true that both of them can reach out and drop a bad pitch into the seats. That's why they both drive in so many runs. But the comparison doesn't go all the way. In 1958 Berra, who didn't have a good year, struck out 35 times. He also got 35 bases on balls. Skowron struck out 69 times. He got 29 walks.

If Skowron learned his lessons this spring, he can be an important man by the end of the season. A lot of people would like to see it happen, because Bill is such a nice guy.



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A HANDY GUY NAMED SANDE

(Continued from page 48)

career. They stayed on to cheer for Morvich, Grey Lag and Zev, and, later on, for Reigh Count, Gallant Fox and Twenty Grand. There was a need for a two-legged hero, too.

The homage fell to Sande. It might have been an accident, caused by three stanzas of doggerel. For Sande had been in the big time for five years in 1923, an outstanding and greatly admired jockey, but there were others of equal stature: Clarence Kummer, Man o' War's regular rider; Frankie Keough; Chick Lang; Laverne and Mark Fator. But they didn't have those three stanzas.

It happened one day at Belmont Park in New York when Zev, given a magnificent ride by Sande, ran away from the distinguished English Derby winner, Papyrus, to win by five lengths before a howling crowd of 45,000. Up in the press box, Damon Runyon shaded his eyes, bent over his typewriter and tapped out:

*Maybe we'll find another—heady
and game, and true.
Maybe we'll find his brother—at
drivin' them horses thru.
Maybe, but say, I doubt it. Never
his likes agin—
Never a handy guy like Sande
bootin' them babies in.*

*It was green and white at the
quarter. Say, I can see him now.
Ratin' 'em as he oughter—workin'
'em up—and now
It's green and white in the home-
stretch. Who do you think will
win?
Who but a handy guy like Sande
kickin' that baby in.*

*Maybe we'll find another—yes, in
a hundred years.
Maybe we'll find his brother—
with his brains above his ears.
Maybe, but I'll lay agin it—a mil-
lion bucks to a fin.
Never a handy guy like Sande
bootin' them babies in.*

Runyon was writing honest sentiment, honestly inspired and arrived at. He probably hadn't any idea he was contributing to the birth of a legend. Nevertheless, after that piece was published, if you tapped an average American and said, "Name a jockey," chances were he'd answer, "A handy guy like Sande." That's the way things worked in those days. Grantland Rice once wrote an affectionate lead, likening the Notre Dame backfield to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, "known in dramatic lore as famine, pestilence, destruction and death," which catapulted the four Irish runners into posterity.

How good was Sande? Well, in 14 years of riding he won 967 out of 3,662, which doesn't count the single winner he had six years ago when he tried to come back when he was pushing 55. Those winning purses totaled close to \$3,000,000. One year Sande won with 33 per cent of his mounts, truly phenomenal. He finished in the money almost twice as often as he went unplaced. He won practically every American stake race of consequence, including three Kentucky Derbies and five Belmont Stakes.

Joe Palmer, whose opinions on horse matters were as esteemed as

his writing before his death in 1952, said once that a jockey cannot come in ahead of the horse, but that the good ones get as much out of their mounts as heredity and the trainers have put in. Such a one was Sande, who Joe Palmer called "matchless."

Grantland Rice thought that Sande, George Woolf and Eddie Arcaro were the best in his 50 years or so of watching. "They all knew pace, how to handle a horse and were perfect judges of the time to drive for an opening and when not to, the most important single thing a jockey needs to know," he said. Sande had exceptional seat, as they say at the track, and he had great hands, about the highest compliment a jockey can get. One sportswriter grew downright rhapsodic about Sande's hands.

"They mean the loving, gentle soothing touch of a mother fondling her infant," he wrote, "the iron grip of a Hercules, the protection of a friend. Hands mean the feeling of strength and helpfulness to a horse. Without this feeling, strange things

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 70

1 Aparicio, Venezuela; Lopez, Panama; Cepeda, Puerto Rico. 2 True. 3 Bob Feller. 4 True. 5 Sal Maglie. 2-0. 6 b. 7 Walter Dukes. 7-0. Slater Martin, 5-10. 8 Joe Adcock, Bill Russell, Sam Huff. 9 Mike Souchak 10 Dick Savitt.

can happen to horse and rider. Sande possesses the greatest hands of any jockey at any time."

With those hands and that seat ("The crouch always came naturally to me, even when I was a little kid," Sande once said), plus a fine temperament and all the courage there was, Sande truly got everything out of a horse that the trainer and heredity had put in.

Take that fall day in 1923 when Damon Runyon typed out his little poem. Zev, who was owned by Harry F. Sinclair, the oil man who was later to go to jail for the Teapot Dome scandals, had won the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont under Sande. Zev missed the triple crown when he blew the Preakness at Pimlico, which was run first that year, and Sande had to argue with trainer Sam Hildreth even to let him run in the Derby. Overlooked in the betting, Zev won by a length and a half and paid a whopping \$40.40.

Now it was later in the year and Zev was matched with Papyrus, the English Derby winner. It was a big social event, with international implications, and every New Yorker, said the New York Times, "who possessed a sense of self-esteem, a pair of field glasses and \$22 (the price to get into the enclosure) had crowded in." Before noon, long columns of autos were moving out along the inadequate boulevards of Long Island. Everybody was there, including Gov. Alfred E. Smith, Jersey City Mayor Frank Hague, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and a scattering of Vanderbilts, Astors, Roosevelts and Comstocks. The sedate

Times went all out. It assigned its ace, Elmer Davis, to write the lead story and had four other men to help him. Next day, the race was given an astonishing three full columns on page one, complete with a two-column picture of Zev.

Sande and Zev won without much trouble. The jockey knew his horse and simply relied on Zev's speed to kill off the English horse. He was able to pull away anytime he wanted. "He rode a perfect race, his judgment of pace was excellent and he restrained Zev so that he always had something left," Elmer Davis wrote. The crowd, which had backed Zev down to 4 to 5, went wild as Sande weighed out. People fought to get near enough to pat the little hero on the back or just shake his hand. They would have torn him apart but for the efforts of a dozen or so Pinkertons who formed his bodyguard.

So there he sat, the Earl of Sande, as they now called him, 25 years old, winner of \$569,394 in purses for the year and a take-home pay of more than \$75,000, thanks to a liberal owner who, besides paying him on contract, bet for him and gave him bonuses often exceeding the standard ten per cent jockey cut. He flashed the grin that was his trademark, smiled down on the crowd, that was still clapping, shouting and yelling his name. The hero had come a long way—and still to come was a longer, exciting ride, a lot of it as smooth as it was that day in 1923, a lot of it otherwise.

It all started for Sande back in American Falls, Idaho. His father was a big Norwegian who bossed a section gang for the Milwaukee Railroad. At ten, Earl started to ride. By the time he was 15 he was pretty good, and he weighed only 70 pounds. It was natural for him to become a jockey. He rode in local races for a man named Burr Scott, and when Scott, a shiftless sort of fellow, headed for Arizona and bigger races, he asked Sande to come along and ride for him. A few weeks later, Earl wrote his family from Phoenix, explaining that he had run away to become a jockey.

Later, he cadged a letter of introduction to an owner at the Fair Grounds track in New Orleans. He couldn't find the man but he found the track, got a job as an exercise boy, and when the owner saw this long-legged kid hunched over his mount in faultless form, he put Sande on a horse. He ran second in his first time out, and in a week or so he had his first winner, something called Prince S.

Success was that easy for Sande. He just kept getting on horses and winning. In his first year, 1919, he won 158 times on 707 mounts and the next year he was signed to a contract by Commander J. K. L. Ross, a Canadian, with a big and important stable. Sande rode Sir Barton and Billy Kelly, famed horses of the day, for Ross, and once, in the Miller Stakes at Saratoga, he rode Man o' War when his regular jockey, Clarence Kummer, got sick.

Later that year, Man o' War and Sir Barton were hooked up in a match race. Sande, naturally, was to ride Sir Barton. Just before the race, Ross pulled Sande off and replaced him with Frankie Keough. The owner told Sande, "You're in an unlucky streak, Earl." Sande blew up and demanded his contract back. He got it, and that was when he caught on with Sinclair's Rancocas Stable, a rich one and a good one.

The sound and knowledgeable Sam Hildreth, who knew as much about horse racing as anybody of his day, was the trainer. Under him, Sande grew from an excellent jockey into a great jockey. Earl married Hildreth's niece, pretty and red-headed Marion Casey of Cambridge, Mass. She knew racing, too. Now the loose ends were tied up and Sande was ready to gallop to the very top.

In 1922 he rode Grey Lag to victory to five big stakes, and the following year he took down 39 major stakes, an astounding record that still stands against the runs of today's high-powered jockeys. Sande had great respect for horses. Some, he thought, had almost human intelligence, a debatable point according to many jockeys.

He took a bad spill and was nearly killed at Saratoga in 1924. Four horses went down when Sande's mount collided with another. He got a double fracture of the leg, a fractured collarbone, a broken hip and a cracked rib over the heart. But they wired him up (he still has a silver wire on his hip), and by the following April, after nine months in the hospital, he was ready to ride again. There were the usual apprehensions about jockeys never getting their courage back after a bad spill. If anything, Sande was now more daring than ever.

When he returned to the tracks, his old boss, Harry F. Sinclair, was having his troubles in Washington with the oil scandal and had no time to pay attention to a broken-down jockey. There was a beef about who would pay his \$6,000 hospital bill, too, so Sande signed on with Joseph E. Wide-

"He won a \$10,000 stake at Bowie, beating some good ones, and I entered him in a \$40,000 stake the next Saturday. Everybody thought he was a cinch. But he broke down and finished on three legs and his career was over. The day before the race I refused \$60,000 for him."

Then it was 1929, and besides the loss of Nassak and other bad racing luck, Earl ran in the misfortune on Wall Street that befell everybody that year. He had a good deal of money in stocks and real estate, but the crash got him. Two years earlier, his wife had died of a blood clot. Now he was broke and despondent.

So he went back to the only thing he knew—riding. First, he volunteered his services as exercise boy to Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who was training Gallant Fox. Sande worked tirelessly at his riding and road work and brought down his weight, which had begun to be a problem for him at the age of 32. In 1930, he was ready.

He raced at Havre de Grace, a track that had always been good to him, and he rode his own horse, Hermitage, to a victory over Domineer. Later that year, he won his fifth Belmont Stakes astride Gallant Fox. The big win that no one will forget, though, was the Derby. Sande broke Gallant Fox from the gate and settled back in fifth position around the first turn. On the backstretch, he made his move and Gallant Fox picked up horses. Halfway down the backstretch, the front horse was left behind, and Sande and Gallant Fox were by themselves the rest of the route. Again he was in a winner's circle. Again the mob was shouting his name. He waved his cap, broke into the familiar grin, held the big bundle of roses and listened to the band play. All was well again. That was all Earl Sande needed, a winner.

In the press box, Damon Runyon's copy to his paper, the old New York *American*, sang a reprise:

*Say, have they turned back the
pages,
back to the past once more?
Back to the racing ages to a Derby
out of the yore?
Say, don't tell me I'm daffy. Ain't
that the same old grin?
Why, it's that handy guy named
Sande,
bootin' a winner in.*

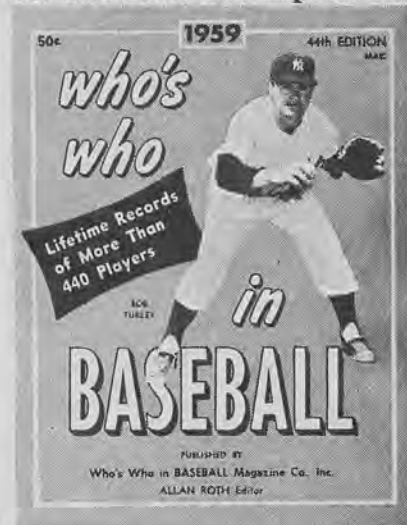
Sande retired from riding for the second time after the 1930 season. The fellows on the papers began ribbing him gently, suggesting that he made as many farewell appearances as Sarah Bernhardt and Sir Harry Lauder. But he seemed to mean it this time. He didn't throw a leg over a horse for the entire 1931 season.

By now, five years after his first wife's death, he had married the widow of his old riding buddy, Clarence Kummer. Her name was Marion, too. The honeymoon was in Miami, or rather at Hialeah, and Sande, who had intended only to say hello to the guys at the track, got the fever and decided to ride again in 1932. It was his poorest season. Though he was in the money 65 times with 78 mounts (13 winners), his purses totaled only something like \$22,000. Now, at 34, he hung up the tack once again. This time for good, he insisted.

For a while Sande's life was happier. He took a job as trainer for Col. H. Maxwell Howard, a paper manufacturer from Dayton, and built him a stable of pretty good thoroughbreds.

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JUNE 30

ner, a Philadelphia owner, and they had some prosperous years together.

Widener didn't have a colt to send to the Derby one year, and Sande went to Louisville by himself to try to buy an assignment from another jockey. But riders are sentimental about the Derby, and even though he offered as high as \$2,000, he couldn't get a mount. There was only one horse without a rider, an unlikely contender named Flying Ebony. Gifford Cochran, who owned him, gave the colt to Sande with the explanation that he had bad legs and wouldn't have much of a chance on a hard track. It was a hard track on Derby day—until the fourth race, when the sun disappeared and it rained hard. The way Sande's luck was in those days, it came up mud and he stepped down in front with his second Derby winner.

Sande once remarked that the philosophy of the racing world was a joy to him. He said, "Victory can be as elusive as the will o' the wisp but turf people take the ups with the downs." He was soon to get his chance to demonstrate this.

By 1928 he had a tidy fortune and he announced his retirement and went into his first venture as a horse owner. He had some bad breaks. "I had one called Nassak, a three-year-old, and he looked like he was worth twice the \$35,000 I paid for him," Sande said.

For four years he had passing success, and he and Marion rode as high as they needed to. Then Sande talked Howard into buying a hardly impressive two-year-old named Stagehand from Widener, Sande's old boss. The horse had done little and cost \$8,000. Sande took him to the Coast, worked with him tirelessly and the colt won the \$50,000 Santa Anita Derby and the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap. Earl Sande was on top again.

But hard luck continued to stalk him. Stagehand was shipped to Louisville and made a big favorite for the Derby in 1938. But he caught a coughing sickness, couldn't run and never was to run well again. He was disabled in the Widener the following spring, and then retired. In the meantime, Howard had died and left Stagehand to Sande, who promptly went into the breeding and owning end of racing, something old hands caution you not to do unless you're a millionaire with money to burn. Sande wasn't.

During several periods, as his losses mounted, Sande, who had a good lyric tenor voice, even tried singing to help meet the bills. He sang on the radio and once was booked into New York's swank Stork Club by Sherman Billingsley. "He could have made it," Sande's friend, Quentin Reynolds, said. "His voice was warm and friendly and persuasive. He had a lot of class." But once the feed bills were paid, and there was another chance to score at the track, Sande was back in the barn.

By the time World War II came along, it appeared the fates were sitting up nights concocting new disasters for the little man who once was their favorite ward. Sande's stepson, Albert Kummer, the jockey's boy, had been raised by Sande. The youngster had riding talent and Sande held hopes of developing him into a big-money rider like his father and his stepfather. But Albert Kummer was killed in the war. Not long after that, Marion Kummer Sande went to Miami Beach and got a divorce. The court ordered Earl to pay her \$200 a month support. Now 49 years old, Sande was left with 12 horses, most of them off-

spring of Stagehand, but few of them capable of winning.

Then came the bombshell in 1948. Earl Sande, the racing legend, was set down by the Jockey Club stewards for doping a horse. Big Stage, one of his horses, had won at Jamaica in a \$4,000 race, but a saliva test showed that the horse had been stimulated. Caffeine and a morphine derivative had been used.

Sande's explanation, willingly accepted by sympathetic stewards, was that he had given the horse a stimulant, not knowing it was a narcotic, four days before. He said he forgot to change straps the day of the race, and this resulted in the traces of the dope. Sande said that he was just about broke and he didn't have a nickel bet on Big Stage. The stewards accepted his excuse and set him down for 60 days, equivalent to an acquittal on the doping charge.

But the inaction made his financial situation even more acute, and he had to sell most of his horses, even Big Stage. "Well, no use crying," Sande said. "You've got to learn to take your lumps in this business. But I still have one two-year-old and maybe I can do something with him."

From then until 1953, Sande tried to make it back with horses he picked up one or two at a time. He borrowed stall space and rubbing stuff and he did the work of owner, trainer, exercise boy and groom. The horses never showed much.

Late in the summer of 1953, Sande, almost 55 years old, applied for a riding license and said he planned a comeback as a jockey. "I'm short on money and I'm not eating too well," he told a friend. "I want to pay off some debts and this is the trade I know." When some people around the track got nostalgic and said they were worried about him and wondered how the greatest rider of his time got that way, he shrugged off the question. "It's nice that some people remember me, but memories don't pay the bills," he said.

The newspapers made quite a thing of the comeback and old hands got a throb in their throats as they recalled

the days of bathtub gin and Texas Guinan and a time when Washington could win a pennant. "Sande isn't riding alone," wrote Billy Rose, who had a column then. "I and a million other aging gentlemen are in the saddle with him, feeling the wind in our thinning hair and the roar of the crowd in our failing ears." The regulars on the racing beat were more subdued but quietly hoped he would win one.

Sande's first mount, Honest Bread, ran third but had a lot of sentimental supporters. After the race, old-timers were talking about how swiftly Sande got his horse out of the gate, an old specialty of his. He had eight other races without a winner and then, one day, he scored on a long-shot filly, Miss Weesie, bringing her under the wire a half-length in front of Eddie Arcaro's horse. A tremendous ovation went up as Sande took his place in the winner's circle. Tough old horse players crowded around and cheered. He took off his cap with a sweeping gesture, revealing a gleaming bald head. He grinned his winner's grin. People edged up excitedly and tried to pat him on the back or shake his hand. It was fun but it was artificial. Everybody knew he was just too old.

That was his last race. He called off the comeback a few days later, saying, "All the excitement and fuss made me nervous and upset and kind of knocked me out. So I think I'll give it up—temporarily, of course."

That was six years ago. Today, Earl Sande, past 60, lives in a furnished room over a saloon in Westbury, a little community in Long Island not far from Belmont and Jamaica. He has lived there for ten years. With no horses now, he doesn't even go to the track. He spends almost all his time in his tiny room with the one window that looks out on the Long Island Railroad. He doesn't talk much.

But the strange part, as everybody in racing knows, is that Sande doesn't have to live in a furnished room without plumbing or scrounge for the price of a beer. He has been turning down jobs for years. He could have had a job at one track, as a goodwill man, just standing around and grinning, and he would have drawn \$5,000 a season. He has had similar offers at other tracks. He always turns them down. When he tried his last riding comeback, many of his old friends hoped that when he had a winner, he would quit riding and take one of the jobs. Other friends, and many people who remember his golden days, would be good for a touch of any amount. Sande won't bite friend or stranger. "He figures he has to make it back in his own way and on his own talent," said a man who has remained close to him.

The way Earl Sande sees it, the only way back is to find the one horse, develop him, bring him to the races and make the big score. Despite failures in the past, he believes he has the magic touch to find another Stagehand and get him into the winner's circle. Then, no doubt, there is the dream of people leaning over the rail, cheering and saying, "That's Sande's horse." That must be the dream as he sits in his little room and looks out the single window at the railroad station across the street.

"Show me a hero," F. Scott Fitzgerald said, "and I will write you a tragedy."

Here is the hero.

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JOSE TORRES—A BUILDUP IN ACTION

(Continued from page 31)

round Torres would knock out Woodard.

In Woodard's corner, Sugar Ray watched Torres closely. At the end of the first round, he urged his fighter to try uppercuts to get at José's chin, the only vulnerable part of his head in his tight defense. Woodard obeyed, but was met by smashing right-hand counter-blows. By the third round, Robinson was desperately advising Woodard to try grabbing Torres with his left and belting him with his right. This didn't work, either, and at the end of the fifth round the referee stopped the fight to spare Woodard further punishment. The Puerto Ricans yelled until they were hoarse.

The St. Nick's matchmaker, Teddy Brenner, exulted, "This boy can draw a crowd! We made over \$7,000 and that's our biggest gate in ten years."

Even D'Amato came out with an unusually strong compliment. "Torres is an extraordinary fighter. He will build up boxing in New York. He will be the hero of the Puerto Rican people, and he will aid in their juvenile delinquency problem."

Torres got his biggest pay day, \$1,500, and immediately sent \$300 to his father in Ponce. The rest, wisely, he banked.

His next fight was against experienced and durable Frankie Anslem at St. Nick's, and this time the test was to see if Torres could go ten rounds with a swarmer. José trained down to 158½ pounds—his lightest fighting weight—for the effort. It was the first time any of his fights had ever been scheduled for more than six rounds. Again 3,000 fans, mostly Puerto Ricans, invaded St. Nick's.

It was a gruelling fight, and after six rounds José complained that he was winded. "It's all in your mind," Fariello said. "Just jab and pace yourself for a few rounds." After the eighth, Torres reported he felt all right again and Fariello gave him simple instructions: "Now open up and take him out."

A right cross in the ninth finished Anslem.

Three weeks later Torres took on Burke Emery at St. Nick's. Emery, a veteran of 42 fights, had never been knocked out, but Torres, in his eighth

professional fight, waded into him. A crowd of 4,116 fans, mostly Puerto Ricans, delivered a gate of over \$10,000, the best small-club take in New York since Bummy Davis and Mickey Farber settled a neighborhood grudge battle 20 years earlier.

"Pega duro!" (hit hard), the crowd screamed, or "Matalo!" (murder him). They whistled, stamped and kicked the wooden seats as Torres turned in a beautiful display of precision punching. Emery was never able to land a solid punch before he was knocked out in the fifth.

"I gave a little speech in Spanish at the end," Torres said. "I told them I was glad they had come and it was an honor to win. Then I told them to go out and vote for Harriman for governor. He is a nice man."

Harriman didn't win, but the Emery fight made lots of new friends for Torres. Promoter Brenner was ecstatic. "Imagine, we filled every seat in the house," Brenner said. "We turned people away, with money in their hands. And most of the seats were gone by eight o'clock. Why, an hour before the fight we only had a few \$5 seats left, and those are the best in the house."

Lester Bromberg, the veteran fight writer of the New York *World Telegram and Sun*, nicknamed Torres the "Pied Piper of Ponce" and figured that the young man had grossed \$23,000 in six weeks. "Torres could probably go into Madison Square Garden tomorrow and sell out with a name opponent," Bromberg wrote.

Irving Kahn, president of Tele-Prompter and, naturally, a strong advocate of pay-TV, was at ringside that night, and came away seeing nothing but money. "I could work out a regional closed circuit deal to theaters in the Puerto Rican areas up-town and in Brooklyn," he explained. "I could even pipe Torres' fights to Latin America, or have him fight in Puerto Rico and pipe it back here."

Torres picked up a check for \$2,532 and shrugged off suggestions that he was ready to move up and take on a name fighter. "I would be happy just to have a fight every week," he said.

For his last fight of 1958, D'Amato matched him with Ike Jenkins at the Sunnyside Gardens in Queens. He explained that it was all part of his

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plan to use his prize middleweight as a main-attraction drawing card at various small clubs, instead of as a preliminary fighter in the larger arenas. In doing so, he said, he wanted to help build up the small clubs, too. Torres had no objections, and neither did his Puerto Rican fans. They found out which subway line to take to get to Queens, and they were stamping and shouting at Sunnyside when José made his appearance.

This time Torres had taken a hand in promoting himself. He had sold \$500 worth of tickets and had personally supervised the printing of posters in Spanish. He had even driven around in his 1952 Plymouth, decorated with a large placard which read: "See Fistic Dynamics! JOSE TORRES vs. Ike Jenkins, Dec. 4, Sunnyside Gardens." Torres printed it himself.

Fans even poured into Stillman's Gym to watch him train for the fight. José was delighted with his new popularity and waved gaily at familiar faces. "I like for people to see me fight. It makes me feel proud," he said. "When Johansson come over to talk to Cus about a Patterson fight, Cus told him to drop into the gym and see me. But he came in when I was finished. I said to him, 'Why didn't you come earlier and see me fight?'"

José knocked out Jenkins in the fifth round. "He's the most exciting middleweight since Graziano," wrote Al Buck, who has covered boxing for 25 years for the New York Post.

"I still think he needs about a year

before he's ready for a title match," D'Amato commented, as promoters besieged him with lucrative offers. "I'll continue to offer Torres as an attraction for the small clubs until he's ready for a name fighter."

"Cus is right," Fariello said as he got ready to tape Torres' hands for a workout at the Gramercy Gym. "José still has a few faults to iron out. Like his bending, for example. He has trouble with guys who fight out of a crouch. We're working on that right now. Sure, everybody says he can lick Sugar Ray tomorrow, and maybe he can. But why take chances?"

Earlier this year he took on Leroy Oliphant at Sunnyside Gardens. "He gave me some trouble for a couple of rounds," Torres said, "but I study him and look for his weakness. When I find it, I knock him out."

Who would his next opponent be, we asked him as he got up from the rubbing table and did a little shadow boxing.

"I'm fighting Joe Shaw, maybe in New Jersey. There's a lot of Puerto Ricans there." Joe Shaw is the name of another Olympic fighter who is part of D'Amato's small but talented stable. He was standing at that very moment no more than 50 feet away, punching the heavy bag. Torres saw our puzzled look and he grinned.

"Oh no, not that Joe Shaw. He's just a lightweight. I mean the other Joe Shaw, the middleweight." Then, with a sudden inspiration, he yelled across the room, "Hey, Joe, I'm gonna knock your block off in my next fight!"

It was apparently a running gag, and Shaw smiled without answering.

"Cus promised me the semi-final on the Patterson-Johansson card," Torres continued. "I'll make \$5,000. It'll be my biggest pay day. After that, maybe I'll take on a name fighter. I can lick any of the ranked middleweights. Maybe Ace Armstrong would give me trouble. He got a good defense, like me."

"Cus says Holly Mims would give you trouble," Fariello needed.

"No, I would knock him out," Torres said stoutly.

The interview was taking time, but José didn't seem to mind the delay. He waved to his sparring partner, who had been punching a bag while waiting. "This is Benny Antonetti," he said, introducing us. "He's a good fighter. He fought Eddie Jordan and Eddie Lynch. But I told him to stop. 'You show no heart,' I told him, and he quit. Later on I found out he wasn't living so good, so I took him in with me at my new place in Williamsburg. I try to help him. Now I say to him, 'You show heart. Soon you will fight again.' Joe Fariello likes him and says he might buy his contract."

Benny didn't say a word and he kept gazing at José with the same worshipful look that the little Puerto Rican boy had shown when Torres had patted him on the head after his sparring session.

"Benny and I get up every morning at 5:30 and go for a run in Cypress Hill, a big park," José said, "then we go back to the apartment, take a shower and eat breakfast. Then Benny massages me or I massage him. After that we both go back to bed. At 11 we get up and eat breakfast again and later I go up to Cus' office and talk to him. He is very good to me, like a second father. He always asks me how things are going and tells me what plans he is making for me."

"Around 3:30 I come down to the gym and work out for a couple of hours. In the evening, sometimes I practice my English with a tape recorder. When I win the championship, I want to thank the crowd in English as well as Spanish. I like to talk to people. Sometimes they ask me to speak at dinners or on the radio. Once I was on television. Mostly I talk to people in night clubs, theaters and churches. I give them a little talk and ask them to come see me fight."

Outside of his acceptance speech, was he making any other plans for the day when he won the title?

"Oh, I guess I get married—I been engaged for four years—and move into a nice neighborhood. I want to be an honor to the Puerto Rican people. Maybe I will fight there. I will work with the young people. I will go to the places where they send the boys who get in trouble and I will talk with them."

"Someday I'll go back to Ponce. My mother and father and five of my sisters and brothers are there. Only my brother Andres and his family live here in New York. I'm saving my money to go into the trucking business there with my father and Cus. We'll all be partners."

But that's still years into the future. For now, the careful buildup continues. The hottest young fighter in America still climbs three dark flights to work out in the little gym over the dance hall. But when he's ready, keep your eye on him. He could be one of the great ones.



BOYER IS DOING IT NOW

(Continued from page 51)

Suddenly, there was no doubt that he would make the team when he reported to the Cardinal camp at St. Petersburg in 1955. It was later that some doubts crept in about his ever attaining his substantial potential. But these seem to have faded now.

His freshman season in the National League was not exactly a sunburst of accomplishment. But his fielding was excellent, his .264 batting average was adequate and he showed good power, with 18 homers, and good speed, with 22 stolen bases.

It was early in the next season that some people began to suspect that he might yet be one of the great ones. He was knocking the cover off the ball, he was grabbing everything hit his way, and his throws across the infield were straight and strong. He was the starting NL third-baseman in the All-Star game, and, as it turned out, its hero, too. He played the entire nine innings, and was the only man on either team to get three hits. He scored one run and batted in another in the NL's 7-3 win.

But it was in the field that he really sparkled. Harvey Kuenn of the Tigers became his special pigeon in one of the most dazzling displays of infield glove work ever witnessed on national television. In the first inning, Kuenn hit a rifle shot down the alley between third and short. Ken took a swift, gliding step to his left, dove and caught the line drive in his glove a foot off the ground. In the fourth inning, Kuenn tried the other side of Boyer, with a smash over the bag. Boyer dove to his right, knocked the ball down, scrambled to his feet and cut loose with that powerful arm to nail Kuenn at first by half a step. Old guys around the ball park insisted they had seen nothing like it since the days of Pie Traynor.

The All-Star game was the high spot of Boyer's fine all-around 1956 season. His batting tailed off somewhat toward the end of the long campaign, but he wound up with a .306 average for 150 games with 26 home runs and 98 runs-batted-in. If Boyer thought then that he had it made, he shouldn't be blamed. Everyone else thought so, too.

The next year, 1957, strange things began to happen. The Cardinals went into spring training wondering what to do with Eddie Kasko, who had come up to the club with impressive credentials as Rochester's shortstop the year before. The ebullient Frank Lane was the Cardinal general manager then, and it was his idea to play Kasko at third and use Boyer to plug a gaping hole in center field. Afterwards Lane revealed that the notion had been kicked around during the winter but that they had decided to table it for a while.

"We felt it would be better," Lane said, "if Boyer somehow reached the point where he wanted to shift himself."

It was a strange expectation, but perhaps Lane prayed for such a development. If so, his prayers were answered.

Ken got off to a nightmare start. His hitting fell off and his fielding at third base became erratic. For no apparent reason, the aplomb of the new Pie Traynor was buffeted by a string of bad days. To make things worse,

the Redbird fans got on him.

Alvin Dark, the wise old pro who was playing beside Ken at shortstop then, has the soundest explanation for the sudden decline. "It was more bad luck than anything else," Dark says. "Never in my life did I see an infielder get so many discouraging hops and tricky chances. There was a whole string of little things, adding up to enough to throw him off stride."

Boyer offered no real objections when, along about the first of June, he was asked to carry his glove out to center field replacing Bobby Gene Smith, an adequate fielder who wasn't hitting.

Somehow the change was not satisfying. Boyer played a steady center field without showing any real flair for the job. He was stationed away from the bad hops all right, but he didn't have the ballhawk's knack of instinctively starting in the direction of the ball. Looking back, Ken said the thing that bothered him most in the outfield was throwing. "You throw differently from the outfield, of course," he said, "and I had always played infield positions, except for my early pitching. Now I had to anticipate not only how to get set for the long throw but where to throw the ball whenever runners were on base."

Ken shook his crew-cropped head. "I had to think about that, so I wasn't concentrating on the quick start for the ball. Maybe I would have made it out there in time, but I'm happy I didn't have to try."

Before Boyer returned to the infield, a lot of things happened, or rather a lot of things did not happen. His name figured in a score of trade rumors. Obviously, other clubs were willing to gamble on his future despite a bad season—he wound up batting .265—and hoped the Cardinals were ready to give up.

Perhaps he would have been traded had Lane, never a living monument to patience, remained as head man of the club. But Lane resigned at the end of the season and moved to the Cleveland Indians, and Bing Devine, who replaced him as general manager, had different ideas. "I flatly did not want to trade Boyer," Devine said. "But I had to shake my head all winter turning down deals that had to be seriously considered. Pittsburgh... Philadelphia... other clubs made bids that had to make me think, but, in the end, I backed away from all of them."

"I talked it over with Freddy Hutchinson. He agreed that, in potential, Ken came very close to the complete ballplayer in our organization. We both felt that he should stand right behind Musial as the bellwether of this club."

"So that was that. If Boyer was going to reach his full potential, he was going to do it in St. Louis and nowhere else. If he were not going to be the outstanding ballplayer we felt he should be, we would just have to suffer through it."

When the 1958 season began, Boyer was back at third. And there was a marked difference in his play. He charged bunts and fired the ball to first base almost before the bat hit the ground. He dove to his right and lunged to his left for spectacular plays. He got the force out at second on tough chances and started double plays "around the horn." But offense



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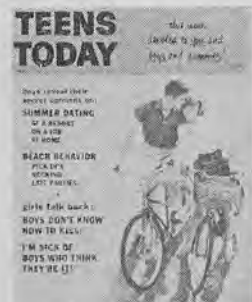
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is part of the game, too. An important part. And when Ken went through the first 24 games of the season with a measly .145 batting average, Devine and manager Hutchinson were understandably worried.

"I can't understand it," Ken told Hutchinson. "But don't think I've given up. I'm not panicky."

"That's all I wanted to know," the manager said. "Now I can tell you that you're in the lineup to stay, whether you are good, bad or indifferent. I won't bench you."

Maybe that statement of confidence did the trick. Certainly it helped. Within a couple of days, Ken began to hit again.

The Dodgers arrived in St. Louis for a three game series, and Ken belted Los Angeles pitching for six hits, one of them a game-winning grand-slam homer.

Then the Cardinals moved east on a brief road trip and Ken hit a temporary lull with only two hits in his next 11 at-bats. Now came his big move.

He got two singles in four times up in Pittsburgh, two doubles and a home run in a doubleheader at Cincinnati, five hits, including a double and a homer, in a two-game series at Milwaukee and then eight hits, including three home runs, in a four-game series with the Giants at Busch Stadium.

Over a nine-game stretch, Boyer hit a torrid .462. He had recovered. Naturally he couldn't maintain that pace for the rest of the year, but he suffered no more serious slumps.

Now matured and ambitious, Ken was the hardest worker in the Cardinal camp this spring. There was no hanging around the cage batting the breeze between turns. He took his cuts, raced around the bases, grabbed his glove and settled at third base to field grounders until his turn came to hit again. He was never still.

IS HANEY A POOR MANAGER?

(Continued from page 16)

then call the kid into his office and talk to him, calm like. That's managing, too, and he was good at it."

Strange how a man in eighth place often will command more respect than in first, even when it's the same man. Those were the dog days for Haney in Pittsburgh. He was there three years and he had three cellar finishes. And yet, nobody criticized him. Nobody said Haney was a bum. You didn't hear the word conservative. Who could tell, with that collection of immature misfits, whether a manager was good, or indifferent? You could tell only that he was brave.

Haney did his stretch in Pittsburgh from 1953 through '55. Prior to that, his only big-league managing experience was with the St. Louis Browns, in 1939, '40 and part of '41. In his first year there, the Browns not only finished eighth, but contrived to lose 111 games, which was a record even for them. The next season, either Haney or the Browns improved by 24 games, and the team finished a lofty sixth.

There are people who will point to Fred's plight with the dregs of Pittsburgh and St. Louis, and then to the bright success he has experienced at Milwaukee, and will say: "See, he's the same as Stengel. Casey did nothing to distinguish himself with poor

The past 12 months or so, in fact, have been busy ones for young Boyer. First, there was the post-season tour of Japan by the Cards. He returned home right after Thanksgiving. Shortly after the New Year, he was on his way to Tampa to help in the operation of the baseball school he runs with Lou Haneles, an ex-college star and experienced minor-leaguer. This is the same set-up as the Ken Boyer Baseball Camp which operates in the Ozarks during the summer months. But the National League schedule prevents Ken from first-hand activity there.

The program left the month of December open. "I went elk hunting in Idaho with Larry Jackson," Boyer said.

Ken made one important public appearance before heading south. The St. Louis sportswriters had named him their ballplayer of the year, and the speech he made to them was memorable. He wished, he said, to express his thanks to three people in the Cardinal organization who, he felt, were responsible for his presence on the dais.

"First, my thanks to Bing Devine for not trading me when, I know, there was considerable pressure on him to do so. My thanks to Doc Bowman (the Cardinal trainer) whose skill helped me stay in the lineup. But most of all, I want to thank Fred Hutchinson, whose faith in me restored my faith in myself."

By that time, Hutchinson had gone. Solly Hemus, the new Cardinal manager, was making his first public appearance in St. Louis as manager that night. It would have been the easy way if Ken had merely wished Solly lots of luck and let it go at that.

But Ken Boyer is not afraid of doing things the hard way. He is a young man with considerable class—on and off the ball field.

— ■ —

teams in Brooklyn and Boston, but given the talent-rich Yankees, he became the resident genius of baseball."

Ask Haney what has come over him since the plodding days of Pittsburgh and St. Louis, and he says, "I'm the same guy. It's the horses that are different."

Some of Haney's Milwaukee horses become downright frisky at times. If you believe some of the stories, you might come to the conclusion he is handling a team of brewery horses. It has been suggested, from time to time, that Haney might do well to tighten the reins on them. But he brushes off the possibility that he is lax with his charges, and he vigorously opposes the notion that his Braves are a troupe of wandering minstrels.

"They are vigorous, healthy, young American men," he says flatly. "with the instincts and actions you might find in other vigorous, healthy young American men."

Maybe a bit more so. Ballplayers have a better than average opportunity to give expression to such healthy and vigorous instincts than do most other young American men, because big-leaguers, especially championship big-leaguers, meet big people, who own big swimming pools, and throw big parties—which inevitably create big stories.

And so it was, on a pleasant July evening in Southern California last season, that a vigorous, healthy, young American man named Frank Torre, who is 26, a lefthanded hitter and a bachelor, pushed a fully clothed, vigorous, healthy young American woman into his host's swimming pool.

This was followed by a discussion with the lady's escort on the subject of chivalry. The story came out in thick, black headlines in newspapers across the nation, and, in turn, produced strong denials that the prank was the culmination of a wild party. Torre couldn't understand why all the excitement. After all, there was water in the pool. Besides, Frank had time to apologize and still be back at his hotel room, tucked in, by the midnight curfew. So what was the horrible violation?

That's pretty much how Haney operates. He sets up nominal disciplinary standards, similar to those on other teams, and unless the violations are frequent or flagrant, he doesn't become perturbed. In fact, he goes out of his way to be understanding.

"Milwaukee," Haney reasons, "isn't a big city. Most of these players of mine are spotted and recognized as soon as they step out the door. If a player goes into a bar and has one beer, and there are 20 people in the place, pretty soon it's all over town that he had 20 beers, and that he left the place at four o'clock in the morning, stinking."

Haney, on the other hand, can be severe and demanding—in what he considers the proper place. He considers the training camp to be such a place. The easy-going, understanding, fatherly Fred Haney becomes some-

thing of a tyrant in the Florida encampment. The stiff regimen of the Braves' training program was the thing that most impressed Johnny McHale when the young general manager reported to the Braves.

"I was amazed at how hard Fred works his men," McHale said. "I thought he was one of the old-school managers. You know what I mean, a guy who would toss out a baseball and say, 'Okay, go to it.' But he keeps on their tails, all day. He really gets them in shape."

Haney doesn't delude himself into thinking that his players worship the ground his spikes leave tracks in. He is dealing, for the most part, with established stars in Milwaukee. They are high-salaried men, some of them with the attendant rock-headed stubbornness that often develops. It is not the easiest assignment in the world for a manager to get a message across to men of such independent means and thought.

"It's a funny thing," Haney says, "but a manager can't get a player to listen to him the way another player can. Coming from a manager, it's critical. Coming from a player, it's constructive."

So, Haney wisely puts this theory to work for himself. He employs a player to carry the message—making it appear that the suggestion originated with the player. Thus it is that Haney gets Johnny Logan to choke up on the bat another inch, or Don McMahon to move his thumb over so as not to tip his curve ball. For the past two years, Haney used Red Schoendienst as his animated suggestion box. Now, the loss of Schoendienst leaves a bigger void than many suspect. It is such intangible values to which Tebbetts refers when he says, "Even if we could replace Red's talents at second base, we couldn't replace the man."

From time to time, rumors of Haney's impending retirement pop up. He is 61, and has a stomach which talks back to him occasionally. "Quit hell," is Fred's answer to such reports. "There's nothing wrong with me. Besides, I can't afford to quit working—and I don't know where there's a better job around."

Two years ago, during the season, Haney was hospitalized for a few days while the medicos checked over his "bad boiler." Somebody printed a story that he would retire at the end of the season, and that one of his coaches, Connie Ryan, would step into the job. When Haney returned to work, he was asked about the report. "That's a lot of bunk," he snapped. "I'm not quitting."

"Who starts stories like that?" a reporter asked.

"I don't know," Haney said impulsively. "Maybe Ryan did."

Then Haney laughed. But later in the evening it occurred to him that his little joke might get into print. As soon as the game ended, he rushed to the press box and asked the newspaperman not to write it. "It might embarrass Ryan," Haney said. The story was killed, but at the end of the season, Ryan was gone—in an unprecedented sweepout of an entire pennant-winning coaching staff.

The names change, but the rumors remain. Substitute Tebbetts for Ryan, and you have the latest version. There is one big difference, though. A manager can't get rid of an executive vice president.



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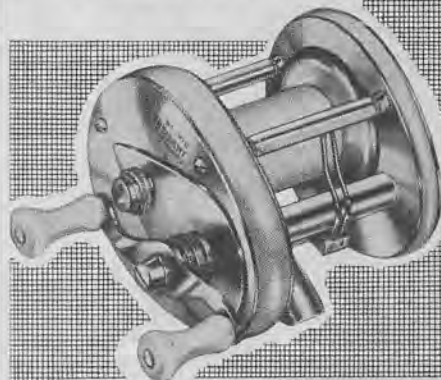
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(Continued from page 22)
surprising progress through the draw, but Bev showed the tennis-wise Los Angeles crowd that there was nothing fluky about her no-backhand game by pinning a convincing 6-2, 6-3 defeat on Todd in 35 fast minutes.

"I was sitting up in the press box trying to answer a reporter's questions about Bev," her father says, looking back on that day, "and I was so excited I didn't even hear half of what he was asking." To Mr. Baker, that was the most satisfying day of Bev's tennis career up to now.

Bev, incidentally, doesn't agree on that point. Her biggest thrill so far, she says, was playing on the winning United States Wightman Cup team the summer she was 19 years old. "It wasn't even the fact that we won that thrilled me so much as just hearing the umpire say, after each good shot, 'Point for the United States.'"

After her Pacific Southwest win, it looked as though the sky was the limit for Bev. There was, however, a hint of what was going to happen in a story the Los Angeles Times ran about her. "Tennis means everything to me right now except school," said Beverly, who had just graduated from Santa Monica High School and was preparing to enter UCLA in the fall. "As long as I've started, I want to reach the top, or as close to it as I can get, before I go on to anything else... I've had no romances so far," she concluded, "but it's getting harder all the time not to."

It was just about a year later, after a very brief courtship, that Bev eloped with movie actor Scotty Beckett. Her marriage to Beckett, something which neither she nor her family likes to discuss, lasted just four months. After they were divorced, she went back to competitive tennis, but for a year she accomplished little except to shake off the effects of the divorce.

In 1951, her tennis stock began to rise. For one thing, sports editors all over the country, ever alert for beautiful girls with genuine talent as sources of good copy and even better pictures, began to make her famous. Gussie Moran, who had been the darling of the newspapers ever since she had decorated her famous figure with her even more famous lace panties, had joined the professionals. Karol Fageros hadn't come along yet, and except for Laura Lou Jahn down in Florida, a girl whose tennis never approached Bev's, Bev was the acknowledged queen of the courts.

Because of the similarity of facial bone structure, Bev was said to be a look-alike for Katharine Hepburn. Others said she looked like Shirley Temple. Everyone, including the famous model agency man, Harry Conover, who named her to his all-sports glamour team, agreed that she was beautiful. Beverly simply thought she looked like herself. "I don't think," she said, "you can compare the looks of people unless there is a striking resemblance, and I don't think there is between me and either Miss Hepburn or Miss Temple."

In October, 1951, Bev married John Fleitz, whom she had known since she was 16. They had a big church wedding in Santa Monica and settled down in Long Beach, where they still live, not far from the Halliday Harbor

Yacht Anchorage which John owns in partnership with Bob Biedenhorn.

Bev sat out the 1952 tournaments because her first baby was on the way, but she lost the baby. Kim, however, was born in February, 1953, and Bev was glad to pass up the tournaments again. In 1954 she came back to the wars but lost out in the nationals when she suffered a badly sprained ankle in her first-round match against Louise Ganzenmuller and had to default after hobbling to two more victories in the second and third rounds, including a 6-4, 6-0 win over Karol Fageros. The injury probably was costly to her because that summer she was playing so well that she even brushed aside the great Maureen Connolly, 6-0, 6-4, in the semi-finals of the La Jolla tournament.

In 1955, Bev was beaten in a major upset at Forest Hills by Barbara Breit, who since has married and given up tournament tennis. In 1956, she traveled all the way to Wimbledon, only to discover she was pregnant and would have to default. She has never felt badly about that lost summer of competition, though. "It would have been nice to have played," Bev says, "and maybe I might have won, who knows? But that would have been only a temporary thing. I'll have Julie the rest of my life."

So, out of action again in '56 and '57, Bev made still another comeback last year, only to fail in the match that meant the most to her, the duel with defending champion Gibson. "I was on my heels and nervous," she says, discussing her defeat. "I almost stepped on my own feet. The day before, against Bueno, I'd played one of the best matches of my life. I must have felt subconsciously that I'd left my game behind me."

"I've never said I'd definitely retire," Bev says as she looks ahead to her "now or never" campaign. "I



never know for sure what I'm going to do." But she admits that she finds it increasingly hard to leave her family. "I've always liked to be home and around the family," she says, "even when I was a kid. I may sometimes appear to be real independent, but actually I'm not. I'm more the dependent type." Being constituted that way, she always has created extra pressure for herself because she has wanted so badly to win not just for herself but for the others, too. "I can remember," she says with a smile, "when I'd be just sick when I lost. I'd cry and cry, because I'd let my dad down. But he was always so sweet and he really acted as though he didn't mind at all."

"She'll make it," Mr. Baker says confidently, as he assesses her chances. "She's the next champ. Right now there's nobody who can beat her on cement. Her only problem will be to get used to the grass courts. The other girls who play the whole circuit have an advantage in that they're better acquainted with the grass, but Bev ought to get used to it after about a week of practice. In a way, I think she has an advantage in not playing all the time. She comes to the big

tournaments fresher. She isn't tennis-stale."

Bev declines to name the girls she thinks will be her chief rivals for the championship, but it is no secret that she and her father are basing their plans on the assumption that, temporary retirement or no temporary retirement, singing career or no singing career, rangy Althea Gibson will be out there on the center court at Forest Hills defending the championship she has held for the last two years. Then, among others, there will be Christine Truman of England, Maria Bueno of Brazil, and Darlene Hard of California. It will be a good field, the competition will be strenuous, and nobody knows better than Bev that it isn't going to be easy for her to shed the "ever a bridesmaid" tag and move on to the championship in an avalanche of lefthanded and righthanded forehands.

But the fact that it isn't going to be easy doesn't bother her. This is a girl who can look a challenge in the eye. "I haven't won yet," she said, calmly, "but I will."

And if she is going to, it will have to be now.

— ■ —

BIG MAN ON THE CAMPUS

(Continued from page 28)

18, Rafer ran 100 yards in 9.7, was all-Northern California fullback, and hit .500 on the baseball team. Kingsburg townspeople passed the hat to send him to the 1954 National AAU decathlon meet at Atlantic City. A green hand at it, he scored barely 6,000 points in finishing a distant third to Rev. Bob Richards and Aubrey Lewis. At a younger age, Bob Mathias had scored 7,224. The conclusion was that Rafer was a prodigy—but not in the decathlon.

It was football, not track, that earned him a \$75-a-month scholarship to UCLA. But no one ever got him to play football, despite a hard try by the late head coach, Red Sanders. "He had the stubborn idea he could make it all the way to the Olympics in track," brother Jim says, "and he wasn't about to risk his legs until he was proved wrong. He just took that decathlon apart, piece by piece. He paid no attention to what anyone said about losing a bigger opportunity."

Only one year and two decathlons after Atlantic City, Rafer, as a UCLA freshman, shattered the Mathias world record with 7,985 points.

Then trouble came his way. A chronically bad left knee cost him the 1956 Olympic championship, which was won by Milt Campbell, and an ensuing operation to remove a fatty pad in the joint was only semi-successful. Until just before the Moscow meet last July, he didn't dare vault, high jump or broad jump.

Relentless hard work brought him through both crises. Yet his unique popularity can't be explained by his willingness to "grind." Usually, the college crowd turns away from the grind worker who can't turn loose from an idea.

A classmate says: "Rafer became the best-liked man at UCLA because he'll always put your problem ahead of his own. He's also so clean, it stands out. We've had a lot of hell-raising athletes around here, but no

one has ever seen Rafer take a drink, smoke, swear or go on a wild party."

A professor says: "In an examination, there are few I would trust. With Rafer, I'd leave the answers on my desk and walk out without hesitation."

A member of Kelps, the honor society, says: "I'll forget modesty for a minute. We in Kelps are supposed to be the top 50 guys on the campus in personality and achievement. There are linguists, Phi Beta Kappas and brilliant talkers among us. But when Ray Johnson comes in, it always quiets down. He's got that magic something that makes people listen."

The state's governor, Pat Brown, says: "He has a quality of goodness and a quiet, inner peace which hits you the minute you meet him. Call it a remarkable maturity at 23."

Enroute to track practice one day, Rafer noticed a boy, a Korean, dejectedly sitting on a bench. Johnson wormed his problem out of him. Then he took the boy to his office, found him a committee job and drew him into campus life. He never did get to practice that day.

Rafer, himself, had a similar problem as a freshman, partially because he had passed up football. He wasn't swamped with friends. Ducky Drake, the track coach, looked around to find him a place to live. No UCLA fraternity had a Negro member. "Then Drake brought him over to our house," says Dick Braeger, president of Pi Lambda Phi. "Ray didn't say much, but the brothers liked him right away. We invited him to move in, on a non-membership basis. The idea was, if we got along, we'd pledge him."

"We didn't need long to decide. In no time at all, he was wearing a pin and was sergeant-of-arms of the house. It's been peaceful ever since—one scowl from him and the noise and horseplay calms right down. I'd say Rafer's popularity comes from his real dignity. He's a serious thinker, all the time."

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The fraternal color line faded back even further when brother Jim came along two years ago and was snapped up by Pi Lambda Phi.

Intensive probes made of UCLA's aid-to-athletes program, which once brought an NCAA suspension and led to the crack-up of the Pacific Coast Conference, never have touched the top performer on the campus. Johnson draws \$70 a month as student body president, which is included in the total of \$100 he is permitted to earn per month. A fraternity scholarship covers most of his board-and-room bill.

In his three decathlon tests this summer, Johnson faces at least three tough domestic challengers—Dave Edstrom, the No. 2 U. S. entrant at Moscow (7,397 points); Charley Pratt, who won the 1957 national decathlon when Rafer was injured; and C. K. Yang, a huge Korean now at UCLA. And Kuznetsov. "A rugged field," says Ducky Drake. "Let's hope Ray's knee holds up. Whatever happens, though, he's the greatest track man of all time, and what's more, he doesn't need the decathlon to prove it."

Somehow, to Drake's annoyance, there is a side to the big man which has been widely overlooked. At Melbourne, for instance, an Olympic judge remarked that it was too bad the 220 low hurdles weren't on the decathlon slate. "With your stride, you'd fly over them," he told Johnson.

Rafer didn't bother to mention that in a 1956 triangular meet he ran the hurdles in 22.7, the nation's fastest collegiate time of the season and half a second off Dave Sime's world record.

Regular-season dual meet results

get lost in the papers. Type-cast in the decathlon, Rafer goes far beyond it. The Kingsburg giant, actually, is the first of his breed to compete with specialists in many events, and to match or beat them. His high-hurdle best time of 13.8 misses the NCAA mark by only .2 of a second. In the 1956 Olympic Trials, he also made the team as a broad-jumper, at 25 feet, 5¾ inches. He has unofficial sprint times of 09.5 and 20.8, an official 09.6 and 21.0, and a 47.8 for the 440.

Calculating points in advance of the Stanford meet last year, Drake saw eight ways Rafer could contribute to the UCLA score. "How would it be if I concentrated on just the shot, discus and javelin?" Ray suggested. "I mean, I'd try to win all three for you."

A sweep of all the weight tests, in Drake's memory, hadn't happened before, but he didn't hesitate. "Just take it easy on that knee," he urged.

Rafer threw the discus 170 feet, nine inches, a meet record. His shot-put of 55 feet won. And he let fly the eight-and-one-half-foot javelin 237 feet, ten inches, another meet mark.

"That day," Drake says now, "he turned in the greatest weight triple ever put together in one day by one man. Yet it got so little attention that a lot of people missed it altogether."

"He's Mercury in a heavyweight's frame," Drake says. "I don't know when we'll ever see another like him."

On the campus which knows him as spokesman, confidante, worker of good deeds, churchman, scholar, and anchor for a hopeful new generation, they don't know, either.

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GOLF'S SECOND STRING

(Continued from page 35)

Of the 30-odd second-stringers now seeking security on the tough pro circuit, all but a handful get some sort of outside help. J. C. Goosie, the drawing Tennessean from Knoxville, is assisted financially by the owner of a municipal course in his home town. Everett Vinzant, who didn't win enough to pay his caddy fees in 1958, is getting \$1,000 a month from a Wichita Falls, Tex., oil man.

The most notable "go it alone" boys are Tommy Jacobs, Joe Conrad and Bob Goalby. "There was a time I started to take over a sponsor—I had some offers," says Jacobs, who is from Montebello, Calif. "Then I suddenly decided differently. I believed I could get along by myself. And I didn't want the worry and pressure of playing on somebody else's money."

Jacobs is one of those who disagrees with the prevailing theory that the financial security of a sponsor results in better performance. "I don't think so," he says. "If I were winning, I'd be resentful of having to hand over a pile of my earnings to another man. If I were losing, I would feel I was letting my backer down. I don't want to be obligated to anybody but myself."

Tommy, a former junior champion, turned pro in 1957, paying his way with money he had saved. He became a "corner cutter," living as cheaply as possible until he started cashing a few good-sized checks. He still is convinced he can make golf a profitable career.

"There's just one trouble," Jacobs says. "When you get into this thing, you think you can become an immediate winner. When you don't, you start worrying and you start watching the other guys. Then you start changing your game. Then you really get goofed up. The best thing to do is to be patient and try to stick it out."

Goalby, 28, 1958's Rookie of the Year, is from Belleville, Ill. Bob sold automobiles and worked split shifts so he could play golf in the afternoons. He turned pro and worked as an assistant at the Wee Burn club in Darien, Conn., until the 1958 winter tour, when club members gave Goalby \$1,500 and invited him to try his luck.

Luck came swiftly. Shortly afterward, Goalby won the \$2,000 top prize in the Greensboro Open and paid off. "I'm like Tommy," Goalby says. "I don't want to be indebted to anybody."

Conrad, a red-haired Texan from San Antonio who won the British Amateur in 1955, plans to go it alone or not at all. "I intend to give the tour a good try," he says. "If I can't make it, I'll go back into the insurance business."

That subsidization works can be shown by Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan and Jimmy Demaret. Each has made a great reputation and fair money for himself in pro golf, yet each started out as a subsidized second-stringer. Even Tommy Bolt, who earned over \$25,000 last year, has gone broke three times and been forced to seek new

backers before attempting comebacks. Some of the second-stringers have been fortunate enough to come from well-to-do families, while others—like Cary Middlecoff, Julius Boros, Arnold Palmer and Doug Ford—have been able to graduate quickly into the upper brackets with little assistance. There have also been a few players, like Jay and Lionel Hebert, who delayed plunging into the dog-eat-dog competition until they had built up nest eggs of their own.

The tour has also seen a big change in the type of player. Back in the 1930's and early 1940's it was made up almost entirely of former caddies. Cynical sportswriters and columnists wrote annual appeals to mothers: "Don't rear your son to be a golf professional."

In those days of the hard-to-earn dollar, the leading money winner made \$6,000 to \$8,000. Only a few others made more than expenses. The second-stringers got by on guts and a tight belt.

"I remember well those days," Fred Corcoran says. "We could go to the Hollywood Plaza and get rooms for \$3 a day. A roast beef sandwich with potatoes was 25 cents. Caddies cost a dollar a round. You could live at Pinehurst on the American plan for \$5 a day."

"In those days you would see these young men in khaki trousers come in and sheepishly pay their small entrance fees. Few of them had decent equipment. They had beat-up golf balls and there hardly was a ten-spot among them. Now you see well-dressed businessmen golfers peeling off big bills as if they were nothing."

This is the result of subsidization. Even the players who pay their own living expenses seldom have to worry about paying for golf clubs, balls, shirts, slacks or shoes.

The sporting goods business is highly competitive. At every tournament, rival manufacturers have sharp-eyed representatives, like baseball scouts, looking over the talent. As soon as a youngster shows some promise, he is pounced upon by the eager manufacturers. A contract is stuck under his nose, by which he agrees to use a certain maker's goods exclusively—getting the goods for nothing.

As a result, even the second-stringers on the tour have some sort of connection with a manufacturer. These contracts don't amount to a great deal at first in terms of income. Sometimes a player gets only \$750 a year. Usually the figure is around \$1,500. It increases sharply for players who reach the stature of a Sam Snead or Cary Middlecoff.

Most manufacturers also provide bonus clauses which give a player an additional hunk of cash when he wins a tournament. Wilson Sporting Goods Co. matched Arnold Palmer's first place purse of \$11,250 when he won the Masters in 1958. Some are given added bonuses for winning with certain balls and certain clubs, which

can be exploited in advertising.

At one time a certain sports shirt manufacturer had almost a monopoly among the golfers. The firm's insignia was on virtually every chest. Now there are half a dozen firms competing with shirts of similar design. They are given free to the players. One concern supplies almost the entire touring brigade with underwear. Another lavishes them with fancy, expensive shoes—pick your own color. Colorful slacks and sweaters are always available for the asking—free.

The modern second-stringers are indeed a different breed. Most of them are college graduates, who learned the game from a coach. Many are well-educated and could make a mark in any other business. They are not the carefree, live-it-up revelers of the Walter Hagen stripe. They are a deadly serious, conscientious set to whom playing golf is like catching the 8:05 for the office.

"I've never seen anything like these guys," moaned George Lowe, one of the throwbacks to the gay but dead past of professional golf. "When I was on the tour, a guy would win the first prize and you know what he'd do? He'd toss the whole check on the bar and say, 'Okay, fellows, let's drink it up.' And we did, too."

"And now what happens? These birds play a round of golf and then chase to the practice tee where they work until dark. And back at the hotel, do you find them in the bar? No, sir. They're upstairs, practicing putting on the rug."

Art Wall, Jr., a second-stringer for years before hitting the big money in 1957, probably speaks for all his contemporaries when he answers Lowe. "George is right, there's no tomfoolery among the fellows on tour these days," Art says. "They're a businesslike dedicated bunch. They're real athletes. They work on their conditioning and they keep in shape. They know it is necessary."

"Every fellow on the tour knows that if he slips just once, there will be 20 or 30 guys out there ready to cut him to pieces on the golf course. And with the competition as keen as it is today, none of us can afford it."

Furthermore, the tour has taken on a family atmosphere. Many of the young pros are married and have children. Some bring the families along. Art Wall has three children. Ernie Vossler has four. Bill Collins, a big Marine veteran, has two daughters. Doug Sanders, John McMullin and Harney are others who carry their small children around the tour.

The second-stringer takes his lumps on the greens and fairways. Rarely does he take down the big check in a tournament. But it's not a bad life. He travels around, looking as if he's prosperous—even though he isn't—and hoping that his turn will come to hit the jackpot. Then he will be able to afford the Cadillac he drives.

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TIME OUT

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A GOOD BALL GAME IS NEVER TOO LONG

EVERY NOW AND THEN somebody with nothing very much on his mind conceives the startling notion that baseball is losing its popularity because the games take too long to play.

This line of reasoning holds that the people would love baseball twice as much if only the games were played in half as much time. Maybe that makes sense, but not to us. We never heard anybody complain about a good ball game taking too long to play, and we don't think we ever will. A dull ball game, on the other hand, can't possibly be over too soon.

Will a game that is just plain unexciting, that develops no sensational catches, no bases-loaded home runs, no clutch strikeouts, no steals of home, be any better because it is over more quickly? We doubt it. To take up some of the specific suggestions raised by the let's-get-it-over-quickly school, we don't think the dull game would be improved by eliminating the four wide pitches on the deliberate base on balls, the occasional forays of the managers to the mound for conferences with pitchers in trouble, the throwing of the ball around the infield to demonstrate fighting spirit, the long walk of the relief pitcher in from the bullpen, or the occasional skirmishes between outraged players or managers and the majestic men in blue. All that would be accomplished by such "reforms" would be the elimination of much of the drama of the game.

For, essentially, a baseball game is a drama, classic in its form and lavish in its ritual. Sure, it would be possible to legislate matters so that the manager who wants to take out a pitcher simply pushes a button next to his seat and flashes a red light on the screen behind the catcher, the signal for the man in the box to walk swiftly off the field while the relief man is swept in from the bullpen in a lightning-fast Chevrolet Corvette or Ford Thunderbird. But look what we've lost: The slow, reluctant walk to the mound of the worried manager; the pawing around of the harassed pitcher, grumbling out of the side of his mouth that he's still got his good stuff and he knows he can get this next guy; the tense moment while the manager tries to decide; the umpire edging over from third impatiently; then, finally, the hook—the manager waving to the bullpen for a lefty or a righty, and the fans settling back for the next stage of the drama. Who will it be? Thousands of eyes study the distant gate, then it opens, and the fresh, confident pitcher strides across the grass toward his rendezvous with destiny. There is the cere-

monial handing of the ball from the old pitcher to the new, the brave but lonesome walk to the dugout of the man on his way out, and the quick, sure, warmup throws of the man on his way in. This is the stuff of which ball games are made. We don't want to do without it just to save a few minutes that we're going to lose as soon as we get out into the traffic on the highway, anyway.

We don't want to give up anything that adds human emotion to the game. That's why we want the manager to have the right to take up a little time talking to the pitcher or arguing with the umpire. Many a ball game has been played in virtual silence at Yankee Stadium until old Casey Stengel made his first appearance on the field, and then the fans got their first chance to let loose with their cheers and their boos as the magnificent Barrymore of the ball parks went into his act. Would it have been a better game if Casey had been chained to his bench?

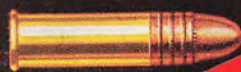
Some of the infielders who are representing major-league ball clubs this summer might not stay awake all through the game if they weren't snatched from somnolence by the ritual of pegging the ball around the infield after an out has been made. It's still a game, no matter how much Walter O'Malley tries to make it into a business, and it needs a little of the old razz-ma-tazz, the "All right, gang, let's get two this time!" Sure, you can do without it, but you may not like what you have left if you do.

As for the so-called automatic base on balls, all of us have seen times when the pitcher trying to lob in four wide ones has thrown the ball a mile over the catcher's head. And we've seen times when the feared slugger at the plate stretched as far as he could, his muscles fairly itching to lash at the ball with the bat, in an attempt to clobber a cripple that might not be quite so far away as the pitcher intended it to be. The game goes on even during a deliberate walk; it wouldn't be improved any if the walk were simply an entry in the scorebook, with all human elements removed.

Mechanical, even electrical, baseball games have been on the market in this country ever since the turn of the century. They've never been especially successful. That's because baseball is a game to be played by people who run, hit, argue, slide, shout and show off. It can't be improved by making it more mechanical. As we said in the beginning, nobody ever complained about a good ball game being too long.



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